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excuse, and I believe the only reason, that it hath been so long tolerated; for when we consider the number of these wretches, which, in the outskirts of the town, amounts to a great many thousands,* it is a nuisance which will appear to be big with every moral and political mischief. Of these the excessive misery of the wretches themselves, oppressed with want and sunk in every species of debauchery, and the loss of so many lives to the public, are obvious and immediate consequences. There are some more remote, which, however, need not be mentioned to the discerning.

Among other mischiefs attending this wretched nuisance, the great increase of thieves must necessarily be one. The wonder in fact is that we have not a thousand more robbers than we have; indeed, that all these wretches are not thieves must give us either a very high idea of their honesty, or a very mean one of their capacity and courage.

Where then is the redress? Is it not to hinder the poor from wandering, and this by compelling the parish and peace officers to apprehend such wanderers or vagabonds, and by empowering the magistrate effectually to punish and send them to their habitations? Thus if we cannot discover, or will not encourage, any cure for idleness, we shall at least compel the poor to starve or beg at home; for there it will be impossible for them to steal or rob without being presently hanged or transported out of the way.

SECTION VII.

Of apprehending the persons of felons.

I COME now to a third encouragement which the thief flatters himself with, viz. in his hopes of escaping from being apprehended.

Nor is this hope without foundation; how long have we known highwaymen reign in this kingdom after they have been publicly known for such? Have not some of these committed robberies in open daylight, in the sight of many people, and have afterward rode solemnly and triumphantly through the neighbouring towns without any danger or molestation? This happens to every rogue who is become eminent for his audaciousness, and is thought to be desperate; and is, in a more particular manner, the case of great and numerous gangs, many of which have for a long time committed the most open outrages in defiance of the law. Officers of justice have owned to me that they have passed by such with warrants in their pockets against them, without daring to apprehend them; and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction; for it is a melancholy truth that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm within certain parishes than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance.

On this head the law may seem not to have been very defective in its cautions; First, by vesting not only the officers of justice, but every private man, with authority for securing these miscreants, of which authority it may be of service to the officers, as well as to the public in general, to be more particularly informed.

First, by Westminster I.,† persons of evil fame are to be imprisoned without bail. By the statute of Winchester‡ suspicious night-walkers are to be arrested and detained by the watch. A statute made in 5 Edw. III.§ reciting that many manslaughters,

* Most of these are Irish, against the importation of whom a severe law was made in the reign of Henry VI., and many of the repeated vagrant acts contained a clause for the same purpose.

† Westminster I. chap. xv.
‡ 5 Edw. III. chap. xiv.

§ Winton. chap. iv.

felonies, and robberies, had been done in times past, enacts, that if any person have an evil suspicion of such offenders, they shall be incontinently arrested by the constable, and shall be delivered to the bailiff of the franchise, or to the sheriff, to be kept in prison till the coming of the justices. The 34 Edw. III.* gives power to the justices of peace, *inter alia*, to inquire of wanderers and such as will not labour, and to arrest and imprison suspicious persons, and to take sureties of the good behaviour of persons of evil fame, "to the intent," says the statute, "that the people be not by such rioters, &c., troubled nor endamaged, nor the peace blemished, nor merebants nor others passing by the highways of the realm disturbed nor put in peril by such offenders."

Secondly, by the common law every person who hath committed a felony may be arrested and secured by any private man present at the said fact, though he hath no general nor particular authority *i. e.* though he be no officer of justice, nor have any writ or warrant for so doing; and such private man may either deliver the felon to the constable, secure him in a gaol, or carry him before a magistrate.† And if he refuses to yield, those who arrest may justify beating him;‡ or, in case of absolute necessity, killing him.§

Nor is this arrest merely allowed; it is enjoined by law, and the omission, without some good excuse, is a misdemeanor punishable by amercement or fine and imprisonment.¶

Again, every private man may arrest another on suspicion of felony, though he was not present at the fact.¶ But then, if the party arrested should prove innocent, two circumstances are necessary to justify the arrest. 1st. A felony must be actually committed; and, 2ndly, there must be a reasonable cause of suspicion; ** and common fame hath been adjudged to be such cause.††

But in this latter case my lord Hale advises the private person, if possible, to have recourse to the magistrate, and obtain his warrant and the assistance of the constable;‡‡ for this arrest is not required by law, nor is the party punishable for neglecting it; and should the person arrested, or endeavoured to be arrested, prove innocent, the party arresting him, &c., will, in a great measure, be answerable for the ill consequence; which, if it be the death of the innocent person occasioned by force or resistance, this will, at least, be manslaughter; and if the other should be killed in the attempt, this likewise will amount to manslaughter only.¶¶

Again, any private person may justify arresting a felon pursued by hue and cry. This, as the word imports, is a public alarm raised all over the country, in which the constable is first to search his own vill or division, and then to raise all the neighbouring vills about, who are to pursue the felon with horse and foot.¶¶ And this hue and cry may either be after a person certain, or on a robbery committed where the person is not known; and in the latter case those who pursue it may take such persons as they have probable cause to suspect,¶¶ vagrants, &c.

This method of pursuit lies at the common law, and is mentioned by Bracton;*** and it is enforced by many statutes, as by Westminster I.††† "All are to be

* 34 Edw. III. c. 1.

† Hale's Hist. P. C. vol. I. 587, vol. II. 77.

‡ Hale's Hist. vol. I. 588. § Ib. vol. I. 588, vol. II. 76, 77.

¶ Lamb. I. c. 3; Dalt. 403; Hale's Hist. vol. I. 588, 3 Hen VII. c. 1. ** Hale's Hist. vol. II. 80. †† Dalt. 407, 3 Hen VII. c. 3.

‡‡ Hale's Hist. vol. II. 82, 3, 4.

¶¶ Ib. vol. II. 101.

¶¶ Ib. vol. II. 102.

††† Cap. ix.

*** Lib. III. c. 1.

ready at the summons of the sheriff, and at the cry of the county, to arrest felons, as well within franchises as without." By 4 Edw. 1., "Hue and cry is ordered to be levied for all murders, burglaries, men slain, or in peril to be slain, and all are to follow it." And, lastly, the statute of Winton enacts as we have seen before.

And this pursuit may be raised—1. By a private person. 2. By the country without an officer. 3. By an officer without a warrant. 4. By the warrant of a magistrate. And this last, if it can be obtained, is the safest way; for then all who assist are enabled by the statutes 7 and 21 Jac. to plead the general issue.*

The common law so strictly enjoined this pursuit, that if any defect in raising it lay in the lord of the franchise, the franchise should be seized into the king's hands; and if the neglect lay in the bailiff, he should have a heavy fine and a year's imprisonment, or suffer two years' imprisonment without a fine.† And now, by a very late statute,‡ "if any constable, headborough, &c., of the hundred where any robberies shall happen, shall refuse or neglect to make hue and cry after the felons with the utmost expedition, as soon as he shall receive notice thereof, he shall, for every such refusal and neglect, forfeit 6*l.*; half to the king and half to the informer."

Now hue and cry is of three different kinds:—1. Against a person certain by name. 2. Against a person certain by description. 3. On a robbery, burglary, &c., where the person is neither known nor capable of being described.

When a hue and cry is raised, every private man is not only justified in pursuing, but may be obliged, by command of the constable, to pursue the felon, and is punishable, if he disobey, by fine and imprisonment.§ And in this case, whether a felon was committed or not, or whether the person arrested (provided he be the person named or described by the hue and cry) be guilty or innocent, or of evil or good fame, the arrest is lawful and justifiable, and he who raised the hue and cry is alone to answer for the justice of it.¶

In this pursuit likewise the constable may search suspected houses if the doors be open; but breaking the door will not be justifiable, unless the felon be actually in the house; nor even then, unless admittance hath been first demanded and denied.¶ And what the constable may do himself will be justifiable by any other in his assistance, at least by his command.** Indeed a private person may justify the arrest of an offender by the command of a peace-officer; for he is bound to be aiding and assisting to such officer, is punishable for his refusal, and is consequently under the protection of the law.††

Lastly, a private person may arrest a felon by virtue of a warrant directed to him; for though he is not bound to execute such warrant, yet, if he doth, it is good and justifiable.‡‡

Thirdly, officers of public justice may justify the arrest of a felon by virtue of their office, without any warrant. Whatever therefore a private person may do as above will certainly be justifiable in them.

And, as the arresting felons, &c., is more particularly their duty, and their fine will be heavier for the neglect, so will their protection by the law be the greater; for if, in arresting those that are *probably suspected*, the constabla should be killed, it is murder;

on the other hand, if persons pursued by these officers for felony, or *justifiable suspicion* thereof, shall resist or fly from them, or being apprehended shall rescue themselves, resist, or fly; so that they cannot otherwise be apprehended or re-apprehended, and are of necessity slain, it is no felony in the officers, or in their assistants, though possibly the parties killed are innocent; for, by resisting the king's authority in his officers, they draw their own blood on themselves.*

Again, to take a felon or suspected felon, the constable without any warrant may break open the door. But to justify this he must show—1. That the felon, &c., was in the house. 2. That his entry was denied. 3. That it was denied after demand and notice that he was constable.†

Lastly, a felon may be apprehended by virtue of a warrant issuing from a magistrate lawfully authorised; in the execution of which the officer hath the same power and will at least have the same protection by law as in the arrest *virtute officii*. And this warrant, if it be specially directed to him, the constable may execute in any part within the jurisdiction of the magistrate; but he is only obliged to execute it within the division for which he is constable, &c.

In the execution of a warrant for felony the officer may break open the doors of the felon, or of any person where he is concealed; and the breaking the doors of the felon is lawful at all events, but in breaking those of a stranger the officer acts at his peril; for he will be a trespasser if the felon should not be there.‡

Such are the powers which the law gives for the apprehending felons (for, as to the particular power of sheriffs and coroners, and the process of superior courts, they may well be passed by in this place). Again, these powers we see are enforced with penalties; so that not only every officer of justice but every private person is obliged to arrest a known felon, and may be punished for the omission.

Nor doth the law stop here. The apprehending such felons is not only authorised and enjoined, but even encouraged with impunity to persons guilty themselves of felony, and with regard to others.

By 3 and 4 of William and Mary,§ persons guilty of robbery in the highway, fields, &c., who, being out of prison, shall discover any two offenders to be convicted of such robbery, are entitled to his majesty's pardon of such robberies, &c., as they shall have then committed.

By 10 and 11 of William III.,|| this is extended to burglary and such felonies as are mentioned in the act.

By the same act all persons who shall apprehend a felon for privately stealing goods to the value of 5*s.* out of shop, warehouse, coach-house, or stable, by night or by day (provided the felon be convicted thereof), shall be entitled to a certificate, which may be assigned once, discharging such apprehender or his assignee from all parochial offices in the parish or ward where such felony was committed. This certificate is to be enrolled by the clerk of the peace, and cannot be assigned after it hath been used.

If any man be killed by such bousbreaker, &c., in the attempt to apprehend him, his executors or administrators shall be entitled to such certificate.

By the 3 and 4 of William and Mary,¶ whoever shall apprehend and prosecute to conviction any robber on the highway shall receive of the sheriff 40*l.*

* Hale's Hist., vol. 1. 403; vol. ii. 99. 100.

† Fleta, l. i. c. 24; ad litem.

‡ Hale's Hist., vol. 1. 38; vol. ii. 104.

§ 29 Ed. III. 30; 35 Hen. IV. Pl. 24. Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 101, 2.

¶ Ib. vol. ii. 104.

|| Ib. 106.

‡‡ Publ. 6. 15.

§‡ Dall., 408. Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 96.

§ Geo. II. a. 16.

¶ Ib. 102, 103.

¶ Chap. viii.

¶ Chap. viii., *ubi supra*.

* Dall. 409. 13 Edw. IV. 4 & 5 to 32. Hale's Hist., vol. ii. 99, 101.

† Ib. vol. i. 581; vol. ii. 110.

‡ In., vol. i. 582; vol. ii. 117; 5 Co. 81 b.

§ Chap. viii. § Chap. xiii.

¶ Chap. viii., *ubi supra*.

within a month after the conviction for every offender; and in case of the death or removal of the sheriff, the money to be paid by the succeeding sheriff within a month after the demand and certificate brought. The sheriff on default forfeits double his sum, to be recovered of him by the party, his executors, &c.

And if the person be killed in this attempt by any such robber, the executors of such person, &c., are entitled to the reward under the like penalty.

Again, by the same act, the horse, furniture, arms, money, or other goods, taken with such highwaymen, are given to the apprehender who shall prosecute to conviction, notwithstanding the right or title of his majesty, any body politic or lord of franchise, or of those who lent or let the same to hire to such robber, with a saving only of the right of such persons from whom such horses, &c. were feloniously taken.

By a statute of queen Anne the 40*l.* reward is extended to burglary and housebreaking.

But though the law seems to have been sufficiently provident on this head, there is still great difficulty in carrying its purpose into execution, arising from the following causes.

1*st.* With regard to private persons, there is no country I believe in the world where that vulgar maxim so generally prevails, that what is the business of every man is the business of no man; and for this plain reason, that there is no country in which less honour is gained by serving the public. He therefore who commits no crime against the public is very well satisfied with his own virtue; far from thinking himself obliged to undergo and labour, expend any money, or encounter any danger, on such account.

2*dy.* The people are not entirely without excuse from their ignorance of the law; for so far is the power of apprehending felons, which I have above set forth, from being universally known, that many of the peace-officers themselves do not know that they have any such power, and often from ignorance refuse to arrest a known felon till they are authorised by a warrant from a justice of peace. Much less then can the compulsory part to the private persons carry any terror of a penalty of which the generality of mankind are totally ignorant; and of inflicting which they see no example.

3*dy.* So far are men from being animated with the hopes of public praise to apprehend a felon, that they are even discouraged by the fear of shame. The person of the informer is in fact more odious than that of the felon himself; and the thief-catcher is in danger of worse treatment from the populace than the thief.

Lastly, as to the reward, I am afraid that the intention of the legislature is very little answered. For, not to mention that the prosecutor's title to it is too often defeated by the foolish lenity of juries, who, by acquitting the prisoner of the burglary, and finding him guilty of the simple felony only, or by finding the goods to be less than the value of 5*s.*, oath often directly contrary to evidence, take the case entirely out of the act of parliament; and sometimes even when the felon is properly convicted, I have been told that the money does not come so easily and fully to the pockets of those who are entitled to it as it ought.

With regard to the first and fourth of these objections I choose to be silent: to prescribe any cure for the former I must enter into disquisitions very foreign to my present purpose; and, for the cure of the latter, when I consider in whose power it is to remedy it, a bare hint will I doubt not suffice.

The second objection, namely, the excuse of ignorance, I have here endeavoured to remove by setting forth the law at large.

The third therefore only remains, and to that I shall speak more fully, as the opinion on which it is founded is of the most pernicious consequence to society; for what avail the best of laws if it be a matter of infamy to contribute towards their execution! The force of this opinion may be seen in the following instance: We have a law by which every person who drives more than six horses in a waggon forfeits as many horses as are found to exceed that number. This law is broken every day, and generally with impunity; for, though many men yearly venture and lose their lives by stealing horses, yet there are very few who dare seize a horse where the law allows and encourages it, when by such seizure he is to acquire the name of an informer; so much worse is this appellation in the opinion of the vulgar than that of thief, and so much more prevalent is the fear of popular shame than of death.

This absurd opinion seems to have first arisen from the statute of 18 Eliz.,* entitled "An Act to redress Disorders in common Informers." By this statute it appears that very wicked uses had been made of penal statutes by these informers, who my lord Coke calls *turbidum hominum genus*;† and says, "That they converted many penal laws which were obsolete, and in time grown impossible or inconvenient to be performed, into snares to vex and entangle the subject."

By the statute itself it appears that it was usual at that time among these persons to extort money of ignorant and fearful people by the terror of some penal law, for the breach of which the informer either instituted a process, or pretended to institute a process, and then brought the timorous party to a composition.

This offence therefore was by this act made a high misdemeanor, and punished with the pillory.

Now who that knows anything of the nature or history of mankind doth not easily perceive here a sufficient foundation for that odium to all informers which hath since become so general; for what is more common than from the abuse of anything to argue against the use of it, or to extend the obloquy from particulars to universals?

For this the common aptitude of men to scandal will sufficiently account; but there is still another and stronger motive in this case, and that is the interest of all those who have broken or who intend to break the laws. Thus the general cry being once raised against prosecutors on penal laws, the thieves themselves have had the art and impudence to join it, and have put their prosecutors on the footing of all others; nay, I must question whether, in the acceptance of the vulgar, a thief-catcher be not a more odious and contemptible name than even that of informer.

Nothing, I am sensible, is more vain than to encounter popular opinion with reason, nor more liable to ridicule than to oppose general contempt; and yet I will venture to say that, if to do good to society be laudable, so is the office of a thief-catcher; and if to do this good at the extreme hazard of your life be honourable then is this office honourable. True, it may be said, but he doth this with a view to a reward. And doth not the soldier and the sailor venture his life with the same view? for who, as a great man lately said, serves the public for nothing?

I know what it is to be my fate in this place, or

* Chap. 2.

† 3 Inst. c. 132 viii.

what would happen to one who should endeavour to prove that the hangman was a great and an honourable employment. And yet I have read, in Tournefort, of an island in the Archipelago where the hangman is the first and highest officer in the state. Nay, in this kingdom the sheriff himself (who was one of the most considerable persons in his county) is in law the hangman, and Mr. Ketch is only his deputy.

If to bring thieves to justice be a scandalous office, what becomes of all those who are concerned in this business, some of whom are rightly thought to be among the most honourable officers in government? If, on the contrary, this be, as it surely is, very truly honourable, why should the post of danger in this warfare alone be excluded from all share of honour?

To conclude a matter in which, though serious, I will not be too tedious, what was the great Pompey in the piratic war? what were Hercules, Theseus, and the other heroes of old, *Deorum in templa recepti*? Were they not the most eminent of thief-catchers?

SECTION VIII.

Of the difficulties which attend prosecutions.

I now come to a fourth encouragement which greatly holds up the spirits of robbers, and which they often find to afford no deceitful consolation; and this is drawn from the remissness of prosecutors, who are often,

1. Fearful, and to be intimidated by the threats of the gang; or,

2. Delicate, and cannot appear in a public court; or,

3. Indolent, and will not give themselves the trouble of a prosecution; or,

4. Avaricious, and will not undergo the expense of it; nay, perhaps find their account in compounding the matter; or,

5. Tender-hearted, and cannot take away the life of a man; or,

Lastly, Necessitous, and cannot really afford the cost, however small, together with the loss of time which attends it.

The first and second of these are too absurd, and the third and fourth too infamous, to be reasoned with. But the two last deserve more particular notice, as the fifth is an error springing originally out of a good principle in the mind, and the sixth is a fault in the constitution very easily to be remedied.

With regard to the former of these it is certain that a tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own sake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable, and, though it seldom receives much honour, is worthy of the highest. The natural energies of this temper are indeed the very virtues principally inculcated in our excellent religion; and those who, because they are natural, have denied them the name of virtues, seem not, I think, to be aware of the direct and impious tendency of a doctrine that denies all merit to a mind which is naturally, I may say necessarily, good.

Indeed the passion of love or benevolence, whence this admirable disposition arises, seems to be the only human passion that is in itself simply and absolutely good; and in Plato's commonwealth, or (which is more) in a society acting up to the rules of christianity, no danger could arise from the high-

* Cicero, in his Oration, *pro lege Maniliâ*, calls this, if I remember rightly, *Religio Temporis*; but speaks of the extirpation of these robbers as of the greatest of all Pompey's exploits.

est excess of this virtue; nay, the more liberally it was indulged, and the more extensively it was expanded, the more would it contribute to the honour of the individual and to the happiness of the whole.

But as it hath pleased God to permit human societies to be constituted in a different manner, and knaves to form a part (a very considerable one I am afraid) of every community, who are ever laying in wait to destroy and ensnare the honest part of mankind, and to betray them by means of their own goodness, it becomes the good-natured and tender-hearted man to be watchful over his own temper, to restrain the impetuosity of his benevolence, carefully to select the objects of this passion, and not by too unbounded and indiscriminate an indulgence to give the reins to a course which will infallibly carry him into the ambushade of the enemy.

Our Saviour himself inculcates this prudence among his disciples, telling them that he sent them forth like sheep among wolves: "Be ye therefore," says he, "wise as serpents, but innocent as doves."

For want of this wisdom a benevolent and tender-hearted temper very often betrays men into errors not only hurtful to themselves, but highly prejudicial to the society. Hence men of invincible courage and incorruptible integrity have sometimes falsified their trust; and those whom no other temptation could sway have paid too little regard to the sanction of an oath from this inducement alone. Hence likewise the mischief which I here endeavour to obviate hath often arisen; and notorious robbers have lived to perpetrate future acts of violence through the ill-judging tenderness and compassion of those who could and ought to have prosecuted them.

To such a person I would suggest these considerations:—

First, As he is a good man, he should consider that the principal duty which every man owes is to his country, for the safety and good of which all laws are established, and therefore his country requires of him to contribute all that in him lies to the due execution of those laws. Robbery is an offence not only against the party robbed but against the public, who are therefore entitled to prosecution; and he who prevents or stifles such the prosecution is no longer an innocent man, but guilty of a high offence against the public good.

Secondly, As he is a good-natured man, he will behold all injuries done by one man to another with indignation. What Cicero says of a pirate is as true of a robber, that he is *hostis humani generis*; and if so I am sure every good-natured man must be an enemy to him. To desire to save these wolves in society may arise from benevolence, but it must be the benevolence of a child or a fool, who, from want of sufficient reason, mistakes the true objects of his passion, as a child doth when a hugbear appears to him to be the object of fear. Such tender-heartedness is indeed barbarity, and resembles the meek spirit of him who would not assist in blowing up his neighbour's house to save a whole city from the flames. "It is true," said a learned chief-justice, in a trial for treason, "here is the life of a man in the case, but then you (speaking to the jury) must consider likewise the misery and desolation, the blood and confusion, that must have happened had this taken effect; and, put one against the other, I believe that consideration which is on behalf of the king will be much the stronger." Here likewise is the life of a man concerned; but of what man? Why, of one who, being too lazy to get his bread

* Lord chief-justice Pratt.

by labour, or too voluptuous to content himself with the produce of that labour, declares war against the properties, and often against the persons, of his fellow-subjects; who deprives his countrymen of the pleasure of travelling with safety, and of the liberty of carrying their money or their ordinary conveniences with them; by whom the innocent are put in terror, affronted and alarmed with threats and execrations, endangered with loaded pistols, beat with bludgeons, and hacked with cutlasses, of which the loss of health, of limbs, and often of life, is the consequence; and all this without any respect to age, or dignity, or sex. Let the good-natured man, who hath any understanding, place this picture before his eyes, and then see what figure in it will be the object of his compassion.

I come now to the last difficulty which obstructs the prosecution of offenders; namely, the extreme poverty of the prosecutor. This I have known to be so absolutely the case, that the poor wretch who hath been bound to prosecute was under more concern than the prisoner himself. It is true that the necessary cost on these occasions is extremely small; two shillings, which are appointed by act of parliament for drawing the indictment being, I think, the whole which the law requires; but when the expense of attendance, generally with several witnesses, sometimes during several days together, and often at a great distance from the prosecutor's home; I say, when these articles are summed up, and the loss of time added to the account, the whole amounts to an expense which a very poor person, already plundered by the thief, must look on with such horror (if he should not be absolutely incapable of the expense) that he must be a miracle of public spirit if he doth not rather choose to conceal the felony, and sit down satisfied with his present loss; but what shall we say when (as is very common in this town) he may not only receive his own again, but be farther rewarded, if he will agree to compound it!

Now, how very inconsiderable would be the whole cost of this suit, either to the country or the nation, if the public, to whom the justice of peace gives his whole labour on this head *gratis*, was to defray the cost of such trial! (by a kind of *formâ pauperis* admission): the sum would be so trivial that nothing would be felt but the good consequences arising from such a regulation.

I shall conclude this head with the words of my lord Hale: "It is," says he, "a great defect in the law to give courts of justice no power to allow witnesses against criminals their charges; whereby," says he, "many poor persons grow weary of their attendance, or hear their own charges therein, to their great hindrance and loss."

SECTION IX.

Of the trial and conviction of felons.

BUT if, notwithstanding all the rubs which we have seen to lie in the way, the indictment is found, and the thief brought to his trial, still he hath sufficient hopes of escaping, either from the caution of the prosecutor's evidence or from the hardness of his own.

In street-robberies the difficulty of convicting a criminal is extremely great. The method of discovering these is generally by means of one of the gang, who, being taken up perhaps for some other offence, and thinking himself in danger of punishment, chooses to make his peace at the expense of his companions.

But when, &c. means of this information, you are

made acquainted with the whole gang, and have, with great trouble, and often with great danger, apprehended them, how are you to bring them to justice! for though the evidence of the accomplice be ever so positive and explicit, nay, even so connected and probable, still, unless it be corroborated by some other evidence, it is not sufficient.

Now how is this corroborating evidence to be obtained in this case! Street-robberies are generally committed in the dark, the persons on whom they are committed are often in chairs and coaches, and if on foot the attack is usually begun by knocking the party down, and for the time depriving him of his senses. But if the thief should be less barbarous he is seldom so incautious as to omit taking every method to prevent his being known, by flapping the party's hat over his face, and by every other method which he can invent to avoid discovery.

But indeed any such methods are hardly necessary; for when we consider the circumstance of darkness mentioned before, the extreme hurry of the action, and the terror and consternation which most persons are in at such a time, how shall we imagine it possible that they should afterwards be able, with any (the least) degree of certainty, to swear to the identity of the thief, whose countenance is, perhaps, not a little altered by his subsequent situation, and who takes care as much as possible he can, by every alteration of dress, and otherwise, to disguise himself!

And if the evidence of the accomplice be so unlikely to be confirmed by the oath of the prosecutor, what other means of confirmation can he found! for as to his character, if he himself doth not call witnesses to support it (which in this instance is not lucuburn on him to do), you are not at liberty to impeach it; the greatest and most known villain in England standing at the bar equally *rectus in curia* with the man of highest estimation, if they should be both accused of the same crime.

Unless therefore the robbers should be so unfortunate as to be apprehended in the fact (a circumstance which their numbers, arms, &c., renders ordinarily impossible), no such corroboration can possibly be had; but the evidence of the accomplice standing alone and unsupported, the villain, contrary to the opinion and almost direct knowledge of all present, is triumphantly acquitted, laughs at the court, scorns the law, vows revenge against his prosecutors, and returns to his trade with a great increase of confidence and commonly of cruelty.

In a matter therefore of so much concern to the public I shall be forgiven if I venture to offer my sentiments.

The words of my lord Hale are these: "Though a *particeps criminis* be admissible as a witness in law, yet the credibility of his testimony is to be left to the jury; and truly it would be hard to take away the life of any person upon such a witness that swears to save his own, and yet confesseth himself guilty of so great a crime, unless there be also very considerable circumstances which may give the greater credit to what he swears." *

Here I must observe that this great man seems rather to complain of the hardship of the law in taking away the life of a criminal on the testimony of an accomplice than to deny that the law was so. This indeed he could not well do; for not only the case of an approver, as he himself seems to acknowledge, but many inter resolutions, would have contradicted that opinion.

2dly, He allows that the credibility of his testi-

* Hale's Hist., vol. I. 209.

mony is to be left to the jury; and so is the credibility of all other testimonies. They are absolute judges of the fact; and God forbid that they should in all cases be tied down by positive evidence against a prisoner, though it was not delivered by an accomplice.

But surely, if the evidence of an accomplice be not sufficient to put the prisoner on his defence, but the jury are directed to acquit him, though he can produce no evidence on his behalf, either to prove an *alibi* or to his character, the credibility of such testimony cannot well be said to be left to a jury. This is virtually to reject the competency of the witness; for to say the law allows him to be sworn, and yet gives no weight to his evidence, is, I apprehend, a mere play of words, and conveys no idea.

In the third place, this great man asserts the hardship of such conviction. Now if the evidence of a supposed accomplice should convict a man of fair and honest character, it would, I confess, be hard; and it is a hardship of which, I believe, no experience can produce any instance. But if, on the other hand, the testimony of an accomplice with every circumstance of probability attending it against a vagabond of the vilest character, and who can produce no single person to his reputation, is to be absolutely rejected, because there is no positive proof to support it; this, I think, is in the highest degree hard (I think I have proved how hard) to society.

I shall not enter here into a disquisition concerning the nature of evidence in general; this being much too large a field; nor shall I examine the utility of those rules which our law prescribes on this head. Some of these rules might perhaps be opened a little wider than they are without either mischief or inconvenience; and I am the holder in the assertion as I know a very learned judge who concurs with this opinion. There is no branch of the law more hasty, more full of confusion and contradiction, I had almost said of absurdity, than the law of evidence as it now stands.

One rule of this law is, that no man interested shall be sworn as a witness. By this is meant pecuniary interest; but are mankind governed by no other passion than avarice? Is not revenge the sweetest morsel, as a *divino* calls it, which the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner? Are not pride, hatred, and the other passions, as powerful tyrants in the mind of man; and is not the interest which these passions propose to themselves by the enjoyment of their object as prevalent a motive to evil as the hope of any pecuniary interest whatever?

But, to keep more closely to the point—Why shall not any credit be given to the evidence of an accomplice? My lord Hale tells us that he hath been guilty of a great crime; and yet, if he had been convicted and burnt in the hand, all the authorities tell us that his credit had been restored: a more miraculous power of fire than any which the *Royal Society* can produce. The same happens if he be pardoned.

Again, says lord Hale, he swears to save his own life. This is not altogether so; for when once a felon hath impeached his companions, and is admitted an evidence against them, whatever be the fate of his evidence, the impeacher always goes free. To this, it is true, he hath no positive title; no more hath he if a single felon be convicted on his oath. But the practice is as I mention, and I do not remember any instance to the contrary.

But what inducement hath the accomplice to perjure himself, or what reason can be assigned why he should be suspected of it? That he himself was one of the robbers appears to a demonstration; that he

had accomplices in the robbery is as certain. Why then should he be induced to impeach A and B, who are innocent, and not C and D, who are guilty? Must he not think that he hath a better chance of convicting the guilty than the innocent? Is he not liable if he gives a false information to be detected in it? One of his companions may be discovered and give a true information—what will then become of him and his evidence? And why should he do this? From a motive of friendship? Do the worst of men carry this passion so much higher than is common with best? But he must not only run the risk of his life but of his soul too. The very mention of this latter risk may appear ridiculous when it is considered of what sort of persons I am talking. But even these persons can scarce be thought so very void of understanding as to lose their souls for nothing, and to commit the horrid sins of perjury and murder without any temptation or prospect of interest—nay, even against their interest. Such characters are not to be found in history, nor do they exist anywhere but in distempered brains, and are always rejected as monsters when they are produced in works of fiction; for surely we spoil the verse rather than the sense by saying, *nemo gratia fuit turpissimus*. Under such circumstances, and under the caution of a good judge, and the tenderness of an English jury, it will be the highest improbability that any man should be wrongfully convicted, and utterly impossible to convict an honest man: for I intend no more than that such evidence shall put the prisoner on his defence, and oblige him either to controvert the fact by proving an *alibi*, or by some other circumstance; or to produce some reputable person to his character. And this brings me to consider the second fortress of the criminal in the hardness of his own evidence.

The usual defence of a thief, especially at the Old Bailey, is an *alibi*:* to prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon within this twelvemonth to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time when the robbery was sworn to have been done in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar when the witness was himself arrested for a robbery committed in London at that very time when he swore both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery, I think, he was tried and executed. This kind of defence was in a great measure defeated by the late baron Thompson, when he was recorder of London, whose memory deserves great honour for the services he did the public in that post. These witnesses should always be examined with the utmost care and strictness, by which means the truth (especially if there be more witnesses than one to the pretended fact) will generally be found out. And as to character, though I allow it to have great weight if opposed to the single evidence of an accomplice, it should surely have but little where there is good and strong proof of the fact; and none at all unless it comes from the mouths of persons who have themselves some reputation and credit.

SECTION X.

Of the encouragement given to robbers by frequent pardons.

I COME now to the sixth encouragement to felons, from the hopes of a pardon, at least with the condition of transportation.

This I am aware is too tender a subject to speak to. To pardon all crimes where the prosecution is in his name is an undoubted prerogative of the king.

* i. e. That he was at another place at the time.

I may add it is his most amiable prerogative, and that which, as Livy observes,* renders kingly government most dear to the people: for in a republic there is no such power. I may add farther that it seems to our excellent sovereign to be the most favourite part of his prerogative, as it is the only one which hath been carried to its utmost extent in the present reign.

Here, therefore, I beg to direct myself only to those persons who are within the reach of his majesty's sacred ear. Such persons will, I hope, weigh well what I have said already on the subject of false compassion, all which is applicable on the present occasion: and since our king (as was with less truth said of another†) "is of all men the truest image of his Maker in mercy," I hope too much good-nature will transport no nobleman so far as it once did a clergyman in Scotland, who in the fervour of his benevolence prayed to God that he would graciously be pleased to pardon the poor devil.

To speak out fairly and honestly,‡ though mercy may appear more amiable in a magistrate, severity is a more wholesome virtue; nay, severity to an individual may, perhaps, be in the end the greatest mercy, not only to the public in general, for the reason given above, but to many individuals, for the reasons to be presently assigned.

To consider a human being in the dread of a sudden and violent death; to consider that his life or death depend on your will; to reject the arguments which a good mind will officiously advance to itself; that violent temptations, necessity, youth, inadvertency, have hurried him to the commission of a crime which hath been attended with no inhumanity; to resist the importunities, cries, and tears of a tender wife and affectionate children, who, though innocent, are to be reduced to misery and ruin by a strict adherence to justice:—these altogether form an object which whoever can look upon without emotion must have a very bad mind; and whoever, by the force of reason, can conquer that emotion must have a very strong one.

And what can reason suggest on this occasion? First, that by saving this individual I shall bring many others into the same dreadful situation. That the passions of the man are to give way to the principles of the magistrate. Those may lament the criminal, but these must condemn him. It was nobly said by Bias to one who admired at his shedding tears while he passed sentence of death, "Nature exacts my tenderness, but the law my rigour." The elder Brutus§ is a worthy pattern of this maxim; an example, says Machiavel, most worthy of being transmitted to posterity. And Dionysius Halicarnassus|| calls it a "great and wonderful action, of which the Romans were proud in the most extraordinary degree." Whoever derives it therefore from the want of humane and paternal affections is unjust; no instances of his inhumanity are recorded. "But the severity," says Machiavel, "was not only profitable but necessary." And why? because a single pardon granted *ex meritis gratiæ et favore* is a link broken in the chain of justice, and takes away the constentation and strength of the whole. The

danger and certainty of destruction are very different objects, and strike the mind with different degrees of force. It is of the very nature of hope to be sanguine, and it will derive more encouragement from one pardon than diffidence from twenty executions.

It is finely observed by Thucydides* "That though civil societies have allotted the punishment of death to many crimes, and to some of the inferior sort, yet hope inspires men to face the danger; and no man ever came to a dreadful end who had not a lively expectation of surviving his wicked machinations."—Nothing certainly can more contribute to the raising of this hope than repeated examples of ill-grounded clemency; for, as Seneca says, "*ex clementia omnes idem sperant.*"†

Now what is the principal end of all punishment? Is it not, as lord Hale‡ expresses it, "To deter men from the breach of laws, so that they may not offend, and so not suffer at all? And is not the inflicting of punishment more for example, and to prevent evil, than to punish?" "And therefore," says he, presently afterwards, "death itself is necessary to be annexed to laws in many cases by the prudence of lawgivers, though possibly beyond the single merit of the offence simply considered." No man indeed of common humanity or common sense can think the life of a man and a few shillings to be of an equal consideration, or that the law in punishing theft with death proceeds (as perhaps a private person sometimes may) with any view to vengeance. The terror of the example is the only thing proposed, and one man is sacrificed to the preservation of thousands.

If therefore the terror of this example is removed (as it certainly is by frequent pardons) the design of the law is rendered totally ineffectual; the lives of the persons executed are thrown away and sacrificed rather to the vengeance than to the good of the public, which receives no other advantage than by getting rid of a thief, whose place will immediately be supplied by another. Here then we may cry out with the poet §—

— Saviour ease
Parcennial rabble.

This I am confident may be asserted, that pardons have brought many more men to the gallows than they have saved from it. So true is that sentiment of Machiavel, that examples of justice are more merciful than the unbounded exercise of pity.||

SECTION XI.

Of the manner of execution.

BUT if every hope which I have mentioned fails the thief—if he should be discovered, apprehended, prosecuted, convicted, and refused a pardon—what is his situation then? Surely most gloomy and dreadful, without any hope and without any comfort. This is, perhaps, the case with the idle practised, less spirited, and less dangerous rogues; but with those of a different constitution it is far otherwise. No hero sees death as the alternative which may attend his undertaking with less terror, nor meets it in the field with more imaginary glory. Pride, which is commonly the uppermost passion in both, is in both treated with equal satisfaction. The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion. His procession to Tyburn, and his last moments there, are all triumphant; attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, admiration, and envy of all the bold and hardened. His behaviour in his present condition, not the crimes, how atrocious soever,

* P. 174, edit. Hudson.

† De Clementia, lib. i. c. 1.

‡ Hale's Hist., vol. i. p. 12.

§ Claudian. † In his prince.

* Dec. 1. l. ii. cap. 3. Ego gratias locum, esse beneficium: et tunc et ignominie posui (Regem scilicet); inter amicum atque inimicum discrimen nose: legem, rem arduam, inexorabilem esse, &c.

† By Dryden of Charles I.

‡ Dec. 1. lib. c. 3.

§ He put his two sons to death for conspiring with Tarquin. Neither Livy nor Dionysius give any character of cruelty to Brutus: indeed the latter tells us "that he was superior to all those passions which disturb human reason." Two sentences—*οὐκ ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος λυγρότατος παρὰ τὸν Βρούτῳ*.

|| Pag. 272, edit. Hudson.

which brought him to it, are the subject of contemplation. And if he hath sense enough to temper his boldness with any degree of decency, his death is spoken of by many with honour, by most with pity, and by all with approbation.

How far such an example is from being an object of terror, especially to those for whose use it is principally intended, I leave to the consideration of every rational man: whether such examples as I have described are proper to be exhibited must be submitted to our superiors.

The great cause of this evil is the frequency of executions: the knowledge of human nature will prove this from reason; and the different effects which executions produce in the minds of the spectators in the country, where they are rare, and in London, where they are common, will convince us by experience. The thief who is hanged to-day hath learned his intrepidity from the example of his hanged predecessors, as others are now taught to despise death, and to bear it hereafter with boldness, from what they see to-day.

One way of preventing the frequency of executions is by removing the evil I am complaining of: for this effect in time becomes a cause; and greatly increases that very evil from which it first arose. The design of those who first appointed executions to be public was to add the punishment of shame to that of death, in order to make the example an object of greater terror. But experience has shown us that the event is directly contrary to this intention. Indeed, a competent knowledge of human nature might have foreseen the consequence. To unite the ideas of death and shame is not so easy as may be imagined; all ideas of the latter being absorbed by the former. To prove this, I will appeal to any man who hath seen an execution, or a procession to an execution; let him tell me, when he hath beheld a poor wretch, bound in a cart, just on the verge of eternity, all pale and trembling with his approaching fate, whether the idea of shame hath ever intruded on his mind? Much less will the bold daring rogue, who glories in his present condition, inspire the beholder with any such sensation.

The difficulty here will be easily explained if we have recourse to the poets (for the good poet and the good politician do not differ so much as some who know nothing of either art affirm, nor would Homer or Milton have made the worst legislators of their times): the great business is to raise terror; and the poet will tell you that admiration, or pity, or both, are very apt to attend whatever is the object of terror in the human mind. That is very useful to the poet, but very hurtful on the present occasion to the politician, whose art is to be here employed to raise an object of terror, and at the same time, as much as possible, to strip it of all pity and all admiration.

To effect this, it seems that the execution should be as soon as possible after the commission and conviction of the crime: for if this be of an atrocious kind, the resentment of mankind being warm would pursue the criminal to his last end, and all pity for the offender would be lost in detestation of the offence. Whereas, when executions are delayed so long as they sometimes are, the punishment and not the crime is considered; and no good mind can avoid compassionating a set of wretches who are put to death we know not why, unless, as it almost appears, to make a holiday for, and to entertain, the mob.

Secondly, it should be in some degree private. And here the poets will again assist us. Foreigners have found fault with the cruelty of the English drama, in representing frequent murders upon the stage. In fact, this is not only cruel but highly

injudicious: a murder behind the scenes, if the poet knows how to manage it, will affect the audience with greater terror than if it was acted before their eyes. Of this we have an instance in the murder of the king in *Macbeth*, at which, when Garrick acts the part, it is scarce an hyperbole to say I have seen the hair of an audience stand an end. Terror hath I believe been carried higher by this single instance than by all the blood which hath been spilt on the stage.—To the poets I may add the priests, whose politics have never been doubted. Those of Egypt in particular, where the sacred mysteries were first devised, well knew the use of hiding from the eyes of the vulgar what they intended should inspire them with the greatest awe and dread. The mind of man is so much more capable of magnifying than his eye, that I question whether every object is not lessened by being looked upon: and this more especially when the passions are concerned: for these are ever apt to fancy much more satisfaction in those objects which they affect, and much more of mischief in those which they abhor, than are really to be found in either.

If executions, therefore, were so contrived that few could be present at them, they would be much more shocking and terrible to the crowd without doors than at present, as well as much more dreadful to the criminals themselves, who would thus die in the presence only of their enemies; and where the boldest of them would find no cordial to keep up his spirits, nor any breath to flatter his ambition.

3dly, The execution should be in the highest degree solemn. It is not the essence of the thing itself, but the dress and apparatus of it, which make an impression on the mind, especially on the minds of the multitude, to whom beauty in rags is never desirable, nor deformity in embroidery a disagreeable object.

Montaigne, who of all men, except only Aristotle, seems best to have understood human nature, inquiring into the causes why death appears more terrible to the better sort of people than to the meaner, expresses himself thus: "I do verily believe that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out that more terrify us than the thing itself; a new and contrary way of living, the cries of mothers, wives, and children, the visits of astonished and afflicted friends, the attendance of pale and blubbered servants, a dark room set round with burning tapers, our beds environed with physicians and divines—in fine, nothing but ghastliness and horror round about us, render it so formidable that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already."*

"If the image of death," says the same author, "was to appear thus dreadful to an army, they would be an army of whining milkops; and where is the difference but in the apparatus? Thus in the field (I may add at the gallows) what is encountered with gaiety and unconcern, in a sick bed becomes the most dreadful of all objects."

In Holland the executions (which are very rare) are incredibly solemn. They are performed in the area before the stadhous, and attended by all the magistrates. The effect of this solemnity is inconceivable to those who have not observed it in others or felt it in themselves; and to this perhaps, more than to any other cause, the rareness of executions in that country is owing.

Now the following method which I shall venture to prescribe, as it would include all the three particulars of celerity, privacy, and solemnity, so would it, I think, effectually remove all the evils complained

* Montaigne, *Essay* 19.

of, and which at present attend the manner of inflicting capital punishment.

Suppose then that the court at the Old Bailey was, at the end of the trials, to be adjourned during four days; that against the adjournment day a gallows was erected in the area before the court; that the criminals were all brought down on that day to receive sentence; and that this was executed the very moment after it was pronounced, in the sight and presence of the judges.

Nothing can, I think, be imagined (not even torture, which I am an enemy to the very thought of admitting) more terrible than such an execution; and I leave it to any man to resolve himself upon reflection whether such a day at the Old Bailey or a holiday at Tyburn would make the strongest impression on the minds of every one.

Thus I have, as well as I am able, finished the task which I proposed; have endeavoured to trace the evil from the very fountain-head, and to show whence it originally springs, as well as all the supplies it receives, till it becomes a torrent, which at present threatens to bear down all before it.

And here I must again observe, that if the former part of this treatise should raise any attention in the legislature, so as effectually to put a stop to the luxury of the lower people, to force the poor to industry, and to provide for them when industrious, the latter part of my labour would be of very little use; and indeed all the pains which can be taken in this latter part, and all the remedies which can be devised, without applying a cure to the former, will be only of the palliative kind, which may patch up the disease and lessen the bad effects, but never can totally remove it.

Nor, in plain truth, will the utmost severity to

offenders be justifiable unless we take every possible method of preventing the offence. *Nemo ad supplicia exigenda provenit, nisi qui remedia consumpsit*, says Seneca,* where he represents the government of kingdoms in the amiable light of parents. The subject as well as the child should be left without excuse before he is punished; for in that case alone the rod becomes the hand either of the parent or the magistrate.

All temptations, therefore, are to be carefully moved out of the way; much less is the plea of necessity to be left in the mouth of any. This plea of necessity is never admitted in our law; "hut the reason of that is," says lord Hale, "because it is so difficult to discover the truth." Indeed, that it is not always certainly false is a sufficient scandal to our polity; for what can be more shocking than to see an industrious poor creature, who is able and willing to labour, forced by mere want into dishonesty, and that in a nation of such trade and opulence?

Upon the whole, something should be, nay, must be done, or much worse consequences than have hitherto happened are very soon to be apprehended. Nay, as the matter now stands, not only care for the public safety, but common humanity, exacts our concern on this occasion; for that many cart-loads of our fellow-creatures are once in six weeks carried to slaughter is a dreadful consideration; and this is greatly heightened by reflecting that, with proper care and proper regulations, much the greater part of these wretches might have been made not only happy in themselves, but very useful members of the society which they now so greatly dishonour in the sight of all Christendom.

* De Clementia, lib. II. Proem.

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LOVE IN SEVERAL MASQUES:

A COMEDY, FIRST ACTED IN 1727.

See Veneris Phœnix mæcer est, nec Lampade fervet;
Lude faces ardent; valent a dolo sagittæ.—JUV. Sat. 6.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

MADAM—Your Ladyship's known goodness gives my presumption the hopes of a pardon, for prefixing to this slight work the name of a lady whose accurate judgment has long been the glory of her own sex, and the wonder of ours: especially, since it arose from a vanity to which your indulgence, on the first perusal of it, gave birth.

I would not insinuate to the world, that this play passed free from your censure; since I know it not free from faults, not one of which escaped your immediate penetration. Immediately indeed for your judgment keeps pace with your eye, and you comprehend almost faster than others overlook.

This is a perfection very visible to all who are admitted to the honour of your conversation: since, from these short intervals you can be supposed to have had to yourself, amid the importunities of all the polite admirers and professors of wit and learning, you are capable of instructing the poet, and are at once a living confutation of those misrose schoolmen who would confine knowledge to the male part of the species; and a shining instance of all those perfections and other graces, which Nature has confided to the female.

But I offend your Ladyship, whilst I please myself and the reader; therefore I shall only beg your leave to give a sanction to this Comedy, by informing the world, that its representation was twice honoured with your Ladyship's presence; and am, with the greatest respect, MADAM, your Ladyship's most obedient, most humble servant,
HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

I BELIEVE few plays have ever advanced into the world under greater disadvantages than this. First, as it succeeded a comedy which, for the continued space of twenty-eight nights, received as great (and as just) applause as ever were bestowed on the English Theatre; and, secondly, as it is co-temporary with an entertainment which engrosses the whole talk and admiration of the town.

These were difficulties which seemed rather to require the superior force of a Wycherly or a Congreve, than of a raw and unexperienced pen (for I believe I may boast that none ever appeared so early on the stage). However, such was the candour of the audience, the play was received with greater satisfaction than I should have promised myself from its merit, had it not even preceded the Provoked Husband.

But after having returned thanks to the spectators, I cannot rest till I have been in some measure grateful to the performers. As for Mr. Wilks and Mr. Clibber, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge their civil and kind behaviour previous to its representation. How advantageously both they and the other personages set off their respective parts at that time, has been spoken of by much politer and better judges than myself.

Lastly, I can never express my grateful sense of the good nature of Mrs. Oldfield; who, though she had contracted a slight indisposition by her violent fatigue in the part of Lady Townley, was prevailed on to grace that of Lady Matchless; which placed her in a light so far inferior to that which she had in the other. Nor do I owe less to her excellent judgment shown in some corrections, which I shall for my own sake conceal. But the ravishing perfections of this lady are so much the admiration of every eye, and every ear, that they will remain fixed in the memory of many, when these light scenes shall be forgotten.

PROLOGUE, OCCASIONED BY THIS COMEDY'S SUCCEEDING THAT OF THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.—SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

As when a Raphael's master-piece has been,
By the astonish'd judge, with rapture seen;
Should some young artist next his picture show,
He speaks his colours faint, his fancy low;
Though it some beauties has, it still must fall,
Compar'd to that, which has excell'd in all.

So when, by an admiring ravish'd age,
A Smith's'd piece is plac'd on the stage,
Who, deaf to all entreaties, ventures there?
Yet, too, too certain of his weaker cause,
He claims nor equal merit nor applause.
Compare 'em not: should favour do its most,
He owns, by the comparison, he's lost.

Light, airy scenes, his comic muse displays,
Far from the buskin's higher vein he strays,
By humour only catching at the bays:
Humour, still free from an indecent flame,
Which, should it raise your mirth, must raise your shame.
Indecency's the bane to ridicule
And only charms the libertine or fool:

Nought shall offend the fair one's ears to-day,
Which they might blush to hear, or blush to say.
No private character these scenes expose,
Our bard at vice, not at the vicious, throws.
If any by his pointed arrows smart,
Why did he hear the mark within his heart?
Since innocently, thus, to please he aims,
Some merit, surely, the intention claims;
With candour, critics, to his cause attend;
Let pity to his lighter errors bend,
Forgive, at least; but if you can, commend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—WISMORE, MR. MILLS; Merital, MR. WILKS; Malel, MR. BRIDGEWATER; Lord Formal, MR. GRIFIN; Rattle, MR. CROOK; Sir Positive Trap, MR. HARTY; Sir Apish Simple, MR. MILLER; Lady Matchless, MRS. OLD-FIELD; Fervidus, MRS. PORTER; Helena, MRS. BOOTH; Lady Trap, MRS. MOOR; Catchit, MRS. MILLS.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.—The Piazza.—MERITAL, MALVIL.

Mer. Mr. Malvil, good morrow; I thought the spirit of champagne would have lengthen'd your repose this morning.

Male. No, sir, the spirit of something else disturbs my mind too much; an unfortunate lover and repose are as opposite as any lover and sense.

Mer. Malapert simile! What is there in life! what joys, what transports, which flow not from the spring of love! The birth of love is the birth of happiness, may even of life; to breathe without it is to drag on a dull phlegmatic insipid being, and struggle imperfect in the womb of nature.

Male. What in the name of fustian's here!

Mer. Did you not see the Lady Matchless last night? what ecstasies did she impart, even at a distance, to her beholders!

Male. A beautiful, rich, young widow in a front box, makes as much noise as a blazing star in the sky; draws as many eyes on her, and is as much criticised on in the polite world, as the other in the learned. With what envious glances was she attacked by the whole circle of belles! and what amorous ones by the gentlemen proprietors of the toupet, snuff-box, and sword-knot!

Mer. Nor could all this elevate her to the least pride or haughtiness; but she carried it with an air not conscious of the envy and adoration she contracted. That becoming modesty in her eyes! that lovely, easy sweetness in her smile! that gracefulness in her mien! that nobleness, without affectation, in her looks! in short, that one complete charm in her person!—Such a woman as this does as much mischief amongst the men of sense—

Male. As some beaux do amongst the women of none. But, by your speaking so feelingly, I should suspect some mischief here. [Claps Merital's breast.

Mer. Why that fort is not impregnable to the batteries of a fair eye; but there is a certain beautiful, rich, young virgin who keeps guard there.

Male. Ha! she is a blazing star indeed; where does she live! or rather, where is she worshipp'd! and in what street is her temple?

Mer. I have described her, and sure my picture is not so bad as to require its name under it.

Male. But it is so good, that I am afraid you hardly took nature for a pattern.

Mer. Thou art always endeavouring to be satirical on the ladies: pry'thee desist; for the name of an ill-natured wit will slightly balance the loss of their favour. Who would not prefer a dear smile from a pretty face—

Male. To a frown from an ugly one.— But have I never seen this inestimable?

Mer. No, sir, the sun has never seen her but by peeping through a window; she is kept as close as a jealous Spaniard keeps his wife, or a city usurer his treasure; and is now brought to town to be married to that gay knight, Sir Apish Simple. [culty.

Male. You have a rival then, there's one difficulty.

Mer. Ay, and many difficulties, which, in love, are so many charms. In the first place, the young lady's guardian, Sir Positive Trap by name, is an old precise knight, made up of avarice, folly, an ill-bred surliness of temper, and an odd fantastic pride, built on the antiquity of his family, into which he enrolls most of the great men he ever heard of. The next is his lady, who is his absolute empress; for though he be monstrously morose to the rest of the world, he is as foolishly easy and credulous to his wife.

Male. And she, I suppose, is as easy to the rest of the world, as imperious to him.

Mer. Then my mistress is made up of natural spirit, wit, and fire; all these she has improved by an intimate conversation with plays, poems, romances, and such gay studies, by which she has acquired a perfect knowledge of the polite world without ever seeing it, and turned the confinement of her person into the enlargement of her mind. Lastly, my rival,—but his character you know already. And these are my obstacles.

Male. But what objection does the old knight make to your pretensions?

Mer. Several. My estate is too small, my father was no baronet, and I am—no fool.

Male. Those are weighty objections, I must confess: to evade the first you must bribe his lawyer, to conquer the second, purchase a title—and utterly to remove the last, plead love.

Mer. Kindly advised. But what success are you like to reap from that plea with Vernilia?

Male. Why faith! our affair is grown dull as a chancery suit; but if it be much more prolix, my stock of love will be so far exhausted, that I shall be like a contested heir, who spends his estate in the pursuit of it, and, when his litigious adversary is overthrown, finds his possessions reduced to a long lawyer's bill for more than he is able to pay.

Mer. But then your fates will be different, the one condemned to starve in a prison, the other to surfeit in matrimony. Though, by what I see, you are in little danger of bringing matters to that issue.

Male. Hast thou seen? Come, perhaps you have discovered what, indeed, her late coldness gives me reason to fear.

Mer. What?

Male. A rival.

Mer. Ha, ha, ha! you certainly are the most unfortunate in your temper, and most an enemy to yourself, of any man in the world. Be assured, Jack, that if after what has passed between you, so long a service, and so many apparent signs of the sincerest passion on your side, and such a manifest reception of it on hers, she jilts you; yet she has rid you of the greatest pest in nature.

Male. 'Sdeath! could I reason thus with myself, I might think so, but I love her above my reason. I see my folly and despise it, and yet cannot shun it.

Mer. Well, you are the first in the class of romantic lovers. But, for my part, I would as soon turn chymist, and search for the philosopher's stone, as a lover to run headlong before an ignis fatuus, that dies the faster the more it is pursued.

Male. These are the known sentiments of you light, gay, fluttering fellows; who, like the weathercock, never fix long to a point, till you are good for nothing.

Mer. And you platonic lovers, like the compass, are ever pointing to the same pole, but never touch it.

Male. You are a sort of sportsmen who are always hunting in a park of coquets, where your sport is so plenty, that you start fresh game before you have run down the old.

Mer. And you are a sort of anglers ever fishing for prudes, who cautiously steal and pamper up their vanity with your baits, but never swallow the hook.

Male. But hast thou then discovered anything in Vernilia's conduct, that—

Mer. That makes me confident you will never gain her, so I advise you to raise the siege; for you must carry that garrison by storm, and, I know, you have not so much bravery in love—Ha, amaze—ment! is not that Wisemore?

SCENE II.—WISEMORE, MERITAL, MALVIL.

Wisem. Mr. Merital, Mr. Malvil, your humble servant; I am fortunate, indeed, at my first arrival, to embrace my friends.

Male. Dear Wisemore, a thousand welcomes; what propitious wind has drove thee to town?

Wisem. No wind propitious to my inclination, I assure ye, gentlemen; I had taken leave of this place long ago, its vanities, hurries, and superficial, empty, ill-digested pleasures.

Mer. But you have seen your error, and, like a relenting nun, who had too rashly taken leave of the world, are returned to enjoy thy pleasures again.

Wisem. No, 'tis business, business, gentlemen, that drags me hither; my pleasures lie another way, a way little known to you gentlemen of the town.

Male. Not so little known as you imagine, Ned, nor have you been supposed alone these three years in the country. 'Tis no secret that you have had the conversation of—

Wisem. —The wise, the learned, the virtuous. Books, sir, have been mostly my companions, a society preferable to that of this age. Who would converse with fools and fops, whilst they might enjoy a Cicero or an Epictetus, a Plato or an Aristotle? Who would waste his afternoon in a coffee-house, or at a tea-table, to be entertained with scandal, lies, balls, operas, intrigues, fashions, flattery, nonsense, and that swarm of impertinences which compose the common-place chat of the world? Who would bear all this, did he know the sweets of retirement?

Mer. Let me survey thee a little that I may be certain you are my old friend metamorphosed, and no apparition.

Wisem. Look ye, sirs, of all places in the world my spirit would never haunt this. London is to me what the country is to a gay giddy girl, pampered up with the love of admiration; or a young heir just leaped into his estate and chariot. It is a mistress, whose imperfections I have discovered, and cast off. I know it; I have been a spectator of all its scenes. I have seen hypocrisy pass for religion, madness for sense, noise and scurrility for wit, and riches for the whole train of virtues. Then I have seen folly beloved for its youth and beauty, and revered for its age. I have discovered knavery in more forms than ever Proteus had, and traced him through them all, till I have lodged him behind a counter, with the statute of bankruptcy in his hand, and a pair of gilded horns in his pocket.

Mer. and *Male.* Ha, ha, ha!

Wisem. I know the folly, foppery, and childishness of your diversions—I know your vices too.

Male. And hast practised them to my knowledge.

Wisem. So much the more have they contracted

my hate. Oons! If I do not get out of this vile town in three days, I shall get out of the world in four.

Mer. But what earnest business has drove thee hither now, so much against thy will?

Male. He is married, his wife has drawn him hither, and he is jealous.

Mer. Or are you in law, and have been rid down this morning by a fat serjeant or solicitor?

Male. He has been writing philosophy, and is come to town to publish it.

Wisem. I have been studying folly, and am come to town to publish it. I know that title will sell any productions, or some of your modern poets who hardly merit that name by their works, would merit it by starving.

Mer. But they deal not so openly with the world, for they promise much tho' they perform little. Nay, I've sometimes seen treatises where the author has put all his wit in the title-page.

Wisem. Why, faith, and politic enough; for few readers now look farther than the title-page.

Mer. But pr'ythee what is this errand of folly, as you are pleased to term it?

Wisem. O beyond conception; I shudder with the apprehension of its being known. But why do I fear it! folly or vice must be of a prodigious height to overtop the crowd; but if it did, the tall, overgrown monster would be admired, and, like other wondrous, enrich the possessor. I see your women have gone through with the transformation and dress like us, nay, they frequent coffee-houses too; I was frightened from one just now by two girls in paduasuy coats and breeches.

Male. Ha, ha, ha! these were two beaux, Ned.

Wisem. So much the greater transformation, for they had apparently more of the woman than the man about them. But, perhaps, by them this amphibious dress may be a significant calculation; for I have known a beau with everything of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man besides it.

Male. They will esteem you for that assertion.

Wisem. Why, ay, it may recommend them to the tea-tables. For the natural perfections of our sex, and the unnatural acquisitions of her own, must be a rare compound to make a woman's idol.

Mer. Sure, never was a man so altered! Do not affect singularity this way; for in town we look on none to be so great a fool as a philosopher, and there is no fool so out of fashion.

Wisem. A certain sign fools are in fashion. Philosophy is a true glass, which shows the imperfections of the mind as plain as the other of the body; and no more than a true glass can be agreeable to a town constitution.

Mer. So, here comes one who will hit your taste—

SCENE III.—*To them, RATTLE.*

Rattle. Merital, Malvil, a hum, dear boys. Ha! hum! what figure is that? (more.)

Mer. Mr. Rattle, pray know my friend Mr. Wise-

Rattle. That I will gladly. Sir, I am your most obedient, bumble servant, sir.

Wisem. Sir, I am very much yours.

Rattle. Well, I know you will be witty upon me, but since the town will blab, I will put on the armour of assurance, and declare boldly, that I am very, very deeply in love.

Male. A bold declaration, indeed! and what may require some assurance to maintain, since it is ten to four thou hast never spoke to this new mistress, nay, perhaps, never seen more of her than her picture.

Rattle. Her picture! ha, ha, ha! who can draw the sun in its meridian glories! Neither painting, poetry, nor imagination can form her image. She

is young and blooming as the spring, gay and teeming as the summer, ripe and rich as the autumn.

Male. Thy chymistry has from that one virtue extracted all the rest, I very modestly suppose.

Mer. You know, Harry, Malvil allows the sex no virtues.

Rattle. That's because they allow him no favours. But to express my mistress's worth, in a word, and prove it too—She is the lady Matchless.

Wisem. Ha! (Aside.)

Mer. But what hopes can you have of succeeding against the multitudes which swarm in her drawing-room?

Rattle. Pugh! Tom, you know I have succeeded against greater multitudes before now—and she is a woman of excellent sense.

Wisem. You fix your hopes on a very sound foundation, sir; for a woman of sense will, undoubtedly, set a just value on a laced coat, which qualification is undeniably yours.

Rattle. Sir, as I take it, there are other qualifications appertaining to—

Wisem. But none preferable in the eyes of some women, and the persons of some men, sir.

Rattle. I believe she will find some preferable in the person of your humble servant, sir.

Wisem. Say you so! then know, sir, I am your rival there. [me, sir!]

Rattle. Rival, sir! and do you think to supplant

Wisem. I think to maintain my ground, sir.

Mer. And is this the folly you are come to town to publish! For a philosopher to go a widow-bunting, is a folly with a vengeance.

Wisem. [Aside.] Am I become a jest! I deserve it. Why did I come hither, but to be laughed at by all the world! my friends will deride me out of love, my enemies out of revenge; wise men from their scorn, and fools from their triumph to see me become as great a fool as themselves. [To them.] I see, by your mirth, gentlemen, my company grows tedious, so I'm your bumble servant.

SCENE IV.—*MERITAL, MALVIL, RATTLE.*

Mer. Nay, dear Ned.

Rattle. What queer bundle of rusticity is that!

Mer. A man of admirable sense, I assure you. Your hopes in the widow now are not worth much.

Rattle. Pugh! there's a rival indeed! besides, I am sensible that I am the happy be whom she has chosen out of our whole sex. She is stark mad in love, poor soul! and let me alone when I have made an impression. I tell ye, sirs, I have had opportunities, I have had encouragements, I have had kisses and embraces, &c.; hut, mum. Now, if you tell one word, devil take me if ever I trust you with a secret again.

Male. You will pardon me, Harry; but if I believe one word of it, may I never know a secret again.

Rattle. I am glad of that; my joy makes me blab, but it may be for the lady's honour not to have it believed. [too.]

Male. Ay, faith, and for the honour of her sense

Rattle. I pumped Sir Apish, as you desired; it seems, all matters are agreed on with the old folks; he has nothing now but to get his mistress's own consent.

Male. That's only a form; Miss says yes now after her father, as readily as after the parson.

Rattle. Well, well, I thank fate my mistress is at her own disposal.

Mer. And did you not tell Sir Apish I was his rival? you can keep a secret.

Rattle. O involuntarily to serve a friend, and provided there be an intrigue in the case. I love

intrigues so well, I almost think myself the son of one.

Male. And to publish them so well, that had you been so and known it, your supposed father would have known his blessing, and the world his title.

Rattle. But why should you think I can't keep a secret? Now, upon my honour, I never publish any one's intrigues but my own.

Male. And your character is so public, that you hurt nobody's name but your own.

Rattle. Nay, curse take me, if I am ashamed of being publicly known to have an affair with a lady, at all.

Male. No! but you should be ashamed of boasting of affairs with ladies, whom it is known you never spoke to. [has affairs.]

Mer. There you are too hard on him, for Rattle

Rattle. And with women of rank.

Male. Of very high rank, if their quality be as high as their lodgings are.

Rattle. Prythee, Malvil, leave this satirical, ill-natur'd way, or, upon my word, we pretty fellows shall not care to be seen in your company.

Mer. You must excuse him, he is only envious of your success; and as the smiles of a mistress raise your gaiety, so the frowns of a mistress cause his spleen.

Rattle. Do they? But you and I, Tom, know better: for, curse me, if it be in the power of the frowns of the whole sex to give me an uneasy moment. Neither do I value their smiles at a pinch of snuff. And yet, I believe, I have as few of the first, and as many of the last, as—

Mer. How! how! not value the widow's smiles?

Rattle. Humph! they are golden ones.

Male. Here's a rogue would persuade us he is in love, and all the charms he can find in his mistress are in her pocket.

Rattle. Agad, and that opinion is not singular. I have known a fine gentleman marry a rich heiress with a vast deal of passion, and bury her at the month's end with a perfect resignation.

Male. Then his resignation seems to me much more apparent than his passion.

Rattle. You fix his passion on the wrong object; it was her fortune he was so violently enamoured with, and had that been demanded of him, agad, he would have had no more resignation than a lawyer to refund his fee.

Mer. I am of Rattle's opinion; for if this was not the general notion, how would some celebrated toasts maintain their éclat, who, considered out of the light of their fortune, have no more charms than bean Grin out of his embroidery?

Rattle. Or my lady Wrinkle out of her paint.

Mer. And again, others be neglected who have every charm but wealth. In short, beauty is now considered as a qualification only for a mistress, and fortune for a wife.

Male. The ladies are pretty even with us, for they have learnt to value good qualities only in a gallant, and to look for nothing but an estate in a husband.

Rattle. These are rare sentiments in a platonic lover.

Mer. Well put. How can a man love, who has so ill an opinion of the sex?

Male. Merital, you are always touching the wounds of your friends, which are too tender to endure it. [morning]

Mer. Well, gentlemen, are you for the Mall this

Rattle. With all my heart.

Male. I have business, but will meet you there.

Rattle. Gad, that's well thought on, I must call on some ladies, but they lie in our way.

Male. Ay, your ladies commonly lie in everybody's way. [James's.]

Mer. You will find me in the Mall, or at St.

SCENE V.—MERITAL, LORD FORMAL.

Mer. Ha! here's a fool coming, and he is unavoidable. My lord, your humble servant; to see you at this end of the town is a miracle, at so early an hour.

Form. Why, positively, Mr. Merital, this is an hour wherein I seldom make any excursions farther than my drawing-room. But, being a day of business, I have rid down two brace of chairmen this morning. I have been, sir, at three milliners', two perfumers', my bookseller's, and a fan-shop.

Mer. Ha, ha! a very tiresome circuit.

Form. It has exagitated my complexion to that exorbitancy of vermillion, that I shall hardly reduce it to any tolerable consistency under a fortnight's course of acids.

Mer. I think, my lord, it is hardly worth while to be concerned about natural colours, now we are arrived at such a perfection in artificial.

Form. Pardon me. We have, indeed, made some progress in red, but for your pale colours, they must be acquired naturally; your white washes will not subdue cherry cheeks.

Mer. O, if that be the malady, I would prescribe to the gentlemen a course of rakery, and to the ladies a course of vapours.

Form. Well, positively, going into a bookseller's shop is to me the last of fatigues, and yet it is a necessary one: for since the ladies have divided their time between cards and reading, a man, to be agreeable to them, must understand something of books, as well as quadrille.

Mer. I am afraid, if this humour continue, it will be as necessary in the education of a pretty gentleman to learn to read, as to learn to dance.

Form. Why, I'll tell you how I do. By going to a bookseller's shop once a month, I know the titles and authors of all the new books: so when I name one in company, it is, you know, of consequence supposed I have read it: immediately some lady pronounces sentence either favourable or not, according as the fame of the author, and her ladyship's cards, run high or low,—then good manners enrols me in her opinion.

Mer. A very equitable court of justice truly.

Form. Reading, sir, is the worst thing in the world for the eyes; I once gave into it, and had in a very few months gone through almost a dozen pages in Cassandra. But I found it vastly impaired the lustre of my eyes. I had, sir, in that short time perfectly lost the direct ogle—But I lose time—for I am going to make a visit just by—*a—* I presume, you hear that I intend shortly to quarter my coat of arms?

Mer. The world, my lord, is rather amazed how my lord Formal has so long withstood such temptations.

Form. Why truly I have had as many temptations as any man. But I have ever hid it down as a maxim, that a wife should be very rich. Men who do not know the world will talk of virtue and beauty. Now, in my opinion, virtue is so scarce, it is not worth the looking after; and beauty so common, it is not worth the keeping.

Mer. Do you think a fine woman so trifling a possession, my lord?

Form. Why a fine woman—is a very fine thing—and so—is a fine house, I mean to entertain your friends with: for they, commonly, enjoy both, with the additional pleasure of novelty, whilst they pall on your own taste.

Mer. This from you, my lord, is surprising. Sure, you will allow some women to be virtuous.

Form. O yes. I will allow an ugly woman to be as virtuous as she pleases, just as I will a pro

man to be covetous. But beauty in the hands of a virtuous woman, like gold in those of a miser, prevents the circulation of trade.

Mer. It is rather like riches in the possession of the prudent. A virtuous woman bestows her favours on the deserving, and makes them a real blessing to the man who enjoys her; whilst the vicious one, like a squandering prodigal, scatters them away; and, like a prodigal, is often most despised by those to whom she has been most kind.

Form. This from the gay Mr. Merital is really very surprising.

Mer. Yes, my lord, the gay Mr. Merital now stands candidate for a husband. So you cannot wonder that I would persuade the ladies of my good principles, which may engage some or other to chase me.

Form. It will as soon engage a country borough to abuse you parliament-man. But I must take an abrupt leave. For the sweetness of your conversation has perfumed my senses to the forgetfulness of an affair which, being of consequential essence, obliges me to assure you that I am your humble servant.

SCENE VI.—MERITAL *alone.*

Prince of coxcombs! 'death! 'tis in the mouths of such fellows as these, that the reputations of women suffer; for women are like books. Malice and envy will easily lead you to the detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment only can discover, and good nature relish. And woman, that noble volume of our greatest happiness,

Which to the wise affords a rich repast,
Fools only censure from their want of taste.

ACT II. SCENE I.—LADY MATCHLESS'S HOUSE. —LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Match. Upon my word, Vermilia, you wrong me, if you think noise, equipage, or flattery give me any real pleasure; it is, indeed, a pleasing triumph for a prisoner eloped, to reflect on her past confinement and present freedom; freed from that torment, an injurious husband: one who—but he is gone, and, I hope, to heaven.

Verm. That's a generous wish, my dear; and yet I believe it is the wish of many whose husbands deserve a worse place.

Match. You mean, during the life of a bad husband; but those prayers then flow more from self-interest than generosity; for who would not wish her spouse in heaven, when it was the only way to deliver herself out of a hell?

Verm. True, indeed. But yours are the efforts of pure good nature; you pray for the happiness of your tyrant, now you are delivered out of his power.

Match. Ah! poor man! since I can say nothing to his advantage, let him sleep in peace; my revenge shall not be on his memory, but his sex; that part of it which I know would follow his example, were they but in his place.

Verm. You have opportunities enough of revenge, and objects enough to execute it upon; for, I think, you have as many slaves in your assemblies as the French king in his galleys.

Match. Why, really, I sometimes look on my drawing-room as a little parliament of fools, to which every different body sends its representatives. Beaux of all sorts. The courtly lord, who addresses me with a formal, well-bred dissimulation. The airy Sir Plume, who always walks in the minuet-step, and converses in recitative. [Beauty.

Verm. And is a Narcissus in everything but

Match. Then the robust warrior, who proceeds by way of storm or siege. The lawyer, who attacks me as he would a jury, with a eringe, and a lie at the tip of his tongue. The eit, who would cheat me by way of bargain and sale. And—your settling country 'squire, who would put my life into half his estate, provided I would put his whole family's into all mine.

Verm. There is a more dangerous, though a more ridiculous fool than any of these, and that is a fine gentleman, who becomes the disguise of a lover worse than any you have named.

Match. O, ay; a man of sense acts a lover just as a Dutchman would a harlequin. He stumbles at every straw we throw in his way, which a fop would skip over with ease.

Verm. But pray, my dear, what design have you in view from all these lovers?

Match. The very design Nature had when she formed them—to make fools of them.

Verm. But you will not be surprised, if I admire that you give the least encouragement to the finest gentlemen.

Match. Indeed, I approve your remark. Why, it proceeds from this reason,—that of love, like other fevers, is only dangerous to a rich constitution, and therefore I am cautious of giving a distemper which I do not intend to cure—for I have no absolute intention ever to marry again. [Swear.

Verm. Nor absolute resolution against it, I dare

Match. To say the truth, I cannot positively affirm I have: nor, if I had, am I confident I should be able to keep it. For, when Sir William died, I made a secret resolution never to run a second hazard: but—as at the year's end I don't know how—as—I bad like to have fallen into the snare again.

Verm. Well, and by what lucky chance delivered?

Match. The very night before our intended marriage I flew away to London, and left my poor disappointed swain to vent his passion to the wind.

Verm. O what a profusion was there of sighs, vows, prayers, oaths, tears, and curses!—And so you are fled to London as a place of security against love-debts! I know not why it is, but certainly a woman is the least liable to play the fool here; perhaps the hurry of diversions and company keep the mind in too perpetual a motion to let it fix on one object. Whereas in the country, our ideas are more fixed and more romantic. Courts and cities have few heroes or heroines in love.

Match. Ah! Vermilia, let the jealous husband learn from me; there is more danger in woods and purring streams than in an assembly or a playhouse. When a beauteous grove is your theatre, a murmuring cascade your music, nature's flowery landscapes your scene, heaven only the spectator, and a pretty fellow the actor—the Lord knows what the play will be.

Verm. But I hope this five months' absence has restored you to a perfect *status quo*.

Match. Had he pursued his conquest then, I am afraid I should have fallen before him; but he has given resolution time to rally, and I am now so fortified against him, that all his attacks would prove in vain.

Verm. Be not too confident, for I have heard military men say, that a garrison, to be secure, should have its works well manned as well as strong.

SCENE II.—*To them* CATCHIT.

Catch. Madam, your ladyship's coach is at the door.

Match. Come, my dear, by this, I believe, the park begins to fill.

Verm. I am ready to wait on you, my dear.

Catchit, if Mr. Malvil comes, you may tell him where I'm gone.

Catch. Yes, madam.

SCENE III.—CATCHIT ALONE.

Catch. Well, sure nature has not a more ridiculous creature than a jealous lover. Never did a lady in my profession get more by forging smiles and favourable expressions from a mistress, than I, by making Mr. Malvil believe mine values him less than she does. He has promised me a diamond ring to discover his rival. Ay, but how shall I discover his rival, when he has none? Hum! suppose I make him one! Ay, but that may make mischief; well, but that must make for me. Well then. But who shall this rival be? Ha! Mr. Merital is a favourite of my lady, and is often here. There is an appointment too between him and Helena to meet here at five—my lady will be at home too. Now if I could but persuade Malvil that that assignation was meant with him!

[Stands considering.]

SCENE IV.—MALVIL, CATCHIT.

Malv. Your servant, pretty Mrs. Catchit. What is that pretty head of yours meditating on?

Catch. Whatever it be, sir, it is for your service; you will be the death of me, you will. I am always contriving, and plotting, and studying, and lying, and swearing, for you.

Malv. And you shall see no end of my gratitude.

Catch. Nor no beginning either, I am afraid: you are in my debt at least five hundred pound at the rate of a guinea a perjury: if I had carried them to Westminster-hall I had made a better bargain.

Malv. Let me enjoy that dear cold mistress of thine, and thou shalt be paid.

Catch. I fear that 's an uncertain condition.

Malv. Ha! what say you?

Catch. Why, sir, I say that—I say, sir, that you have the prettiest ring on your finger there.

Malv. 'Sdeath! do not torture me.

Catch. It sparkles so sweetly.

Malv. Come, you have discovered something. I have a rival then. Vermilia is a jilt.

Catch. Yes, marry, have you.

Malv. Be quick, dear tormentor.

Catch. Well, it is the prettiest ring I ever saw.

Malv. Here, take it, take anything, tell me hut all thou knowest.

Catch. O your servant, sir; well, you are a charming man, and one can deny you nothing. I have made such a discovery.

Malv. O dear, dear rogue!

Catch. This very morning, has my lady been praising a certain gentleman with such raptures; running him over from head to foot with so much admiration and fondness! then every now and then, Catchit, (says she) don't you think him an angel? Hum! a very dark one (says I). Did you ever see such eyes, such teeth, such a mouth! (says she). In my opinion, they are all very poor (says I). Then such a shape! such an air (says she)! Why, ay, the man would do for a dancing-master (says I). Lud! Madam, (says I) would you would think of poor Mr. Malvil. (And, to be sure, the tears stood in my eyes when I said it.) O no (says she), I will think of none but Merital. Then (says I)—

Malv. Torments and furies! Merital!

Catch. My mistress doats on him, and has appointed to meet him.

Malv. How! where! when?

Catch. Here, at five.

Malv. 'Sdeath! 'tis impossible.

Catch. It may be impossible, perhaps; but it is true.

Male. Merital a villain! Vermilia a jilt!—Then the whole world's an illusion.

[Walks and speaks disorderly.]

D'ye hear; do not disclose a word of this to any one.

Catch. You may depend on me, sir.

Male. But where's Vermilia?

Catch. Gone to the park with Lady Matchless.

Male. Be secret, and be diligent, and you shall not repent your pains.

Catch. Not whilst you have jealousy in your head, and money in your pocket, signior. Well, how this affair will end I know not; but I am sure the beginning has been good.

[Kisses the ring.]

SCENE V.—SIR POSITIVE TRAP'S HOUSE.—LADY TRAP, HELENA.

Hel. To be sold! to be put up at auction! to be disposed of, as a piece of goods, by way of bargain and sale!

Trap. Niece, niece, you are dealt with, as a piece of rich goods; you are to be disposed of at a high price; Sir Positive understands the world, and will make good conditions for you. You will have a young gentleman, and a pretty gentleman.

Hel. Yes; if a good estate can make a pretty gentleman.

Trap. Sooner than a pretty gentleman can make a good estate. The pretty gentlemen of our age know better how to spend, than to get one.

Hel. Well, well, madam, my own fortune is sufficient to make the man I love happy. And he shall be one whose merit is his only riches, not whose riches are his only merit.

Trap. The man you love! O impudence! I would be ashamed, was I a young woman, to be even thought to have an indecent passion for a particular young fellow.

Hel. I would, indeed, be ashamed, was I an old woman, to be known to have an indecent passion for all fellows in general.

Trap. Audacious! dare you reflect on me! on me for fellows! who am notorious for my abhorrence of that heastly sex. The young women of our age, are enough to put one out of countenance.

Hel. Youth, madam, always will put age out of countenance in beauty, as age will youth in wisdom; therefore pray, aunt, don't you pretend to the one, and I'll resign all pretensions to the other.

Trap. Do you think you have so much beauty then, miss?

Hel. I think I have enough to do so small an execution; and, I am sure, I have enough to please myself, and him I desire to please; let the rest of the world think what they will, 'tis not worth my care; I have no ambition to be toasted in every company of men, and roasted in every assembly of women: for the envy of the women is a necessary consequence of the admiration of the men.

SCENE VI.—To them, SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

Sir Pos. What lie are you telling! ha!

Trap. Justify me, deary, justify me; your niece says I have an indecent passion for your whole sex.

Sir Pos. That I will, by the family of the Traps. So far from that, hussy, she hates our whole sex; she has hardly a decent passion for her own husband, because he's a man.

Hel. You have hit the nail on the head, my dear

Sir Pos. Hussy, hussy, you are a disgrace to the family of the Traps. I can hardly believe Sir Nicodemus Trap to have been your grandfather, Sir Gregory your father, and Sir Positive your uncle.

Hel. Surfeiting genealogy! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Pos. Do you ridicule your ancestors, the illustrious race of Traps!

Hel. No, Sir; I honour them so far, that I am resolved not to take a fool into the family.

Sir Pos. Do you mean Sir Apish, mix? Do you call a baronet a fool, and one of so ancient a house? Hussy, the Simples and the Traps are the two ancientest houses in England. Don't provoke me, don't provoke me, I say; I'll send for Sir Apish immediately; and you shall be wedded, bedded, and executed in half an hour.

Hel. Indeed! executed! O barbarous!

Sir Pos. These girls love plain-dealing. She wants it *in puris naturalibus*. [*Half aside.*]

Trap. Had you heard her just now, you would have thought her ripe for anything; I protest she made me blush.

Sir Pos. O monstrous! make my lady wife blush!

Hel. She who did that, I am sure, was ripe for anything.

Sir Pos. Hussy, you are no Trap; you have nothing of the Traps in you. The midwife put a cheat on Sir Gregory.

Trap. I have wondered how a creature of such principles could spring up in a family so noted for the purity of its women.

Sir Pos. She shall change her name to-morrow; prepare to receive Sir Apish, for this is the last day of your virginity.

Hel. Do you look on my consent as unnecessary, then? for he has never made any addresses to me.

Sir Pos. Addresses to you! Why I never saw my lady there 'till an hour before our marriage. I made my addresses to her father, her father to his lawyer, the lawyer to my estate, which being found a Smithfield equivalent—the bargain was struck. Addressing quotha! What need have young people of addressing, or anything, till they come to understanding!

Trap. Ay, this courtship is an abominable, diabolical practice, and the parent of nothing but lies and flattery. The first who used it was the Serpent to beguile Eve.

Sir Pos. Oons! and it hath beguiled above half the women since. I hope to see the time, when a man may carry his daughter to market with the same lawful authority as any other of his cattle. But for you, madam, to-morrow's your wedding-day; I have said it, and I am positive.

Hel. Yes. But know, uncle of mine, that I am a woman, and may be as positive as you; and so your servant. [*In this rage.*]

Trap. After her, honey; don't leave her to herself.
Sir Pos. I'll bring her to herself, by the right hand of the Traps.

SCENE VII.—LADY TRAP *alone*.

If Helena be Sir Simple's to-morrow, I have but this day for my design on Merital. Some way he must know my love! But should he reject it and betray me! why, if he does, 'tis but denying it bravely, and my reserv'd behaviour has raised me such a reputation of virtue that he would not be believed. Yet how to let him know! Should I write! that were too sure a testimony against me; and yet that's the only way. My niece goes to Lady Matchless's this evening. I'll make him an assignation, in her name, to meet by dark, in the dining-room. But how to make it in her name.—*(Pauses.)*—Ha! I have thought of a way, and will about it instantly.

SCENE VIII.—HELENA and SIR POSITIVE TRAP.

Hel. Don't tease me so, dear uncle. I can never like a fool, I abhor a fop.

Sir Pos. But there are three thousand pounds a-year, and a title. Do you abhor those, hussy!

Hel. His estate I don't want, and his title I despise.

Sir Pos. Very fine! very fine! despise a title! hussy, you are no Trap; Oons! I believe you are no woman either. What, would you take a scandalous, sneaking Mister, one who can't soak you a lady!

Hel. Since nothing else will do, I am engaged by all the strength of vows and honour.

Sir Pos. Engaged! why was not the widow Jilt engaged to Mr. Goodland, and left him immediately on the arrival of Sir Harry Rich, whom she left again for my lord Richmore! Never tell me of engagements, contracts, and I don't know what. Mere hughbears to frighten children with; all women of sense laugh at them. You are no more obliged to stand to your word when you have promised a man, than when you have refused him. The law dissolves all contracts without a valuable consideration; or, if it did not, a valuable consideration would dissolve the law.

Hel. Perhaps, sir, I'll never marry at all.

Sir Pos. Hussy, you have a sanguine constitution. You will either marry, or do worse.

Hel. In my opinion, I can't do worse than to marry a fool.

Sir Pos. A very fine notion indeed!—I must sell her soon, or she will go off but as a piece of second-hand goods. [*Aside.*]

SCENE IX.—To them, LADY TRAP with a letter.

Trap. O my dear, see what good luck has presented us with. A letter from your niece to Merital.

Sir POSITIVE reads.

"Dear Sir,—This afternoon my uncle will be abroad, to-morrow I am intended for Sir Apish. I need say no more than at six this evening you will find in the dining-room, yours—HELENA."

"P.S. I shall be alone, and in the dark; ask no questions, but come up directly."

But, deary, this is not her hand.

Trap. Do you think, child, she would not disguise it as much as possible!

Sir Pos. I smell it. I see it. I read it. 'Tis her hand with a witness. See here, thou vile daughter of Sir Gregory. An assignation to a man.

Hel. Insupportable! to confront me with a forgery.

Sir Pos. Your own forgery, Iussy. [*hand.*]

Trap. But, really, it does not look very like her.
Sir Pos. Let me see, hum! 'tis not exactly, very, very like. Methinks 'tis not like at all.

[*Looking through spectacles.*]

Trap. This may be some counterfeit. I would engage my honour she is innocent. Copy it over before your niece, my dear, that will be a conviction.

Sir Pos. Copy it over before Sir Positive, hussy.

Hel. Bring pen, ink, and paper there. You shall not have the least pretence to accuse me.

Sir Pos. I would not have three guiney for the world. I would not have such a disgrace fall on our noble and ancient family. It might render us ridiculous to every upstart.

[*Here a servant brings pen, &c. HELENA writes.*]

Trap. O horrible! write to a man! Had I held a pen, at her age, with that design, my hand would have shook so that I should have spilt my ink with the bare apprehension.

Hel. Now, sir, be convinced, and justify me.

[*Giving the letter with the copy to Sir Pos.*]

Sir Pos. There is, indeed, no resemblance.

Trap. Are you blind! They are both alike to a tittle.

[*Taking them.*]
Sir Pos. To a dot. Her hand to a dot. I'll send for Sir Apish immediately. I smell it; a tank plot! I smell it.

Hel. You have out-faced me bravely before Sir Positive. You may not, perhaps, do so before an impartial judge.

SCENE X.—*LADY TRAP alone.*

It is strange that women should contend for wit in a husband when they may enjoy such an advantage from having a fool.

SCENE XI.—*St. James's Park.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, MERITAL, RATTLE.*

Mer. Indeed, Vermilia, it is very barbarous in you to torment poor Malvil so. Don't you think, if you should drive him to any desperate extremity, you would have a great deal to answer for? And I assure you, by words he has lately dropped, I fear he has some such design.

Rattle. Don't you imagine, widow, that an humble servant of yours is in as much danger?

Match. If he be, I wish him a safe deliverance.

Ferm. Would he have me believe him mad enough to run his neck into one noose, because I am not mad enough to run mine into a worse? No, no. You all use those words—ropes, daggers, swords, and pistols—only as embellishments of speech; or, if you have any design by them, it is to frighten us, not injure yourselves.

Match. But I am resolved not to be alarmed with threats. Let me see a gallant fairly swinging—and then—I'll say, poor Strephon, alas! he did love. [reason.]

Mer. You might justly say, he had more love than

Ferm. Why do you attempt then to persuade us into so despicable an opinion of your reason?

Mer. Malvil says, that's the surest way to your love: and that the lower we are in your opinion of our sense the higher we are in your favour. He compares those to two scales, of which as the one rises the other falls.

Match. And, upon my word, he is in the right; for who expects wit in a lover, any more than good music in an English opera, or common sense in an Italian one?—They are all three absolute farces. Not but I would have the creature be a little rational and able to divert one in the sullenness of a monkey or a parrot; so as to sing half a favourite song, or read a new play, or fill up a party at quadrille.

Mer. As a chair does at a country dance, or a country justice a chair at a quarter-sessions.

Match. Right. A lover, when he is admitted to cards, ought to be solemnly silent, and observe the motions of his mistress. He must laugh when she laughs, sigh when she sighs. In short, he should be the shadow of her mind. A lady, in the presence of her lover, should never want a looking-glass; as a beau, in the presence of his looking-glass, never wants a mistress.

Mer. Since a lover is such a ridiculous thing, madam, e'en turn one into a husband.

Match. Ah! the very name throws me into the vapours—

Rattle. It is a receipt which has cured many a vapoured lady of my acquaintance.

Mer. But, Lady Matchless, what would you say to a lover who should address himself to your reason, and try to convince you of the principal end in the formation of woman, and the benefits of matrimony; from the lights of nature and religion, disclose to you the system of platonic love, and draw his pretensions from his wisdom, and his arguments from his philosophy?

Match. If he had more philosophy than love I should advise him to seek his cure from that. But if he had more love than philosophy—mercy upon him!

Mer. Then you have just such a lover arrived.

Match. Bless us! 'Tis not Seneca's ghost, I hope.

Mer. No, 'tis the ghost of a departed beau, in the habit of a country squire, with the sentiments of an Athenian philosopher, and the passion of an Arcadian swain.

Match. This must be Wisemore. [Aside.]

Ferm. A motley piece, indeed. I fancy, my dear, there is as ridiculous a variety in this one, as in all the rest of your admirers.

Rattle. Variety enough: for by his dress you would imagine he came from North Friesland, and his manners seem piping hot from the Cape of Good Match. Fie! you rally.

Mer. Why, positively, the poor man is an apter object of pity than of raillery, and would better become an elegy than a lampoon. He look'd as melancholy, as ill-natur'd, and as absurd, as I've seen a young poet who could not outlive the third night. [liv'd the third night.]

Rattle.—Or an old bridegroom who has out-
Ferm. Dear Matchless, let us turn; for I see one coming whom I would avoid.

Mer. You won't be so cruel! I'll discover you.

Ferm. Do: and I will revenge myself on you to Helens.

SCENE XII.—*MALVIL, MERITAL.*

Male. Who are those fine ladies you parted from?

Mer. Some of Rattle's acquaintance.

Male. Was not Vermilia there?

Mer. She was.

Male. Do you act friendly, Merital?

Mer. Ay, faith! and very friendly; for I have been pleading your cause with the same earnestness as if I had been your counsel in the affair. I have been a sort of proxy to you.

Male. Confusion! [Aside.]

Mer. Why, thou art jealous, I believe. Come, do we dine together?

Male. I am engaged, but will meet at five.

Mer. Nay, then I am engaged, and to meet a

Male. A mistress at five! [mistress.]

Mer. Ay, sir, and such a mistress!—But I see something has put you out of humour: so I will not expatiate on my happiness: for I know lovers are, of all creatures, the most subject to envy. So your servant.

SCENE XIII.—*MALVIL alone.*

Male. And thou shalt find they are subject to rage too. Do you laugh at your successful villany? Yet his open carriage would persuade me he has no ill design. This morning too he told me of another mistress. But that may be false, and only intended to blind my suspicions. It must be so. Vermilia's fond expressions, her appointment, his denying her. O they are glaring proofs! and I am now convinced. Yet all these appearances may be delusions. Well, I will once more see her! If I find her innocent, I am happy; if not, the knowing her guilt may cure my love. But anxiety is the greatest of torments.

In doubt, as in the dark, things sad appear,
More dismal and more horrid than they are.

ACT III. SCENE I.—*LADY MATCHLESS's House.*
—*MALVIL, VERMILIA.*

Malv. How have I deserved this usage, madam? By what behaviour of mine have I provoked you to make me that despicable thing, the dangle after a woman who is carrying on an affair with another man?

Ferm. An affair, sir!

Male. You know too well the justice of my accusation, nor am I a stranger to your soft, languish-

ing fondness, your wanton praises of my rival, of Merital, your walking in the Park, your appointment with him.

Ferm. O jealousy, thou child and bane of love! rash, dreaming madman, could you awake from your errors, and see how grossly you abuse me, if you had the least spark of humanity left, it would raise a flame of horror in your soul.

Male. O, it were worse than ten thousand deaths to find I have wrong'd you, and I would undergo them all to prove you innocent.

Ferm. To think you innocent, I must think you mad. Invention cannot counterfeit any other excuse.

Male. A reflection on your own conduct, madam, will justify every part of mine, but my love.

Ferm. Name not that noble passion. A savage is as capable of it as thou art. And do you tax me with my love to Merital? He has as many virtues as thou hast blemishes. The proudest of our sex might glory in his addresses, the meanest might be ashamed of thine. Go, curse thy fate, and nature, which has made thee an object of our scorn: but thank thy jealousy, which has discovered to thee that thou art the derision of a successful rival, and my aversion.

SCENE II.—MALVIL, CATCHIT. [*Malv. stands as in amaze.*]

Catch. O gemini! sir, what's the matter! I met my mistress in the greatest rage.

Male. You know enough not to have asked that. Here, take this letter, and, when Merital comes to his appointment, you will find an opportunity to deliver it him. Be sure to do it before he sees your mistress; for I have contrived a scheme in it that will ruin him for ever with her.—You will deliver it carefully!

Catch. Yes, indeed, sir.

Male. And learn what you can, and come to my lodgings to-morrow morning—take this kiss as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

SCENE III.—CATCHIT *alone.*

Catch. Methinks I long to know what this scheme is. I must know, and I will know. 'Tis but wafer-sealed. I'll open it and read it. But here are the ladies.

SCENE IV.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! and so the creature has taken a fit of jealousy into his head, and has been raving most tragically! Don't look so dull, dear; what, because he gives himself airs, will you give yourself the vapours?

Ferm. I am concerned only that I should ever have favoured him in my opinion.

Match. Indeed, you have no cause; for you have revenge in your own hand, since nothing but matrimony will cure his phrenzy.

Ferm. Which cure when I afford him, may I—

Match. O no oaths, no imprecations. But, if any, let it be this. When next you are inclined to forgive him, may he be so stubborn not to ask it; that, I am sure, is curse enough.

Ferm. Nay, but dear Matchless, do not rally me on that subject.

Match. Is there any subject fitter for raillery! the wise, you know, have always made a jest of love.

Ferm. Yes, and love has made a jest of the wise, who seem to have no other quarrel to it, but that they are the least successful in it.

Match. Nay, if you are an advocate for love, I shall think—

Ferm. What!

Match. That you are in love. [teasing—]

Ferm. Well, you are a censorious, ill-natured,

Match. Don't be out of humour, child. I tell you the fellow's your own.

SCENE V.—*To them, RATTLE.*

Rattle. Ladies, your humble servant.

Match. O, you are most opportunely come, for poor Vermilia is horribly in the vapours, and you are, we know, a skilful physician.

Rattle. But what signifies skill in the physician, when the patient will not take his advice?

Ferm. When he mistakes the disease, his advice is not like to be safe. And, I assure you, I never was less in the vapours than now.

Match. That's a dangerous symptom; for, when a sick lady thinks herself well, her fever must be very high.

Rattle. Pox take her! would she was dead! for she's always in my way. [Aside.]

Ferm. This is acting physicians, indeed, to persuade me into a distemper.

Rattle. I believe, madam, you are in very little danger. But, widow, the whole town wonders you are not surfeited with so much courtship.

Ferm. Courtship, Mr. Rattle, is a dish adapted to the palate of our sex.

Rattle. But there is a second course more agreeable, and better adapted to a lady's palate. Courtship is but a long, dull grace to a rich entertainment, both equally banes to sharp-set appetite, and equally out of fashion; the beau-monde say only *Benedicite*, and then fall on.

Match. No; courtship is to marriage, like a fine avenue to an old falling mansion beautified with a painted front; but no sooner is the door shut on us, than we discover an old, shabby, out-of-fashioned hall, whose only ornaments are a set of branching stag's horns—lamentable emblems of matrimony.

SCENE VI.—LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, VERMILIA, RATTLE.

Form. Ladies, I am your most obedient, and obsequious bumble servant. Mr. Rattle, I am your devoted.

Rattle. That's an overstrained compliment, my lord: we all know you are entirely devoted to the ladies.

Match. That's an overstrained compliment to us; for we must be all proud of so elegant a devoted!

Ferm. Your ladyship has infused more pride into the ingredients of my nature by that one word, than ever was in them since their first mingling into man. And if my title, or the opinion which the world has (I will not say justly) conceived of me, can render me agreeable to the fountain of beauty, I would, with pleasure, throw off all other canals, and let the pure current of my joys flow from her alone.

Match. That were to draw the envy of the whole world on me; and would be as unreasonable as a desire to monopolise the light of the sun.

Form. As your ladyship says, I have been compared to the sun. But the comparison will break, if pursued; for the sun shines on all alike; whereas my influence would be strictly confined to one centre.

Rattle. Methinks, my lord, you who profess good-breeding should be less particular before ladies.

Ferm. O, we may excuse particularity in a lover; besides, Lord Formal is so perfect a master of good-breeding, that if he launched a little out of the common road, the world would esteem it a precedent, and not an error.

Match. O, we shall never out-shine the court of France, till Lord Formal is at the head of *les affaires de beau monde*.

Form. Your ladyship's compliments are such an inundation, that they hurry the weak return of mine down their stream. But, really, I have been at some pains to inculcate principles of good-breeding, and laid down some rules concerning distance, submission, ceremonies, laughing, sighing, ogling, visits, affronts, respect, pride, love.

Verm. Has your lordship published this book? It must be mightily read, for it promises much— And then the name of the author—

Rattle. [*Aside.*] Promises nothing.

Form. Why, I am not determined to print it at all: for there are an ill-bred set of people called critics, whom I have no great notion of encountering.

SCENE VII.—*To them, SIR POSITIVE TRAP, SIR APISH SIMPLE, HELENA.*

Sir Pos. Ladies, your bumble servant; your servant, gentlemen.

Match. You are a great stranger, Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Ay, cousin, you must not take our not visiting you oftener amiss, for I am full of business, and she there, poor girl, is never easy but when she is at home. The Traps are no gadding family, our women stay at home and do business. [*lieve.*]

Rattle. [*Aside.*] Their husbands' business, I believe. *Sir Pos.* They are none of our fidgeting, flirting, flaunting lasses, that sleep all the morning, dress all the afternoon, and card it all night. Our daughters rise before the sun, and go to bed with him: The Traps are housewives, cousin. We teach our daughters to make a pie instead of a curtsy, and that good old English art of clear-starching, instead of that beastish gambol called dancing.

Form. Sir, give me leave to presume to ask your pardon.

Sir Apish. Why, sir father of mine, you will not speak against dancing before the ladies. Clear-starching, indeed! you will parlon him, madam, Sir Positive is a little *à la campagne*.

Sir Pos. Dancing begets warmth, which is the parent of wantonness. It is, sir, the great-grandfather of cuckoldom.

Form. O inhuman! it is the most glorious invention that has been conceived by the imagination of mankind, and the most perfect mark that distinguishes us from the brutes.

Sir Pos. Ay, sir, it may serve some, perhaps; but the Traps have always had reason to distinguish them.

Form. You seem to have misunderstood me, sir; I mean the polite world from the savage.

Match. Have you seen the new opera, cousin Helena?

Hel. I never saw an opera, cousin; and, indeed, I have a great curiosity— [*on you?*]

Form. May I presume on the honour of waiting

Sir Pos. Sir, sir, my niece has an antipathy to music, it always makes her head ache. [*ache!*]

Sir Apish. Ha, ha, ha! music make a lady's head

Sir Pos. Ay, and her husband's heart ache too, by the right hand of the Traps.

Form. Pray, sir, who are the Traps?

Sir Pos. Why, sir, the Traps are a venerable family. We have had, at least, fifty knights of the shire, deputy lieutenants, and colonels of the militia in it. Perhaps the Grand Mogul has not a nobler coat of arms. It is, sir, a lion rampant, with a wolf couchant, and a cat courant, in a field gules.

Form. It wants nothing but supporters to be very noble, truly.

Sir Pos. Supporters, sir! it has six thousand a year to support its nobility, and six thousand years to support its antiquity.

Form. You will give me leave to presume, sir, with all the deference imaginable to your superiority of judgment, to doubt whether it be practicable to confer the title of noble on any coat of arms that labours under the deplorable deficiency of a coronet.

Sir Pos. How, sir! do you detract from the nobility of my coat of arms? If you do, Sir, I must tell you, you labour under a deficiency of common sense. [*his lordship.*]

Match. O fie, Sir Positive! you are too severe on

Sir Pos. Here is a lord then! and what of that? an old English baronet is above a lord. A title of yesterday! an innovation! who were lords, I wonder, in the time of Sir Julius Caesar! And it is plain he was a baronet, by his being called by his Christian name.

Form. Christen'd name! I apprehended, sir, that Caesar lived before the time of Christianity.

Sir Pos. And what then, madam? he might be a haronet without being a Christian, I hope. But I don't suppose our antiquity will recommend us to you: for women love upstarts, by the right hand of the Traps.

SCENE VIII.—*To them, WISEMORE.*

Wiem. Ha! grant me patience, Heaven. Madam, if five months' absence has not effaced the remembrance of what has passed between us, you will recollect me with blushing cheeks. Not to blush now were to forsake your sex.

Match. You have forsaken your humanity, sir, to affront me thus publicly.

Wiem. How was I deceived by my opinion of your good sense! but London would seduce a saint. A widow no sooner comes to this vile town, than she keeps open house for all guests. All, all are welcome. Your hatchments were at first intended to repel visitants; but they are now hung out for the same hospitable ends as the bills, "Lodgings to let;" with this difference only, that the one invites to a mercenary, the other to a free tenement. [*here.*]

Rattle. This behaviour, sir, will not be suffered

Sir Apish. No, sir, this behaviour, sir, will not be suffered here, sir.

Form. Upon my title, it is not altogether consonant to the rules of consummate good breeding.

Match. Pray, gentlemen, take no notice.

Wiem. Madam, I may have been too rude; I hope you'll pardon me. The sudden surprise of such a sight hurried away my senses, as if I sympathised with the objects I beheld. But I have recovered them. My reason cools, and I can now paint out your errors. Start not at that word, nor be offended that I do it before so many of your admirers; for tho' my colours be never so lively, the weak eye of their understanding is too dim to distinguish them. They will take them for beauties; they will adore you for them. You may have a coronet, doubtless. A large jointure is as good a title to a lord, as a coronet is to a fair lady.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! witty, I protest, and true; for, in my opinion, a lord is the prettiest thing in the world.

Form. And your ladyship may make him the happiest thing in the world.

Wiem. O nature, nature, why didst thou form woman, in beauty, the master-piece of the creation, and give her a soul capable of being caught with the tinsel outside of such a fop as this! this empty, gaudy, nameless thing!

Form. Let me presume to tell you, that nameless thing will be agreeable to the ladies, in spite of your envy.

Wiem. Madam by all that's heavenly, I love

ou more than life; would I might not say, than wisdom. If it be not in my power to merit a return, at me obtain this grant, that you would banish from you these knaves, these vultures; wolves are more merciful than they. What is their desire, but to 'not in your plenty! to sacrifice your boundless stores to their licentious appetites! to pay their desponding creditors with your gold! to ravage you, ruin you; nay to make you curse that auspicious day which gave you birth!

Form. This is the rudest gentleman that ever offended my ears since they first enjoyed the faculty of hearing.

[*Aside.*]

Verm. This is very unaccountable, methinks.

Match. Lord, my dear, don't you know he has seen formerly a beau! and was, indeed, very well deceived in his time; 'till going down into the country, and shutting himself up in a study amongst a set of paper-philosophers, he, who went in a butterfly, came out a book-worm. Ha, ha, ha!

Wism. Ha, ha, ha!

Verm. When once a lady's raillery is set a running, it very seldom stops till it has exhausted all her wit.

Rattle. Agad, I would advise you to wade off before the stream's too high; for your philosophy will be sure to sink you.

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, sink sure enough: for, by the right hand of the Traps, a lady's wit is seldom anything but froth.

Rattle. I have seen it make many a wise esquire 'till at the month before now.

[*Indeed.*]

Verm. That must be a very likely sign of a lover.

Wism. O very, very likely; for it is a certain sign of a madman.

Form. If those are synonymous terms, I have long since entered into a state of distraction.

Wism. If I stay, I shall be mad, indeed. Madam, farewell: may Heaven open your eyes before you are shut into perdition!

SCENE IX.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, HELENA, LORD FORMAL, SIR POSITIVE, SIR APISH, AND RATTLE.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! rustic! Did you ever, ever see such a creature?

Form. No, upon my title; nor am I perfectly determinate what species of animals to assign him to, unless he be one of those barbarous insects the polite call country 'squires.

Sir Pos. Barbarous! Sir, I'd have you to know there are not better-natured people alive.

Hel. [*Aside.*] I am uneasy at this disappointment of Merital.—Sir, my aunt will be at home before us.

Sir Pos. So she will, chucky. Lookce, cousin, you see the Traps don't love gadding.

Form. May I presume to lead you to your coach?

Sir Pos. Sir, I always lend my niece myself; it's the custom of the Traps.

[*humble servant.*]

Form. Sir, your most obedient and obsequious

SCENE X.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, LORD FORMAL, SIR APISH, AND RATTLE.

Form. If they are all like you, the Traps are the worst bred family in Europe. [*Aside.*—I presume that gentleman has some heiress with him.

Sir Apish. Why, she is to be my wife to-morrow morning.

Match. How, Sir Apish! this is surprising.

Sir Apish. Why, indeed, I do not like country education; but then I consider that the town air will produce town-breeding: for there was Lady Rig, who, when first she came to town, nothing was ever so awkward. But now she swims a minuet, and sits you eight and forty hours at quadrille.

Form. Her ladyship is indebted to my instruc-

tions; for it is well known, before I had the honour of her acquaintance, she has publicly spoke against that divine collection of polite learning written by Mr. Gulliver: but now, the very moment it is named, she breaks out into the prettiest exclamation, and cries, O the dear, sweet, pretty little creatures! Oh, gemini! would I had been born a Lilliputian!

Match. But methinks, Sir Apish, a lady who has seen the world should be more agreeable to one of your refined taste; besides, I have heard you say you like a widow.

Sir Apish. Ah! l'amour! a perfect declaration! she is in love with me, mardie!—[*Aside.*] Ah! madam, if I durst declare it, there is a certain person in the world, who, in a certain person's eye, is a more agreeable person than any person, amongst all the persons, whom persons think agreeable persons.

Match. Whoever that person is, she, certainly, is a very happy person.

Sir Apish. Ah! madam, my eyes sufficiently and evidently declare, that that person is no other person than your ladyship's own person.

Match. Nay, all this I have drawn on myself.

Form. Your ladyship's eyes are two load-stones that attract the admiration of our whole sex: their virtues are more refined than the loadstone's; for you, madam, attract the golden part.

Rattle. Come, gentlemen, are you for the opera!

Form. Oh! by all means. Ladies, your most humble servant.

Sir Apish. Your ladyship's everlasting creature.

SCENE XI.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Verm. And pray, my dear, what do you mean by an additional lover!

Match. To deliver my cousin Helena from so detestable a match. She entreated it of me; and I believe I have now done her business, and am a successful rival.

SCENE XII.—To them, CATCHIT.

Catch. Oh, madam, I have been waiting this half-hour for an opportunity! There's a terrible scene of mischief going forwards. Mr. Malvil has been taxing me about Mr. Merital; and so I let drop a few words, and so he has taken a fit of jealousy, and so see the consequence.

[*Gives an open letter.*]

Verm. Ha! it is a challenge! How came you by it?

Catch. Why, madam, he had heard that Mr. Merital had an appointment here, and so he desired me to give him this letter, and so, and so—

Verm. And so you had the curiosity to open it!

Match. Since it has given us an opportunity to prevent mischief, you must pardon her.

Verm. Prevent! No, I'll further it rather.

Match. But, my dear, consider here is the life of the innocent as well as guilty at stake.

Catch. O, dear, madam, don't let poor Mr. Merital suffer for my fault.

Verm. Your fault!

Catch. If you will pardon me, madam, I'll discover the whole mistake.

Match. On that condition, I'll assure your pardon.

Catch. Why, madam, I had heard that Mrs. Helena was to be here at five, and so I sent word to Mr. Merital; and Mr. Malvil coming in at that time (which was when your ladyship went to the Park this morning), I dropped a word or two about meeting a mistress here; and so, I suppose, he thought it was your ladyship; and so, this afternoon he gave me a letter, which, I must own, my curiosity—

Verm. Very fine, indeed!

Match. I have a thought just risen, which may

turn this accident into a very lucky scene of diversion. Mistress Catchit, can you not change the name of Merital on the superscription into that of Wisemore?

Catch. O, madam, I am dextrous at those things.

Match. Come in, then, and I'll tell you farther. Give me your hand, Vermilion: take my word for it, child, the men are very silly creatures; therefore let us laugh at mankind,

And teach them that, in spite of all their scorn,
Our slaves they are, and for our service born.

SCENE XIII.—SIR POSITIVE TRAP'S HOUSE.—
LADY TRAP discovered, and then MERITAL.

Trap. Everything is prepared; now is the happy hour. I hear some steps; 'tis surely he. Who's there? my love?

Mer. My life! my soul! my joy!

Trap. Soft, my aunt will hear us.

Mer. Oh, name her not. She is a perfect antidote to love. Let these blessed moments be spent in nothing but soft caresses. Oh! let me breathe out my fond soul on thy lips, and let thine own inform thee what I'd say. It will, I know, be tender as my thoughts.

Trap. [*Aside.*] What fools men are to make haste about particular women, when they know not one from another in the dark!

Mer. But say, my life, what method shall I contrive for your escape? Consider you are in the jaws of wretches, who would, for a little profit, see you miserable for ever.

Trap. I must blame my ill-advised boldness, in trusting myself alone, even with you. I fear the frailty of my own sex, and the strength of yours.

Mer. Not infant babes can love their tender mothers with more innocence. Sure my Helena has observed nothing in my conduct to ground such a suspicion on. But let us not trifle: go with me now; do not trust your aunt; she has cunning enough to deceive a thousand Arguses.

Trap. Nay, you have no reason to asperse my aunt; she always speaks well of you, and I hate ingratitude. [*Here HELENA, entering with a candle, overhearing LADY TRAP, blows it out, retires to the corner of the scene, and listens.*]

Mer. 'Tis the aunt herself. What a nose have I, to mistake a hunch of hemlock for a nosegay of violets! I don't know the meaning of this; but I'll try how far she will carry it; perhaps I may blind her suspicions for the future. [*Aside.*—Come, come, madam, contrive some way for an escape, or I shall make use of the present opportunity. My passion must be cooled.

Trap. [*In a low voice.*] I'll call my aunt, if you dare attempt.

Mer. She is here already, madam. Ha, ha, ha! did you think I did not know a fine woman from a green girl! Could not my warm vigorous kisses inform you that I knew on whom they were bestowed? You must long since have discovered my passion for your niece to have been a counterfeit, a covering on my flame for you. Be assured, madam, she has nothing agreeable to me but her fortune. Would you manage wisely, you might secure yourself a gallant, and your gallant an estate.

Trap. Could I believe you, sir, it were an affront to my virtue.

Mer. Ah! madam, whom did you expect just now, when, with a languishing sigh, you cried, Who's there? my love? that 's not a name for a husband.

Trap. Since I am discovered, I will own—

Mer. Let me kiss away the dear word.—Brandy and ussuetudin, by Jupiter!

[*Aside.*]

Trap. But will you be a man of honour?

Mer. [*Aloud.*] For ever, madam, for ever, whilst those bright eyes conquer all they behold. The devil's in it if this does not alarm somebody. [*Aside.*

Trap. Softly, sir, you will raise the house.

Mer. [*Aside.*] I am sure I never wanted relief more—

Trap. Ha! I am alone, in the dark, a bed-chamber by: if you should attempt my honour, who knows what the frailty of my sex may consent to? Or, if you should force me, am I, poor weak woman, able to resist? Ay, but then there is law and justice: yet you may depend too fatally on my good nature.

Mer. Consider, madam, you are in my power remember your declaration. I had your love from your own dear lips. Consider well the temptation of so much beauty, the height of my offered joys, the time, the place, and the violence of my passion. Think on this, madam, and you can expect no other than that I should this moment seize on all my transports.

Trap. If you should—Heav'n forgive you.

Mer. [*louder still.*] Yet, to convince you of my generosity, you are at your liberty. I will do nothing without your consent.

Trap. Then to show you what a confidence I repose in your virtue, I vow to grant whatever you ask.

Mer. [*very loud.*] And to show you how well I deserve that confidence, I vow never to tempt your virtuous ears with love again; but try, by your example, to reduce licentious passion to pure platonic love.

SCENE XIV.—HELENA behind, with SIR POSITIVE with a broad-sword.

Sir Pos. I hear 'em, I hear 'em.

Trap. Ha! Sir Positive's voice! Avaunt, nor think all thy entreaties shall avail against my virtue, or that it is in the power of all mankind to make me wrong the best, the kindest of husbands. I swear I never will, even in thought, more than at this moment.

Sir Pos. O! incomparable virtue! what an excellent lady have I! Lights there, lights.

[*Servants bring lights.*]

Trap. O! my dear, you are most seasonably come; for I was hardly able to resist him.

Sir Pos. What's your business here, sir?

Mer. My usual business, sir, cuckoldom. My design is against your worship's head and your lady's heart.

Sir Pos. A very pretty gentleman! And so, sir, you are beginning with my wife first!

Mer. Yes, sir, the easiest way to the husband is through the wife.

Sir Pos. Come away, lady wife; come away, niece. Sir, there 's the door: the next time I catch you here, I may, perhaps, teach you what it is to make a cuckold of Sir Positive Trap.

Hel. Assure yourself I'll speak to you no more.

Trap. Ang! the monster!

Mer. Your monster is gone before, madam.—So, whilst I am trying to blind the aunt with a pretended passion for her, the niece overhears, and she'll speak to me no more!—There never comes any good of making love to an old woman.

SCENE XV.—WISEMORE'S lodgings.—WIS. alone.

How vain is human reason, when philosophy cannot overcome our passions! when we can see our errors, and yet pursue them. But if to love be an error, why should great minds be the most subject to it? No, the first pair enjoyed it in their state of innocence, whilst error was unborn.

SCENE XVI.—*To him, servant with a letter.*

Serv. A letter, sir. (*Wisem. reads.*)

"Sir,—You who are conscious of being secretly my rival in the midst of so intimate friendship, will not be surprised when I desire that word may be cancelled between us, and that you would not fail me to-morrow at seven in Hyde park."

"Your injured MALVIA."

What can this mean! Ha! here's a postscript.

"P.S. Your poor colourings of love for another woman, which you put on this morning, has confirmed, not baffled, my suspicion. I am certain you had no mistress to meet at Lady Matchless's but Vermilia."

Who brought this letter?

Serv. A porter, sir, who said it required no answer.

Wisem. What am I to think! I am in a dream! or was this writ in one! Sure madness has possessed the world, and men, like the limbs of a tainted body, universally share the infection. What shall I do! to go, is to encounter a madman, and yet I will. Some strange circumstances may have wrought this delusion, which my presence may dissipate. And, since love and jealousy lire his diseases, I ought to pity him, who know by dreadful experience,

When love in an impetuous torrent flows,

How vainly reason would its force oppose;

Hurl'd down the stream, like flowers before the wind,

She leaves to love the empire of the mind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—*Hyde Park.*—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA, *masqued.*

Match. I am sure I saw some one hereabouts, who, by his posture, actions, and dress, must be my swain. Well, Vermilia, this sure is the maddest prank—what will the world say!

Verm. The world is a censorious, ill-natur'd critic, and I despise its cavillings. Besides, I am now grown careless of everything. O! my dear! it is the most valuable privilege of friendship to dishorten our secrets into one another's bosoms.—If you knew those of mine—I am sure you would pity me.

SCENE II.—*To them, WISEMORE.*

Match. I do pity you, indeed, for sure to be in love—

Wisem. Is to be foolish, mad, miserable—To be in love is to be in hell. [*Advancing from behind.*]

Match. Do you speak from experience, sir?

Wisem. From sad experience.—I have been in love—so monstrously in love, that, like a how over bent, I am now relaxed into an opposite extreme—and heartily hate your whole sex.

Match. Poor Cardenio! ha, ha, ha! be not so disconsolate, you may yet find your Lucinda. [*ness?*]

Wisem. No, she has lost herself—and in a wilder-

Match. How, in a wilderness!

Wisem. Ay, in that town! that worst of wildernesses! where follies spread like thorns; where men act the part of tigers, and women of crocodiles; where vice lords it like a lion, and virtue, that phoenix, is so rarely seen, that she is believed a fable.—But these sentiments do not please you, so, pray leave me.

Verm. Our company, sir, was your own choice.

Match. And now you have raised our curiosity, you shall lay it.

Wisem. I would have raised the devil sooner, and sooner would I have laid him.—Your curiosity, madam, is a sort of a hydra, which not even Hercules can tame; so, dear ladies, leave me, or I shall pull off your sham-faces—

Match. You would repent it, heartily, if you did.

Wisem. Perhaps so.—I believe, indeed, you show the best part of you.

Match. You would give half your soul to see the best part of me.

Wisem. Half-a-crown I will. The best sight to me is your back, turn it, and away; you lose your time, indeed you do. What can such as you with a plain honest man like me! Go, seek your game: the beaux will begin to yawn presently, and sots return home from their debauches; strike in there, and you make your fortune, at least, get a dinner, which you may want by staying here.

Match. Do not be angry, dear rustic—for we are both enamour'd as well as you—nay, perhaps, I am so with yourself. Hang constancy, you know too much of the world to be constant, sure.

Wisem. 'Tis from a knowledge of the world, madam, that I am constant.—For I know it has nothing which can pay me for the exchange.

Match. Come, come, you would have more modern notions, if you knew that a certain woman of fortune has some kind of thoughts of you; and I assure you I am not what I seem.

Wisem. Faith, madam, I should not. Grandeur is to me nauseous as a gilded pill; and fortune, as it can never raise my esteem for the possessor, can never raise my love. My heart is no place of mercenary entertainment, nor owns more than one mistress. Its spacious rooms are all, all hers who slights and despises it. Yes, she has abandon'd me, and I will abandon myself to despair; so, pray, leave me to it, for such as you can have no business with the unhappy.

Match. Generous, worthy man! [*Aside.*]

Romantic nonsense! I tell you, I am a woman of family and fortune, perhaps beauty too, and so violently enamoured of your humour, that I am afraid my life is in your power.

Wisem. Would your tongue was in my power, tho' I question, even then, the possibility of stopping it. I wonder the anatomy of a woman's tongue does not enable our modern philosophers to discover a perpetual motion. To me, the Turkish yawl at an onset, the Irish howl at a funeral, or the Indian exclamation at an eclipse, are all soft music to that single noise.—It has no likeness in nature but a rattle-snake: the noise as odious, and the venom as dangerous.

Match. But, like a rattle-snake, it gives you warning, and, if you will front the danger, you must blame your own prowess if you smart for it.

Wisem. The serpent practises not half your wiles. He covers not his poison with the cloak of love. Like lawyers, you gild your deceit, and lead us to misery, whilst we imagine ourselves pursuing happiness.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! Piqued malice! you have lost an estate for want of money, and a mistress for want of wit.

Wisem. Methinks, either of those possessions should be maintained by juster titles.—In my opinion, the only title to the first should be right, and to the latter, merit, love, and constancy.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! then know, thou romantic hero, that right is a sort of knight-errant, whom we have long since laughed out of the world. Merit is demerit, constancy dulness, and love an out-of-fashion Saxon word, which no polite person understands.—Look, sir, pull out your purse to a lawyer, and your snuff-box to a lady, and I warrant you carry your point with both.

Wisem. The purse may, indeed, win the lawyer, but for the other, you must depend on chance. You may as well teach us a certain method to gain that fickle, airy, imaginary mistress, Fortune, whose emblems you are. For your favours are as blindly bestowed, as fickle in their duration—and, like Fortune, you often curse him most to whom you seem most kind.

SCENE III.—*To them, MALVIL.*

Male. Wisemore and women! my philosopher turned rake! Good-morrow, Ned; I see a country gentleman must have his morning walk.

Wisem. What does he mean! this coldness ill suits his letter. [*Aside.*]—Ay, sir, and you are very reasonably come to my assistance, for I had been devoured by two she-wolves, more ravenous than any in the deserts of America.

Male. Nay, ladies, it was barbarous to attack with odds, when even singly you might have vanquished. [*Talks apart with VERMILIA.*]

Wisem. Will you take away your companion, and leave us? for that gentleman and I have business.

Match. Not till you agree to an assignation. Promise to meet me barefaced at ten, and I am your servant.

Wisem. I'll promise anything to be rid of you.

Match. Step aside then, and I'll give you the signals.

MALVIL and VERMILIA advance.

Ferm. Indeed! so gallant!

Male. O madam, a lady is never more agreeable to me than at first sight; for, to my temper, a woman palls as much by frequent conversation, as enjoyment.

Ferm. But how are you sure that first sight will be agreeable!

Male. Why, faith! as no woman has charms enough to engage my constancy to the last, so neither does any want enough to fire my desires at first. But, if thy face be potently ugly, keep it to thyself, and discover only thy beauties. You are young, I am sure, and well-shaped, have a vast share of wit, and a very little share of modesty.

Ferm. Impudence! In what, pray, have I discovered my want of it!

Male. In your pretension to it, child; and, faith! that's better than the real possession. What is modesty, but a flaming sword to keep mankind out of Paradise! It is a Jack-with-a-lantern, that misleads poor women in their roads to happiness. It is the contempt of all society; lawyers call it the sign of a bad cause, soldiers of cowardice, courtiers of ill-breeding, and women—the worst sign of a fool. Indeed, it has, sometimes, made a good cloak for the heinous, tawdry outside of a lady's reputation. But, like other cloaks, it is now out of fashion, and worn nowhere but in the country.

Ferm. Then, to silence your impertinence at once, know, sir, that I'm a woman of fashion, rigidly virtuous, and severely modest.

Male. A blank verse, faith! and may make a figure in a fustian tragedy. Four fine-sounding words, and mean just nothing at all.

Ferm. I suppose these are the sentiments of you modern fine gentlemen. The beaux of this age, like the critics, will not see perfections in others which they are strangers to themselves. You confine the masterly hand of nature to the narrow hands of your own conceptions.

Male. Why, what have we here! Scene's morals under a masque! [*peruss.*]

Ferm. I hope that title will prevent your farther

Male. I'll tell you a way to do it.

Ferm. O name it.

Male. Unmasque, then. If I like your face no better than your principles, madam, I will immediately take my leave of both.

Ferm. That's an uncertainty, I'm afraid, considering the sentiments you just now professed.—Was you, indeed, that hero in love which your friend is there!

Male. No, faith! I have been here in love long

Ferm. What woman was blessed with so faithful an admirer! Pray what was your mistress's name!

Male. Her name was nothing. I was violently enamoured with a constellation of virtues in a fine lady, who had not one in her whole composition.

Ferm. And pray, sir, how was you cured of your love!

Male. As children are of their fear, when they discover the bugbear.

Match. [*Advancing with WISEMORE.*] Well, you will be punctual!

Ferm. O, my dear, I have met with a discarded lover too, full as romantic as yours.

Match. Say you so! then I believe these are the very two famed heroes in Don Quixotte.

Wisem. Shall we never lose your prating!

Match. Promise not to dodge us.

Wisem. Not even to look after you.

Match. Adieu, then.

Ferm. Bie, constancy; ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IV.—*WISEMORE, MALVIL.*

Wisem. Well, sir, you see I am come. [*ha, ha!*]

Male. And am very sorry to see it too, Ned—ha,

Wisem. This reception, sir, ill agrees with your letter. But 'twere absurd to expect coherences in a madman's behaviour!

Male. What's this!

Wisem. Was it, sir, from my expressed abhorrence of this civil butchery, you pitched on me as one who would give you the reputation of a duellist, without the danger! perhaps you had rather met with another.

Male. That I bad, indeed.

Wisem. Death and the devil! did you invite me here to laugh at me!

Male. Are you mad, or in a dream!

Wisem. He who denies to-day what he writ yesterday, either dreams, or worse. Your monstrous jealousy, your challenge, and your present behaviour, look like a feverish dream.

Male. Invite! jealousy! challenge! what do you mean!

Wisem. [*Shows a letter.*] Read there, then ask

Male. [*Reads.*] Hail my letter to Merital! villainous jade! she has alter'd the name, too, on the superscription. I am abused, indeed!

Wisem. Well, sir!

Male. Wisemore, be assured my surprise is equal to yours. This letter, I did, indeed, write, but not

Wisem. How!

Male. Believe me, on my honour, I did not send it you. His name to whom I designed it is erased, and yours superscribed, I suppose, by the person to whom I intrusted the delivery. And, be assured, you was not the enemy I wished to meet here.

Wisem. What novel's this!

Male. Faith! it may be a pleasant one to you, and no less useful to me. But the morning is late; you shall go home, and breakfast at my lodgings, and, in the way, I will let you into the whole story.

Wisem. Whatever it be which clears my friend from the imputation of so wild a delusion, must be agreeable to me.

Male. And now we will have our swing at satire against the sex. [*on the age.*]

Wisem. I shall be as severe as a damned poet is *Male.* And, perhaps, for the same reason—at least the world will always give satire on women the names of malice and revenge—whoever aims at it will succeed,

Like a detracting courtier in disgrace;

The wise will say, He only wants a place.

SCENE V.—*SIR POSITIVE TRAP'S house. HELENA alone.*

Hel. Of three deplorable evils, which shall I choose!

to endure the tyranny of an imperious aunt? to venture on a man whose inconstancy I have been an ocular witness of? or support the company of a fool for life? Certainly the last is the least terrible. I do now think our parents are wiser than we are, and have reason to curb our inclinations: since it is a happier lot to marry a fool with a good estate, than a knave without one.

SCENE VI.—SIR POSITIVE, HELENA.

Sir Pos. Are you ready? Are you prepared? Hey! *Hel.* I am sensible, sir, how unworthily I had fixed my heart; and I think neither wisdom nor honour oblige me to be unfaithful to you longer.

Sir Pos. You are a wise girl! a very wise girl! and have considered, doubtless, the vast difference between a Baronet and a Mister. Ha, ha! and here he comes.

SCENE VII.—To them, SIR APISH.

Sir Pos. Sir Apish Simple, your humble servant. You are early. What, you have not slept a wink. I did not sleep for a week before I was married to my lady.

Sir Apish. You had a very strong constitution then, Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Ay, sir, we are a strong family, an Herculean race! Hercules was a Trap by his mother's side. Well, well, my niece there has given her consent, and everything is ready. So take her by the hand—and—

Sir Apish. Upon my word, Sir Positive, I cannot dance a step.

Sir Pos. How! when I was as young as you, I could have danced over the moon, and into the moon too, without a fiddle. But come, I hate trifling. The lawyer is without with the deeds, and the parson is dressed in his pontificalibus.

Sir Apish. The parson! I suppose he is a Welsh one, and plays on the violin, ha, ha, ha!

Hel. I see my cousin has been as good as her word. [*Aside.*]

Sir Pos. Sir Apish, jesting with matrimony is playing with edged tools.

Sir Apish. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! Sir Positive is merry this morning. [*Presently.*]

Sir Pos. Sir, you will put me out of humour

Sir Apish. Sir, I have more reason to be out of humour; for you have invited me to breakfast, without preparing any.

Sir Pos. Is not my niece prepared, sir?

Sir Apish. Sir, I am no cannibal.

Sir Pos. Did not you come to marry my niece, sir?

Sir Apish. Sir, I never had such a thought since I was begotten.

Sir Pos. The man is mad. [*Staring.*]

Sir Apish. Poor Sir Positive! Is it his first fit, madam? [*Of service.*]

Sir Pos. A dark room and clean straw would be

Sir Apish. Nay, nay, I have no time to reason with a madman; but I hope when you hear I am married to one of the finest ladies about town, it will cure your phrenzy; and so, sir, your humble servant.

Hel. Bless me, sir! what's the meaning of this?

Sir Pos. Why the meaning is that he is mad, and this news will make my lady mad, and that will make me mad; and you may be mad for a husband, by what I can see, by the right hand of the Traps.

Hel. So! I had yesterday two lovers; but now I have forsaken the one, and the other has forsaken me. Well, these men are jewels; so far I am sure they are jewels, that the richest lady has always the most in her equipage.

SCENE VIII.—*The Piazza.*—MALVIL, WISEMORE.

Male. How! an assignation from Vermilla!

Wisem. That's the name, the place this, the hour

Male. Impudent harlot! [*Ten.*]

Wisem. She made me pass my word to keep it secret from you; but when I perceived it the same name with that in your letter, I thought myself obliged by friendship to discover it. The other signals were a red cloak and a masque.

Male. Thou dearest, best of friends. Ten, you say! it is now within an hour of the time. Since you do not intend to keep your assignation, I will take it off your hands. But you may heap another obligation on me by your presence; for I am resolved to expose her.

Wisem. I am to meet a serjeant at law hard by—but will return with all possible expedition, and then—if I can be of service—

Male. If you return before the hour, you will find me at Tom's, if not here.

Wisem. Till then, farewell.—How am I involving myself in other men's affairs, when my own require my utmost diligence! What course shall I take? I cannot resolve to leave her; and I am sure she has given me no hopes of gaining her. Yet she has not shown any real dislike; nor will I ever imagine her inclination's leaning to any of those fops she is surrounded with.

SCENE IX.—MERITAL, WISEMORE.

Mer. So thoughtful, Wisemore! What point of philosophy are you discussing?

Wisem. One that has puzzled all who ever attempted it—Woman, sir, was the subject of my contemplation.

Mer. Hal hey! what point of the compass does the widow turn to now!

Wisem. A very frozen one—Foppery.

Mer. Let me advise thee, Ned, to give over your attack, or change your method. For, be assured, widows are a study you will never be any proficient in, till you are initiated into that modern science which the French call *le bon assurance*.

Wisem. Ay, ay, we may allow you gentlemen of professed gaiety those known turns of railery, since they were the estate of your forefathers; there is an hereditary fund of little pleasantries which the beaux of every age enjoy, in a continual succession.

Mer. Well, and I hope you will do those of this age the justice to confess they do not attempt any innovation in the province of wit.

Wisem. Art thou so converted, then, as to despise the fops? [*Ned.*]

Mer. As much as thou dost the women, I believe, *Wisem.* You mistake me. It is their follies only I despise. But there certainly are women whose beauty to their minds, like dress to their beauty, is rather a covering than an ornament.

Mer. These are high flights, indeed. But, tell me, on what do you build your hopes of the widow?

Wisem. On an opinion I have of her good sense and good nature. The first will prevent her favouring a fop—the latter may favour me.

Mer. And pray what foundation is your opinion of her good sense built on? If, as you just now seemed to think, the beaux are its supporters—it is a very rotten one.

Wisem. No; when I said she inclined to foppery, I meant only for her diversion.

Mer. Hum! I believe women very seldom take matrimony for a penance.

Wisem. You draw too direct inferences from her conduct towards coxcombs. Depend on it, they are

mirrors, in which you can hardly discover the mind of a woman of sense, because she seldom shows it them unmasked. If she be not a woman of sense, I have indeed built a castle in the air, which every breeze of perfumes can overturn.

Mer. Why, really, it seems to me very little else, by what I know of her ladyship. But you are one of those reasonable lovers who can live a day on a kind look, a week on a smile, and a soft word would victual you for an East India voyage.

Wisem. I find the conversation of a friend effaces the remembrance of business.

Mer. Anything to the island of love?

Wisem. No, no, to that of law.

Mer. Success attend you—why, I have been forgetful too. But fortune, I see, is so kind as to remind me.

SCENE X.—SIR APIAH, MERITAL.

Mer. Sir Apiah, your humble servant.

Sir Apiah. Dear Tom, I kiss your button.

Mer. That's a pretty suit of yours, Sir Apiah, perfectly gay, new, and *à-la-mode*.

Sir Apiah. He, he, he! the ladies tell me I refine upon them. I think I have studied dress long enough to know a little, and I have the good fortune to have every suit liked better than the former.

Mer. Why, indeed, I have remarked that, as your dull pretenders to wisdom grow wiser with their years, so your men of gaiety, the older they grow, the finer they grow. But come, your looks confess there is more in this. The town says it too.

Sir Apiah. What, dear Tom?

Mer. That you are to be married, and to a Yorkshire great fortune.

Sir Apiah. He, he, he! I'll make you my confidant in that affair. 'Tis true, I had such a treaty on foot, for the girl has ten thousand pounds, which would have patched up some breaches in my estate; but a finer lady has vouchsafed to throw a hundred into my lap, and so I have e'en dropped the other.

Mer. What, are you in actual possession?

Sir Apiah. Of her heart, sir, and shall be, perhaps, of everything else in a day or two. Ah! she's a fine creature, Tom; she is the greatest beauty, and the greatest wit—Pshaw, can't you guess whom I mean?

Mer. No—for I know no orange-wench of such a fortune.

[Aside.]

Sir Apiah. Why, who can be all this but Lady Matchless?

Mer. Upon my word, I commend your exchange. Sir Apiah, it lies in your power to do me an exquisite favour—and I know you will do anything to serve your friend.

Sir Apiah. I would as much as another, indeed—why, what a pox, does he intend to borrow money of me? *[Aside.]*—Yes, yes, as I was saying, Tom, I would do anything to serve a friend in necessity; but badness of tenants, two or three supernumerary suits of laced clothes, and a bad run of dice, have reduced me, really, to such an extremity of cash—

Mer. You misapprehend me. You were this morning, I hear, to be married to Helena?

Sir Apiah. And, ha, ha, ha! I must tell it you: I have been just now with Sir Positive Trap, her uncle; and when he expected the performance of articles, I perswaded him he was mad, laughed at him, and, with a brave front, faced him down that I knew nothing of the matter.

Mer. You shall go back then immediately, turn your former visit into raillery—though it be a little absurd it will pass on the knight—dissemble a willingness to go through affairs; I will be your chap-

lain, and may, perhaps, go through affairs in your place.

Sir Apiah. Is she an acquaintance of yours, then?

Mer. O, ay.

Sir Apiah. Dear Tom, I am very glad I can oblige you by a resignation, and will do to the utmost of my power; and to show you, sir, that I love to serve a friend, sir, I'll but step to the next street, and be here, sir, at your commands, sir, in a moment, sir.

Mer. [solus.] My rencounter with the old lady, last night, surprised me: there must have been some mystery in that affair, which my disguise may help me to unravel. Men of capricious tempers would raise a hundred jealousies on this occasion; but it shall be ever my sentiments of a mistress, in all doubtful cases—

That if she's true, time will her truth discover;

But if she's false, I'll be as false a lover.

SCENE XI.—LADY MATCHLESS's House.—LADY MATCHLESS, VERMILIA.

Match. Ha, ha, ha! love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

Verm. The best embitterers, you mean; but, in my opinion, scandal is the sweetest of the two, and least dangerous.

Match. Love is not so dangerous to our sex as you imagine. It is a warfare wherein we always get the better, if we manage prudently; men are perfect empty hullies in it; and, as a certain poet says—

"Swift to attack, and swift to run away."

Verm. Well, but what do you intend by your assignation?

Match. Only to get an excuse for discarding a troublesome lover. Lookee, Vermilia, you shall attack him for me; I am afraid of a discovery myself. If you can but bring him to terms, that is, if you can procure his consent to a second treaty, I shall be very handsomely disengaged of mine.

Verm. You banter, sure. But, if you are in earnest, I must advise you to get another proxy; for I heartily hate mankind, and will forswear any conversation with them.

Match. Nay, but you shall force your inclinations to serve your friend.

Verm. And, pray, what has caused this sudden revolution in your temper, since, if I am not mistaken, you, but yesterday, expressed some favour for him.

Match. But I have found him such an out-of-fashion creature, that I am heartily ashamed of him; besides, I have this morning received proposals from that prince of pretty fellows—Lord Formal.

Verm. O constancy! thou art a virtue.

Match. It is indeed. For virtues, like saints, are never canonised till after they are dead—which poor Constancy has been long ago.

Verm. I am afraid it proved abortive, and died before it was born. But if it ever had being, it was most certainly feminine; and, indeed, the men have been so modest to allow all the virtues to be of our sex.

Match. O! we are extremely obliged to them; they have found out housewifery to belong to us too. In short, they throw their families and their honour into our care, because they are unwilling to have the trouble of preserving them themselves.

Verm. But you rally, sure, in what you say concerning Lord Formal.

Match. Fie! my dear, is a title so ludicrous a thing! But, come, you shall undertake my assignation with Wisemore.

Verm. Were I sure it would give an uneasy mo-

ment, to Malvil, I would; for there is nothing I would stick at to be revenged on him.

Match. When we resolve revenge against our lovers, that little rogue Love sits on his throne, and laughs till he almost bursts.

Tho' ne'er so high our rage, the rogue will find
Some little, ticklish corner in the mind,
Work himself in, and make the virgin kind. }
When next before her feet her lover lies,
All her resentment, in a moment, dies.
Then with a sigh the tender maid forgives,
And love's the only passion that survives.

ACT V. SCENE I.—*SIR POSITIVE'S House.—*
SIR POSITIVE, HELENA.

Sir Pos. I say, it was your own plot, your own contrivance, your own stratagem. You threatened him to—Hey! and he was fool enough to believe you!

Hel. He was wise enough to believe me; for I threatened no impossibilities. But don't put on that severe aspect, dear uncle; for I protest it makes you look so like one of the Cæsars' heads in our long gallery.

Sir Pos. Very likely, there may be a resemblance, indeed; for Julius Cæsar, by his great grandfather's wife's great grandmother, was a Trap.

Hel. Ha, ha, ha! I am afraid we can hardly call him cousin. But pray, did he leave any legacy to us?

Sir Pos. A swinging legacy! abundance of honour!

Hel. And pray, what will all that honour sell for?

Sir Pos. Your right honour is not to be bought nor obtained: it is what a man brings into the world with him. He is as much an upstart who gets his own honour as he who gets his own estate. Take it for a maxim, child, no one can be a great man unless his father has been so before him. Your true old English honour, like your English oak, will not come to any maturity under a hundred years. It must be planted by one generation for the good of another.

Hel. But if I were to choose a husband I should be more forward to inquire into his own merits than those of his ancestors.

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, to be sure. You would prefer one who is likely to leave a long retinue behind him, to one who has had never so many glorious ancestors before him; and be sooner enamoured of a fine coat than a fine coat of arms. Harkee, hussey, most of these fine fellows are but mere snails; they carry their all upon their backs; and yet it is as difficult to keep our wives and daughters from the one as our fruit from the other.

Hel. Do you think so, sir? I have heard there is not a more dangerous place than a china-shop: take care my aunt does not bring one home in a jar, and then you may chance to see it pop forth its horns on the top of your cabinet.

Sir Pos. [*Aside.*] Ha! I must own I do not like these morning rambles.

Hel. Lookee, sir, I can make discoveries to you; and since my aunt has falsely accused me with being the occasion of Sir Apish's behaviour to-day, I will tell you out of revenge what I would never have told you out of love. In short, my aunt has—

Sir Pos. How? what?

Hel. Planted something that will branch to maturity in less than a hundred years, ha, ha, ha! She has set a modern front upon your old tabernacle, ha, ha, ha!—I hear the coach stop this moment. Step but into that closet, and you shall hear her convict herself.—I'll bring her to confession.

Sir Pos. [*Aside.*] Hum! methinks I grow suspicious.

Hel. Nay, nay, nay, if you don't accept the trink

Sir Pos. Lookee, hussey, if you wrong my lady, by the right hand of the Traps—

Hel. Any, any punishment. But fly, she's just [here.]

SCENE II.—*LADY TRAP, HELENA.*

Trap. I am fatigued to death.—Oh! your servant, miss; but, perhaps, I ought to say, mistress; your husband may have changed your title since I saw you.

Hel. And your ladyship may have changed your husband's title.—But that change has been made long ago.

Trap. What do you mean, madam?

Hel. Ha, ha, ha! dear aunt, the world knows the use of china-shops, tho' Sir Positive does not.

Trap. You seem to know, madam, I think, more than is consistent with your years.

Hel. And you seem to practise, madam, more than is consistent with yours. The theory becomes my age much better than the practice does yours.

Trap. Your age! marry come up; you are always boasting of that youth and beauty which you have.

Hel. That's more excusable than to boast of that youth and beauty which we have not.

Trap. I know whom you reflect on. I thank my stars, indeed, I am no girl; and as for beauty, if my glass be allowed a judge—

Hel. A very corrupt judge: for a glass is so well-bred a thing, that it tells every woman she is a beauty. O! it is the greatest flatterer in the world to our faces; but the reverse in one thing, for it never disparages us behind our backs.

Trap. Malapert creature! A girl is now-a-days no sooner out of her leading strings than she sets up for a toast. And as the girls are women before their time, so the men are children all their lives; for they will be devouring the green fruit.

Hel. And sure the green is preferable to the withered, aunt. Come, come, madam, you had better make me your friend and confidant: for, if you declare war, I shall be able to enlist more soldiers than you. But here's my band; and, if you will let me into your secrets, I'll give you the honour of a woman never to disclose them.

SCENE III.—*To them, SIR APISH, MERITAL disguised as a Parson.*

Sir Apish. Lady Trap, I am your most obedient; sweet mistress Helena, I am everlastingly yours.

Trap. Sir Apish, your behaviour this morning staggered us; but I am glad to find you are relaxed.

Sir Apish. He, he, he! it was all a jest, upon my word; as I question not but my future behaviour will explain to that lady.

Hel. It has already explained you, sir, to me, to be the greatest jest in nature.

Trap. Sir Apish, you know too much of the world to regard a young lady's coyness: and I assure you, sir, it is all affected; for she is ever repeating your name, even in her sleep. Don't blush, child. But you'll excuse the faults of youth: she will learn more sense.

Hel. I don't know whether you move my anger or my pity most. But for that thing there, I'd have him know, I scorn and detest him.

Sir Apish. I would not have your ladyship chagrin at my bride's expression; for I'll engage we shall hate one another with as much good-breeding as any couple under the sun.

Mer. Give me the permission to lead you, madam.

Sir Apish. [*Apart to Lady Trap.*] If you'd leave miss a few minutes with Mr. Parson here, I would engage for his success.—He is a noted match-maker.

Trap. Niece, pray be attentive to that reverend gentleman; he will convince you of your errors.—

Come, sir Apish, we'll take a turn in the dining-room; sir Positive will not be long. [*Apart to Sir*

Hel. [Aside.] Sir Positive is safe, I'm sure, till I give him an opportunity to sneak off; so I have a reprieve at least.

SCENE IV.—HELENA, MERITAL.

Hel. What, gone?—Ha!

Mer. Be not frightened, dear madam; for I have nothing of sanctity but the masque, I assure you. [*Discovering himself.*

Hel. I believe it, nor of any other virtue.

Mer. Very prettily frowned.—I know some ladies who have practised a smile twenty years, without becoming it so well.—But, come, we have no time to lose.

Hel. No, to upbraid you were loss of time, indeed; for the remonstrances of an injured woman have but little weight with such hardened sinners.

Mer. Hum! the sight of a gown has not inspired you, I hope: you don't intend to preach; but if you do, the wedding, you know, is always before the sermon,—which is one of the chief things wherein hanging and matrimony disagree. [*Aside.*

Hel. Mr. Merital, I liked your rairily well enough whilst I believed you innocent. But as that gaiety in dress, which gives a bloom to beauty, shows deformity in its worst light; so that mirth and humour, which are vastly amiable in the innocent, look horrid in the guilty.

Mer. Are you really in earnest, child?

Hel. That question surprises me, when you know I was witness to your last night's adventure.

Mer. Faith, my dear, I might have been more justly surprised that you should make me an assignation, and send your aunt to keep it. [*You more.*

Hel. I make you an assignation! I'll never see

Mer. Turn, mighty conqueress, turn your eyes this way,

And hear at once your priest and lover pray.
In vain, by frowns, you would the world subdue,
For when, with all your might, you've knit your brow,

Your grandmother more wrinkles has than you.

Ha, ha, ha! don't put on those severe looks, dear Helena; good humour sets off a lady's face more than jewels.

Hel. I wish my looks had power to blast you.

Mer. No, no, madam, I have a sort of armour called common-sense that's frown-proof, I assure you. Your smiles may melt, but your frowns will never pierce it. What, to make me an assignation with your own hand, then send your aunt for a proxy? My good-nature, indeed, gave it the turn of a trial,—tho' she was a fitter object to try my vigour than my constancy. [*Half aside.*

Hel. I write to you yesterday!

Mer. Why, I cannot positively say it was you; for I begin to think myself in Don Quixotte's case, and that some wicked enchanters have transmogrified my Dulcinea. I leave it to your own judgment whether you are not a little altered since you writ this. [*Shows a letter.*

Hel. Ha! the letter I copied before my aunt! then I've wronged him, indeed. Unheard of baseness!—Mr. Merital, perhaps my suspicions have been too ill grounded; but for your reproaches, sir—

Mer. Nay, if there be a mystery in it, and I am guilty of undeserved reproaches, your justice cannot, shall not pardon me, till I have atoned for it with a ten years' service. Yet impute what I have said to the sincerity of my love; my passionate sympathise with yours; and if one wild delusion has

possessed us, let us partake the equal joy of its discovery.

Hel. That discovery is too long to be made now: but there is a riddle in that letter which will surprise you.

Mer. Let then those lovely eyes re-assume their sweetness, and, like pure gold, rise brighter from the flames. [*Years' siege, and then—*

Hel. Well, well, you know your own terms, a ten

Mer. Ah! but will not the garrison be starved in that long time! and I shall shut it up with a very close blockade—So you had best surrender now on honourable conditions.

Hel. Well, but you'll allow the garrison to make a sally first.—Sir Positive, uncle, ha, ha, ha! come and help me to laugh.—The same worthy gentleman who came after your wife last night is now come after your niece.

SCENE V.—*To them, SIR POSITIVE from the closet.*

Sir Pos. A brave girl, a very brave girl! Why, why, why, what a pox do you want here, sir!

Hel. Bless me, how he stares! I wonder he is not confuted: I'm afraid he will take away somebody's life.

Sir Pos. I believe his intention is to give somebody life: such as he oftener increase families than diminish them.

Hel. Or perhaps the poor gentleman is an itinerant preacher. Did you come to preach to us, sir?

Mer. Do you take me for the ordinary of Bedlam, madam? Was I to reason with you, it should be by the doctrine of fire and fagot.

Hel. Say you so? Nay then, I believe, uncle, he is a popish inquisitor.

Sir Pos. An inquisitor after fortunes, I suppose. Ah! sir, is not that your pious errand? You are one of the royal society of fortune-hunters! eh

Hel. I'll secure his masquerading garb among the trophies of our family.

SCENE VI.—SIR POSITIVE, MERITAL.

Sir Pos. Well, sir, and pray have you any pretensions to my niece? Where's your estate, sir? what's your title, sir? what's your coat of arms? Does your estate lie in *terra firma*, or in the stocks?

Mer. In a stock of assurance, sir. My cash is all brass, and I carry it in my forehead, for fear of pick-pockets.

Sir Pos. Are there no guardians to be cheated, no cuckolds to be made, but Sir Positive Trap? I'd have you know, sir, there has not been a cuckold amongst the Traps since they were a family.

Mer. That is, sir, I suppose, a tacit insinuation that you are the first of your family.

Sir Pos. You are ignorant as well as impudent. The first of my family! The whole world knows, that neither I, nor my father before me, have added one foot of land to our estate; and my grandfather smoked his pipe in the same easy chair that I do.

Mer. Very likely.—And what then?

Sir Pos. What then! Why, then there's the door, and then I desire you'd go out. Upstart, quotha! Sir Positive Trap an upstart! I had rather be called kuave. I had rather be the first rogue of a good family, than the first honest man of a bad one.

Mer. Indeed!

Sir Pos. Ay, indeed; for do not we upbraid the son whose father was hanged? whereas many a man who deserves to be hanged was never upbraided in his whole life.

Mer. Ours! how am I jilted! [*Aside.*—Lockee, Sir Positive; to be plain, I did come hither with a design of inveigling your niece; but she shall now die a maid for me. I imposed on Sir Apish, and I

would have done on you; but you see I have failed: so you may smoke on in your easy chair, Sir Trap.

Sir Pos. So, so: I began to suspect Sir Apish was in the plot; but I am glad to find my mistake.

SCENE VII.—SIR POSITIVE, LADY TRAP.

Sir Pos. O, my dear lady, are you come? I have such a discovery! such a rare discovery! you will so hug me—

Trap. Not so close as you do your discovery, my dear. But where's his lady?

Sir Pos. He, ha, ha, ha, conjuror! My lady's a conjuror! why, 'tis about her I am going to discover. But where's the baronet?

Trap. He waits below with his chaplain.

Sir Pos. His chaplain! ha, ha, ha! 'tis a rogue in the chaplain's habit; the wild young spark that has haunted my niece so long.

Trap. How?

Sir Pos. Ay; and he is stole off without his disguise, which the girl has secured as a trophy of her *Trap.* Cheated! ruined! undone! [victory.

Sir Pos. Ha! what!

Trap. She is gone, she is lost!—without there—she's gone, I say, and we are cheated.

Sir Pos. How! by the right hand of the Traps!

Trap. By the wrong head of the Traps. I thought what your discovery would be. Where's Sir Apish?

[To a servant entering.

Sere. Gone out with his chaplain and another gentleman, madam.

Trap. Pursue them, pursue them.

Sir Pos. Get down my broadsword and bandoliers, and Sir Gregory's blunderbuss. Fly, fly.

SCENE VIII.—*The Piazza.*—MALVIL meeting CATCHIT masked.

Malv. So, I find she's exact to her assignation.—Well encountered, madam: what, I suppose I am not the game you look for. O thou perfidious, false, dissembling woman! Nay, do not offer to stir, for you are betrayed, and, by all the powers of love you're wronged, I will expose you. Come, unmask, unmask this instant, or—

Catch. [unmasking.] I protest you are very rude, Mr. Malvil; I would not be seen here for the world.

Malv. Ha! Now I thank my stars indeed. Thou vile intriguer, forge some lie to excuse thyself in an instant, or it shall be thy last.

Catch. O lud! you will frighten me into fits.

Malv. Come, confess how you came here! By what means did Wisemore get my letter? Confess all; and, if I find you faltering in one syllable, I'll cram it down your throat with my sword.

Catch. O lud! I—I—I—

Malv. What, you belied Vermilia in all you said? Speak; you belied her, I say!

Catch. O! O! but will you pardon me then?

Malv. Speak the truth, I will pardon you; but if I ever discover the least falsehood in what you now tell me, if you had a thousand lives you should forfeit them.

Catch. Why then, indeed, it was all false; she never said a kind thing of Mr. Merital in her life—and so, when you gave me the letter, I suspected what it was, and so I carried it to my mistress; and lady Matchless being by, she took it, and sealed, and sent it to Mr. —; and so, my lady and she went into the park this morning; and lady Matchless made an appointment in her name, and would have had her kept it, and she would not—and so I was sent. [to belie her to me!

Malv. And how!—how did the devil tempt you

Catch. O lud, sir! it was not the devil, indeed. You had often teased and promised me, if I would discover your rival; and, Heaven knows, you have none in the world.

Malv. But on what embassy was you sent hither?

Catch. Here's a letter which, I believe, will tell you. But pray don't keep me, for we are all very busy; my lady Matchless is to be married in a day or two to my lord Formal.

Malv. How! to my lord Formal?

Catch. Yes, sir.

Malv. Well, tell her you delivered the letter as you were ordered. Don't mention a word of me. Be trusty, now, and I'll forgive the past.

Catch. I will, indeed, sir. O lud! I shall not recover it this week.

SCENE IX.—MALVIL, WISEMORE.

Malv. Wisemore, most opportunely arrived. I find you are more concerned in this assignation than I imagined, as this will explain to you.

WISEMORE takes the letter and reads.

"SIR,—You will be surprised at the news of so sudden a conquest; but I hope that surprise will be an agreeable one, when you know it is over a woman of a considerable fortune; and if seven thousand a year can make me acceptable to Mr. Wisemore as his virtue renders him lovely to me, I shall meet with a favourable answer; for which the messenger who brings you this will attend an hour after the delivery.

"Yours till then, INCOGNITA.

"P. S. I am glad I can inform you that my rival is this day to be married to another."

How received you this letter? [mine.

Malv. From the very person who conveyed you *Wisem.* O Malvil, I find myself concerned, indeed, and, I fear, fatally.

Malv. I am sorry to be the messenger of ill news; but I just now heard your mistress is carrying on a treaty with one of the greatest excoombs in town.

Wisem. There is but one way, and I must beg your immediate assistance. I have contrived a stratagem to convince her of the mercenary views of her pretended admirers.

Malv. But do you draw any of your fears from that letter? For I have very good reason to believe it came from lady Matchless.

Wisem. Impossible!

Malv. I am confident it did. [hope.

Wisem. By Heaven, thou hast revived a spark of

Malv. And lovers must nurse up feeble, infant hopes, till they grow big and ripen into certain joys.

Wisem. I will do so; for I have always looked on love as on a sea, whose latitude no one ever discovered; and therefore—

Like mariners, without the compass tow'd,

We may be near our port when we esteem it lost.

SCENE X.—LADY MATCHLESS'S HOUSE.—LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, SIR APISH, VERMILIA, and RATTLE.

Match. I hope the sincerity which I have discovered in your lordship's passion, and the glorious character you bear in the world, will excuse my easy consent.

Forn. I would not be so ill-bred as to blush; but your ladyship's compliments have really raised an inordinate flushing in my cheeks. [the town, indeed!

Verm. Why, my dear, this will be a surprise to

Rattle. I'm sure it is no agreeable one to me.—[Aside.]—Why, widow, do you intend to leave me in the lurch?

Sir Apish. And me in the lurch too, madam! I assure you I have refused a great fortune on your account. Has your ladyship forgot your declaration yesterday?

Match. Yesterday! O unpolite! are you so conversant in the beau monde and don't know that women, like quicksilver, are never fixed till they are dead!

Rattle. Agad, they are more like gold, I think; for they are never fixed but by dross. [*Aside.*]

SCENE XI.—*To them, MERITAL, HELENA.*

Hel. Dear cousin Matchless!

Match. My dear, this is very kind; being earlier with me than my expectation is a double favour.

Mer. It may be called a double favour, madam, for you are partly obliged for it to your humble servant.

Male. How's this, Helena!

Hel. I don't know, cousin; I was weary of my old guardian, I think, and so I chose a new one.

Mer. Yes, madam, and we preferred the church to the chancery, to save expenses.

Match. O, it was a most commendable prudence. So you are married. Well, give you joy, good people. But, methinks, you should not have made your guardian your heir. [*To HELENA.*]—No wise person ever suffered an heir to be trustee to his own estate.

Mer. Not till at years of discretion, madam; and, I am sure the men should be that when they marry.

Match. And the women too, or they never will.

Hel. Why so, cousin!

Match. Because it is probable they may soon after run mad. You see, my lord, I have not the highest notions of a married state; therefore you may be sensible how high an opinion I must entertain of your merit, which can persuade me to it.

Mer. Do you intend to follow our example, lady Matchless!

Rattle. I can bear no longer. Lookee, my lord, if matrimony be your play fighting must be your prologue. [*Apart to Lord FORMAL.*]

Form. He, he, he! Mr. Rattle, fighting is more commonly the epilogue to that play.

Rattle. Damn your jokes, sir; either walk out with me, or I shall use you ill. [*Apart.*]

Form. Then you will show your ill-breeding, and give me an opportunity of displaying my gallantry, by sacrificing the affront to the presence of the ladies.

Mer. Fie, fie, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels, pray. [*sign my mistress, sir.*]

Rattle. 'Sdeath! sir, but we will: I shall not re-

Sir Apish. Nor I neither; and so, madam, if you don't stand to your promise, I hope you'll give me leave to sue you for it.

Match. I have told you already that a lady's promise is an insect which naturally dies almost as soon as it is born.

SCENE XII.—*To them, WISEMORE in a serjeant's gown, his hat over his ears.*

Wisem. Pray, which is the lady Matchless?

Match. Have you any business with me, sir?

Form. This must be a very ill-bred gentleman, or he would not come before so much good company with his hat on. [*Aside.*]

Wisem. It concerns an affair, madam, which will be soon so public, that I may declare it openly. There is one Mr. John Matchless, who, being heir-at-law to your ladyship's late husband, intends to prosecute his right, which, as his council, out of a particular regard to your ladyship, I shall further let you know, I am persuaded we shall make good—and, I'm afraid, it will touch you very sensibly.

Match. My cousin John Matchless heir-at-law to Sir William! I would not have you be under any apprehension on my account, good sir; I am afraid he has a better right to Bedlam than my estate.

Mer. Be not concerned, madam; a declaration of a title is not always a proof.

Verm. and *Hel.* We condole you heartily, my dear, on this bad news.

Match. Ladies, I thank you for your kind concern; but do assure you, it gives me none.

Wisem. I am sensible you will find your error: my clerk will be here immediately with the ejectment.

Form. I perceive the reason of her ladyship's haste to be married. [*Aside.*]

Match. What can this mean! I know my title to be secure; it must be some trumped up cheat; and I'll try to divert the chagrin of my friends by a trial of my lovers, whom, I already know, I shall find guilty. [*Aside.*]—Well, as most misfortunes bring their ally with them, so this dispute of my estate will give me an opportunity to distinguish the sincerity of a lover. [*Looks on FORMAL.*]

Form. He, he, he! it has always been my good fortune to conduce to the entertainment of the ladies, and I find your ladyship has a most inexhaustible vein of railleury.

Match. Railleury, my lord!

Form. Ah! madam, it were an unpardonable vanity in me to esteem it otherwise. It would be contrary to all the rules of good manners for me to offer myself up at the shrine of your beauty. Ah! 'tis a sacrifice worthy a higher title than mine. Indeed, I have some thoughts of purchasing, which when I do, I shall throw myself at your feet in raptures; but till then, I am, with the greatest distance, madam, your ladyship's most obsequious humble servant.

Rattle. Why, indeed, I think all railleury is unreasonable on so serious an occasion; therefore, to drop the jest, dear widow, I do assure you, all that has passed between us has been mere gallantry; for I have been long since engaged to a widow lady in the city.

Sir Apish. And to show you, madam, that no slights from you can lessen my affection, I do entirely relinquish all pretensions to any promise whatsoever.

SCENE XIII.—*To them, MALVIL.*

Male. Where's, where's my injured mistress! where's Vermilia! O, see at your feet the most miserable of mankind!

Verm. What mean you, sir!

Male. Think not I would extenuate; no, I come to blazon out my crimes, to paint them in the utmost cast of horror; to court, not fly, the severity of justice; for death's to me a blessing. Ah! my friend's blood cries out for vengeance on me; and jealousy, rage, madness, and false honour, stand ready witnesses against me.—[*To Vermil.*] Of you, madam, I am to beg a pardon for your wronged innocence.—[*To Lady Match.*] But to you I have a harder task; to implore it, for having deprived you of the best of lovers, whose dying sighs were loaded with your name.—Yes, the last words your Wisemore uttered were to implore eternal blessings on you; your Wisemore, whom this rash, this fatal hand has slain. [*Lo. M. sinks into the arms of VER.*]

Mer. Help, help! she faints!

Hel. A glass of water, the hartshorn immediately.

Rattle. Rustic's dead then, hey! poor Rustic!

Verm. How do you, dear!

Match. O! I shall rave, my frantie brain will burst: and did he bless me with his latest breath! he should have cursed me rather, for I alone am guilty! Oh! I have wildly played away his life. Then, take my fortune all, since he is gone, to reward whose merit I only valued riches. But now farewell content, greatness, happiness, and all the sweets of life. I'll study to be miserable.

Wisem. O never, never; be blessed as love, and life, and happiness can make you—be blessed as I am now [*Discovering himself, and running to her.*]
Match. And art thou then my Wisemore?

[*After a long pause.*]
Wisem. And do I live to hear you call me yours? O my heart's joy! my everlasting bliss!

Match. And can you generously forgive?
Wisem. O name it not, but swear you never will revoke what you have said.

Match. O, would I had worlds to give thee! for all the happiness I can bestow is nothing to the merit of your love.

Wisem. My heart o'erflows with raptures. Oh! my tender love, now do I live indeed—

Mer. Why, after these high flights, Ned, I am afraid wishing you joy will be too low a phrase.

Wisem. Dear Merital, I thank you.—But here am I eternally indebted; for I shall always attribute my happiness (next to this lady) to your friendship.

[*To Malvil.*]
Male. Be assured it gives me an equal satisfaction as if I had procured my own.

Mer. I have known too friends embrace just before cutting of throats; but I believe you are the first who ever embraced after it.

[*Sheepishly.*]
Rattle. Formal.
Form. By my title, I am perfectly amazed.

Sir Apish. We are all bit, agad! [*Aside.*]

Mer. Come, Harry, put the best face you can on the matter; tho' I know you have a little chagrin in your heart.—As for his lordship, the lady may be a widow again before he gets his title.—And my friend Sir Apish has refused a very fine lady this morning before.

Sir Apish. Yes, I had two strings to my bow: both golden ones, egad! and both cracked.

Verm. Dear Matchless, this sudden revolution of your fortune has so amazed me, that I can hardly recover myself to congratulate you on it.

Match. Well, but I hope you will not see your friend embarked on a second voyage, and hesitate at undertaking the first.

Verm. If I was sure my voyage would be as short as yours has been; but matrimony is too turbulent a sea to be ventured on in so light a vessel as every little blast can overset.

Male. Madam, when Mrs. Catehit has discovered the whole affair to you, as she has done to me, I doubt not but your good-nature will seal my pardon, since excess of love caused the offence.

Match. Nay, we must all sue.
Mer. and *Hel.* All, all.

Verm. Well, to avoid so much importunity, and to show you the power of a prevalent example.—In hopes of future amendment, Mr. Malvil, here—take my hand.

Male. O my fairest, softest! I have no words to express my gratitude, or my love.

Verm. Pray let them be both understood then; for we have had so many raptures already, they must be but a dull repetition.

Form. When it is in vain to strive against the stream, all well-bred men sail with it. [*Aside.*]
Ladies. I beg leave to presume to advance with my compliments of congratulation on this glorious occasion. I must own your ladyship's choice has something novel in it; but, by the sanction of so great an authority, I don't question but it may be reconciled with the rules of consummate good-breeding.

Sir Apish. I am always his lordship's second.

Ladies. I heartily wish you joy upon my word.
Rattle. And so do I, widow.—This fellow will be poisoned before the honey-moon's out. [*Aside.*]

SCENE the last.—*SIR POSITIVE TRAP, LADY TRAP, LADY MATCHLESS, LORD FORMAL, VERMILIA, HELENA, WISEMORE, MALVIL, MERITAL, RATTLE, SIR APISH SIMPLE.*

Sir Pos. O cousin, I am undone and ruined! The Traps are abused, disgraced, dishonoured!

Match. What's the matter, Sir Positive? [ruined.

Sir Pos. I am undone; my niece is lost and *Hel.* I had been so, sir, but for the interposition of a worthy gentleman here.

Mer. It is, indeed, my happy fate to be—

Sir Pos. Is it so? is it so? and I believe this will be your happy fate. [*Pointing to his neck.*]
She is an heiress, and you are guilty of felony, and shall be hanged, with the whole company your abettors. [*barous education.* [*Aside.*]

Form. This gentleman must have had a bar-

Mer. Lookee, madam, as you expect that what has passed between us shall be kept secret—

[*To Lady TRAP.*]

Trap. [*To MER.*] I understand you.—Sir Positive, be appeased, and leave this matter to me.

Sir Pos. I am calm.

Match. My cousin, sir, is married to a gentleman of honour, and one who, I doubt not, loves her.—By your resentment, you will call your conduct, not hers, into question. [*suppose.*]

Sir Pos. Then you have been her adviser, I

Match. If I have, cousin, you cannot be angry, since it is an advice I am like to follow myself.

Sir Pos. Why, what, are you going to be married again? [*relation.*]

Wisem. Sir Positive, I hope shortly to be your

Sir Pos. That's more than I do, sir, till I know your name and family. [*more.*]

Wisem. You shall both, sir. My name is Wise-

Sir Pos. Wisemore! Wisemore! why, it is a good name—but I thought that family had been extinct.—Well, cousin, I am glad to see you have not married a snuff-box.

Match. To perfect the good-humour of the company, and since dinner is not yet ready, I'll entertain you with a song, which was sent me by an unknown hand. Is Mr. Hemhem there? Sir, if you will oblige us; gentlemen and ladies, please to sit.

Ye nymphs of Britain, to whose eyes
 The world submits the glorious prize
 Of beauty to be due:
 Ah! guard it with assiduous care,
 Let neither flattery ensnare,
 Nor wealth your hearts subdue.

Old Bromio's rank'd among the beans;
 Young Cynthia solitary goes,
 Unheeded by the fair!
 Ask you then what this preference gives?
 Six Flaxdres marries the former drives,
 The latter but a pair.

Let manner things be bought and sold,
 But beauty never truck'd for gold;
 Ye fair, your value prove;
 And since the world's a price too low,
 Like heaven, your estates bestow
 On constancy and love.

But still, ye generous maids, beware,
 Since hypocrites to heaven there are,
 And to the bewitched too:
 Do not too easily confide,
 Let every lover well be try'd,
 And well reward the true.

THE COMPANY advance.

Wisem. The song is not without a moral.—And now, ladies, I think myself bound to a solemn re-
 cantation of every slander I have thrown upon your sex: for I am convinced, that our complaints against you flow generally (if not always) more from our want of merit than your want of justice.

For when vain fools or fops your hearts pursue,
To such the charming prize is never due.
But when the men of sense their passions prove,
You seldom fail rewarding 'em with love ;
Justly on them the fair their hearts bestow,
Since they, alone, the worth of virtue know.

PROLOGUE : SPOKEN BY MISS BOLINGBROOK, JUN.

Our author, full of sorrow and repentance,
Has sent me here—to mitigate his sentence,
To you, tremendous critics in the pit,
Who on his first offence in judgment sit !
He pleads—Oh god ! how terrible his case is !
For my part I am frighten'd by your faces
Think on his youth—it is his first essay ;
He may in time, perhaps, atonement pay,
If but reprieves'd this execution day.

Methinks I see some elder critic rise,
And, darting furious justice from his eyes,
Cry, " Zounds ! what means this haste ? why all this fuss ?
What are his youth and promises to us ?
For should we from severity refrain,
A soon should have the encomb here again.
And, brothers, such examples may invite
A thousand other senseless rogues to write !"
From you then—ye tempests—he hopes defence—
You'll not condemn him—for his want of sense,
What, now you'll say, I warrant with a sneer,
" He's chose too young an advocate, my dear !"
Yet boast not, for (if my own strength I know)
I am a match sufficient—for a bear !
Lastly, to you, ye charmers, he applies,
For in your tender bosoms mercy lies.
As certain as destruction in your eyes,
Let but that lovely circle of the fair
Their approbation, by their smiles, declare ;
Then let the critics damn him—if they dare.

THE TEMPLE BEAU:

A COMEDY, FIRST ACTED IN 1729.

Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix Flamma Lembaum
Remigis subigit.

VIZO, Georg.

Indignor quidem reprehendi, non quis crasse
Compositum, illapide putetur, sed quis nobis.

Hon. Art. Poet.

PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY MR. RALPH, SPOKEN BY MR. OSWALD.

Humour and wit, in each politer age
Triumphant, rear'd the trophies of the stage ;
But only farce, and show, will now go down,
And Harlequin's the darling of the town.
Will's has resign'd its old pretence to wit,
And beaux appear where critics used to sit.
Button himself, provok'd at wit's decline,
Now lets his house, and swears he'll burn his sign.
Al! should all others that on wit depend,
Like him provok'd, like him their dealings end,
Our theatres might take th' example too,
And players strive themselves—as authors do.
But if the gay, the courtly world, disdain
To hear the Muses and their sons complain,
Each injur'd bard shall to this refuge fly,
And find that comfort which the great deny :
I shall frequently employ this infant stage,
And boldly aim to make a dreaming age.
The comic muse, in smiles severely gay,
Shall scoff at vice, and laugh its crimes away.
The voice of sorrow pine in tragic lays,
And claim your tears, as the sincerest praise.
Merit, like Indian gums, is rarely found ;
Obscure, 'tis smitten with the common ground ;
But when a blaze in the world's broad eye,
All own the charms they pass'd unheeded by.
Be you the first to explore the latent prize,
And raise its value, as its beauty rises.
Convince that town, which boasts it better breeding,
That riches—are not all that you exceed in.
Merit, wherever found, is still the same,
And this our stage may be the road to fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Sir Avarice Pedant*, Mr. COLLEY ; *Sir Harry Widging*, Mr. PUNKETMAN ; *Widging*, Mr. GIFFARD ; *Fervent*, Mr. W. GIFFARD ; *Patience*, Mr. WILLIAMS ; *Pedant*, Mr. BULLOCK ; *Pieret*, Mr. BARNES ; *Lady Lucy Pedant*, Mrs. GIFFARD ; *Lady Gravely*, Mrs. HAWORTH ; *Brilliana*, Mrs. P. BURN ; *Clarissa*, Mrs. SEAL ; *Tailor*, Pettin'g maker, servants, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Ante-Chamber in Sir Avarice Pedant's House.*

LADY LUCY PEDANT, LADY GRAVELY.

Lady Lucy (entering in a passion, followed by Lady Gravely).—No more of your lectures, dear sister. Must I be fatigued every morning with an odious repetition of fulsome, dull, antiquated maxims, extracted from old philosophers and divines, who no more practised what they wrote than you practise what you read ! Sure, never woman had such a time on't ! Between a husband mad with avarice, a son-in-law mad with learning, a niece mad with love, and a sister—

[I am.]
Gra. Ay, what am I ! I'd be glad to know what

Lucy. The world knows what you are— [of me.]
Gra. How, madam !—the world knows nothing.
Lucy. It says it does ; it talks of you very freely, child. First, that you are not so young as you would seem ; nor so handsome or good as you do seem ; that your actions are as much disguised by your words as your skin by paint ; that the virtue in your mouth no more proceeds from the purity of your heart, than the colour in your cheeks does from the purity of your blood.

Gra. Very fine, indeed !

Lucy. That your ardency to reprove the world is too often rank envy ; that you are not angry with deformities of the mind, but the beauties of the person ; for it is notorious that you never spoke well of a handsome woman, nor ill of an ugly one.

Gra. Impudent scandal !

Lucy. That you rail at the diversions of the town for several reasons ; but the love of goodness has nothing to do with any. Assemblies, because you are very little regarded in them ; operas, because you have no ear ; plays, because you have no taste ; balls, because you can't dance ; and lastly—that you went to church twice a-day, a whole year and half, because—you was in love with the parson ; ha, ha, ha !

Gra. As ill as that malicious smile becomes you, I am glad you put it on ; for it convinces me that what you have said is purely your own suggestion, which I know how to despise. Or, perhaps, you call a set of flirts the world. By such a world I must always be spoken ill of ; the slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others. For one is as much hated by the dissolute world, on the score of virtue, as by the good, on that of vice. Sister, your malicious invectives against me reflect on yourself only. I abhor the motive, and I scorn the effect.

Lucy. Nay, but how ungenerous is this ! when you have often told me, that to put one in mind of faults is the truest sign of friendship ; and that sincerity in private, should give no more pain than flattery in public pleasure.

Gra. And yet, methinks, you could not bear plain dealing just now. But I'm glad that your last hint has awakened me to a perfect sense of my duty ; therefore, sister, since we are in private, I'll tell you what the world says of you. In the first place, then, it says that you are both younger and handsomer than you seem.

Lucy. Nay, this is flattery, my dear!

Gra. No, indeed my dear! for that folly and affectation have disguised you all over with an air of dudge and deformity.

Lucy. This carries an air of sincerity—thank

Gra. That admiration is the greatest pleasure, and to obtain it the whole business of your life; but that the ways you take to it are so preposterous, one would be almost persuaded you aimed rather at contempt; for the actions of an infant seem the patterns of your conduct. When you are in the play-house, you seem to think yourself on the stage; and when you are at church, I should swear you thought yourself in the play-house, did I not know you never think at all. In every circle you engross the whole conversation, where you say a thousand silly things, and laugh at them all; by both which the world is always convinced that you have very fine teeth and very bad sense.

[at that—ha, ha, ha!]

Lucy. Well, I will convince you, for I must laugh

Gra. That you are not restrained from unwholesome pleasures by the love of virtue, but variety; and that your husband is not safe from having no rival, but from having a great many; for your heart is like a coffee-house, where the beaux frisk in and out, one after another; and you are as little the worse for them, as the other is the better; for one lover, like one poison, is your antidote against another.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! I like your comparison of love and poison, for I hate them both alike.

Gra. And yet you are in love, and have been in love a long while.

Lucy. Dear soul, tell me who the happy creature is, for I'm sure he'll think himself so.

Gra. That I question not; for I mean yourself.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! and I'm sure you like my taste.

Gra. In short, to end my character, the world gives you the honour of being the most finished coquet in town.

Lucy. And I believe it is as little news to you, that you have that of leading the vast, grave, solemn body of prudes: so let us be friends—since, like the fiery partisans of state, we aim only at the same thing, by several ways: their aim is a place at court—ours is—this, my dear sister!

Gra. Now, would my arms were fire-brands—I would embrace you then with better will. [Aside.]

SCENE II.—To them, YOUNG PEDANT.

Young P. Hey-day! what, is it customary here for you women to kiss one another? It intimates the men to be scarce or backward, in my opinion.

Lucy. And so, taking advantage of the dearth of gallants, you are come to town to be enrolled in the number.

Young P. May I be expelled the university that day! If your women want fools till I turn one to please them, they shall want them—till their fools turn scholars like me—or till they themselves turn Peucelopes, that is (*breveiter*) till the world's turned topsy-turvy.

[fine gentlemen.]

Lucy. Or till such illiterate pedants as you turn

Young P. Illiterate! mother-in-law!—You are a woman.

[Scornfully.]

Lucy. You are a coxcomb.

Young P. I rejoice in the irony. To be called coxcomb by a woman is as sure a sign of sense, as to be called a rogue by a courtier is of honesty.

Gra. You should except your relations, nephew; and truly, for the generality of women I am much of your opinion.

Young P. Are you? then you are a woman of sense, aunt; a very great honour to your sex.

Lucy. Did you ever hear so conceited, ignorant a wretch.

Young P. Ignorant!—Know, madam, that I have revolved more volumes than you have done pages; I might say lines. More sense has gone in at these eyes—

[lieve.—Ha, ha, ha!]

Lucy. Than will ever come out at that mouth, be-

Young P. What do you laugh at? I could convince you, that what you said then was only false wit. Look ye, mother, when you have been conversant with the Greek poets, you'll make better jests.

Lucy. And when you have conversed with a French dancing-master, you'll make a better figure; till when, you had better converse with yourself. Come, sister.

Young P. Sooner than converse with thee, may I be obliged to communicate with a drunken, idle, illiterate soph: a creature, of all, my aversion.

SCENE III.—SIR AVARECE PEDANT, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Ar. How now, son? what puts you into this passion? I never knew anything got by being in a passion.

Young P. Sir, with your peace, I am not in a passion; I have read too much philosophy to have my passions irritated by women.

Sir Ar. You seem, indeed, to have read a great deal; for you said several things last night beyond my understanding: but I desire you would give me some account of your improvement in that way which I recommended to you at your going to the university; I mean that useful part of learning, the art of getting money: I hope your tutor has, according to my orders, instilled into you a tolerable insight into stock-jobbing. I hope to see you make a figure at Garraway's, boy.

Young P. Sir, he has instructed me in a much nobler science—logic.—I have read all that has been written on that subject, from the time of Aristotle to that great and learned modern, Burgerdicius; truly, almost a cart-load of books.

Sir Ar. Have they taught you the art to get a cart-load of money?

Young P. They have taught me the art of getting knowledge. Logic is in learning, what the compass is in navigation. It is the guide by which our reason steers in the pursuit of true philosophy.

Sir Ar. Did ever mortal man hear the like!—Have I been at this expense to breed my son a philosopher? I tremble at the name; it brings the thought of poverty into my mind. Why, do you think, if your old philosophers were alive, any one would speak to them, any one would pay their bills?—Ah! these universities are fit for nothing but to debase the principles of young men; to poison their minds with romantic notions of knowledge and virtue: what could I expect, but that philosophy should teach you to crawl into a prison, or poetry to fly into one!—Well, I'll show you the world! where you will see that riches are the only titles to respect; and that learning is not the way to get riches. There are men who can draw for the sum of a hundred thousand pounds who can hardly spell it.

Young P. Sir, you were pleased to send for me to town in an impetuous manner. Two days have passed since my arrival, I would therefore importune you to declare to me the reasons of your message.

Sir Ar. That is my intention, and you will find by it how nicely I calculate. You know my losses in the South-Sea had sunk my fortune to so low an ebb, that from having been offered, ay, and courted, to accept a wife of quality (my present lady), I fell

so low, to have my proposals of marriage between you and the daughter of a certain citizen rejected, tho' her fortune was not equal to that of my wife. For I must tell you that a thousand a year is all you can expect from me, who might have left you ten.

Young P. And is to me as desirable a gift.

Sir As. I am sorry to hear you have no better principles. But I have hit on a way to double that sum. In short I intend to marry you to your cousin Bellaria. I observed her the night of your arrival, at supper, look much at you, though you were then rough, and just off your journey: my brother sent her hither to prevent her marrying a gentleman in the country of a small fortune. Now, I'll take care you shall have sufficient opportunities together: and I question not but to compass the affair; by which I gain just ten thousand pound clear, for her fortune is twenty.

Young P. Sir, I desire to deliver my reasons opponent to this match; they are two: first, to the thing, matrimony. Secondly, to the person, who is my cousin-german.

Sir As. Now, sir, I desire to deliver mine. I have but one, and that is very short. If you refuse I'll disinherit you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman, who calls himself Wilding, at the door.

Sir As. Show him in. Son, you will consider of what I have told you.

Young P. Yes, I will consider, but shall never find a reply to so substantial, prevalent, and convincing an argument.

SCENE IV.—*To them, Sir HARRY WILDING.*

Sir Har. Is not your name, sir, Sir Avarice Pedant?

Sir As. At your service. [Exit.]

Sir Har. Then, sir, I am your very humble ser-

Sir As. I don't know you, sir.

Sir Har. Don't you, sir? why, then, 'tis probable, by reading this letter, you will know more than you [do now.]

"DEAR BROTHER.—The bearer is my very good friend, sir Harry Wilding: he comes to town to introduce his eldest son to Bellaria. The young man, I'm told, has a great character for sobriety, and I know his fortune equal to my demands. I fear her old lover will find her out, unless prevented by an immediate match. Get every thing ready as quick as possible: I will be in town soon: till when, be particularly civil to sir Harry and his son. [Aside. Ay, with a pox to them! Your humble servant, and affectionate brother. GAO. PEDANT.] [To Sir Harry.] Sir, your very humble servant. My brother here informs me of your proposals; I presume, sir, I know your son.

Sir Har. I'm surprised at that, sir, for he has no acquaintance but with books. Alas, sir, he studies day and night!

Sir As. May I ask what he studies, sir?

Sir Har. Law, sir; he has followed it so close these six years, that he has hardly had time to write even—to me (unless when he wants necessities). But I cannot convince you better than by one of his bills—let me see—ay, here—here it is!—here's a bill—I shall see the rogue a judge.—This bill, sir, is only for one quarter.

For law-books, 50*l.*

Fifty-pounds' worth of law-books read in one quarter of a year.—I shall see the rogue a judge. [kisses, 10*l.*

Item. For paper, pens, ink, sand, pencils, pen-For fire and candles, 8*l.*

You see, he reads all night.

Paid a woman to brush books, 1*l.*

For places in Westminster-hall, 5*l.*

For coaches thither, at 4*s.* per time, 12*l.*

For night-gown, slippers, caps, physie—

Sir As. Hold, hold, pray; it's enough in consequence.

Sir Har. In short, the whole bill amounts to two hundred and seventy-five pounds, for the necessities of study only. I shall see the rogue a judge.

Sir As. But (methinks) there is one article a little extraordinary: how comes it that your son pays four shillings for a couch to Westminster, when four lawyers go thither for one?

Sir Har. Ay! why that's a question, now, that has been asked me several times: heart! I believe you are all envious of my boy. If he pays four times as much, he carries four times as much law, and that, I think, is an answer.

Sir As. I wonder, sir Harry, a gentleman of your plentiful fortune should breed your eldest son to the law.

Sir Har. Oh, sir! I'll give you a very good reason for that—My father was a lawyer, and he got an estate. It was my misfortune to be bred a gentleman. My father kept me in the country till I was three-and-twenty, and my wife has kept me there ever since; for, except when I brought my son to the Temple, and this present journey, I never was twenty miles from home. [Exit.]

Sir As. It was your misfortune to be bred a gen-

Sir Har. Ay, sir; but I always resolved to breed my son to the law; I determined it before he was born; and I don't question but to see him a judge.—I am impatient till I find him out; so I am your humble servant. You may expect me at dinner.

Sir As. That's kind, however.—You see, son, we have but a short time to execute our project in; and if we are not expeditious, the stock will be sold to another purchaser. I am obliged to go into the city on business: after dinner I will introduce you to my niece. In the mean time, think on some fine speeches, some high compliments: for in dealing with women (contrary to all other merchandise) the way to get them cheap is to cry them up as much beyond their value as possible.

Young P. So the matter is reduced to this, "Either to be married or disinherited." I'll accept the prior; for, if I am disinherited, I shall never get my estate again; but, if I am married (providentially), I may get rid of my wife.

SCENE V.—*St. JAMES'S Park. VALENTINE VEROMIL.*

Val. This was an agreeable surprise indeed! for, of all men, my Veromil is he whom I most wished, but least expected to meet.

Ver. My wishes, Valentine, were equal to yours, but my expectations greater; for I was told the town, and all its pleasures, had long engrossed the heart of my Valentine. Nor has my information been false, I find. These clothes! these looks! these airs! give me reason to wonder how I recollected my metamorphosed friend.

Val. Why, faith! I am a little changed since those happy times, when, after a day spent in study, we used to regale at night, and communicate our discoveries in knowledge over a pint of bad port. While, poor creatures! we were strangers to the greatest, pleasantest part of knowledge—

Ver. What!

Val. Woman, dear Charles, woman; a sort of books prohibited at the university, because your grave dons don't understand them. But what part of the world has possessed you these years?

Ver. The first twelvemonth after I left the university I remained in the country with my father (you had not then forgot to correspond with me) I then made the tour of France and Italy. I intended

to visit Germany; but on my return to Paris, I there received the news of my father's death!

Val. 'Sdeath! he did not deserve the name!—Nay, I am no stranger to your misfortunes. Sure Nature was as blind when she gave him such a son, as Fortune when she robbed you of your birth-right.

Ver. Valentine, I charge thee, on thy friendship, not to reflect on that memory which shall be ever sacred to my breast. Who knows what arts my brother may have used? Nay, I have reason to believe my actions abroad were misrepresented. I must have fallen by a double deceit. He must have coloured my innocence with the face of vice, and covered his own notorious vices under the appearance of innocence.

Val. Hell in its own shape rewarded him for it.

Ver. Heaven forgive him! I hope I can.

Val. But tell me (tho' I dread to ask); he did not, could not, disinherit you of all?

Ver. All in his power. My mother's fortune fell to me, he could not binder it. And, oh! my friend! I could with that small competency outvie my brother's happiness, had I not, with my fortune, lost a jewel dear to me as my soul—yet here I forget even that. To hold, to embrace so dear a friend, effaces every care.

Val. I still have been your debtor: 'tis your superior genius to oblige; my utmost efforts will be still your due. [Joy.

Ver. Let us then sacrifice this day to mirth and

Val. With all my heart.

Ver. Is not that Wilding just come into the Mall?

Val. I am sure he is altered since you saw him.

I wonder his dress, indeed, did not prevent your knowing him.

Ver. No; it is by his dress I do know him, for I saw him in the very same at Paris. He remembers me too, I perceive. Mr. Wilding, your humble servant.

SCENE VI.—WILDING, VEROMIL, VALENTINE.

Wild. Ha! my dear Veromil, a thousand welcomes to England. When left you that delicious place Paris?

Ver. Soon after you left it.

Wild. I thought you intended for Vienna. But I am glad that we enjoy you so much sooner. For I suppose you are now come to town for good?

Val. Nay, he shall not escape us again.

Ver. My inclinations would bid me spend my whole life with my Valentine; but necessity confines our happiness to this day.

Val. This day!

Ver. To-morrow night I am to meet a friend at Dover, to embark for France. I am glad we met so soon; for every hour I am with you, though it seems a moment, is worth an age.

Wild. You are soon weary of your country, Mr. Veromil, which you longed to see so much when we were at Paris.

Ver. Misfortunes have made it disagreeable.

Wild. Come, come, I see the bottom of this: there is a mistress in the case.

Val. To France for a mistress!

Wild. Ay, or what do all our fine gentlemen there?

Val. Learn to please an English one. It would be more rational in a Frenchman to come abroad for a dancing-master, than in an Englishman to go abroad for a mistress.

Ver. However, you'll allow a lover to be partial; you must excuse me if I think France has now the finest woman in the universe. But, to end your amusement, she is our countrywoman.

Wild. And has some devilish coquet let you a dance to Paris? Never stir after her: if she does not return within ten weeks, I'll be bound to—fetch her.

Val. Who can this great uncelebrated beauty be?

Ver. Oh, Valentine! she is one whose charms would delude stoicism into love; the luscious dreams of amorous boys ne'er raised ideas of so fine a form, nor man of sense e'er wished a virtue in his mistress's mind which she has not. That modesty! that sweetness! that virtue!

Wild. Her name, her name?

Val. Her fortune, her fortune?

Ver. I know, gentlemen, you who have lived so much in the gay world will be surprised to hear me talk so seriously on this affair. But be assured, my whole happiness is in the breast of one woman.

Wild. I own myself surprised; but our friend here can hardly be so, for he is to-morrow to be happy with one woman.

Ver. How!

Val. Wilt thou never have done with it? A man can't appear in public, after it's known that he is to be married, but every one who wants a wife will rally him out of envy. [Of pity.

Wild. Ay,—and every one who has a wife out

Val. 'Sdeath! I'll be married to-morrow, and away into the country the next morning.

Wild. Oh! the country is vastly pleasant during the honeymoon; groves and mountains give one charming ideas in the spring of matrimony. I suppose we shall have you in town again in the winter; at least you'll be so obliging to send your wife up. A husband would be as public-spirited a man, if he did not run away with his wife, as he who buys a fine picture and hangs it up in his house for the benefit of all comers. But robbing the public of a fine woman is barbarous, and he who buries his wife is as great a miser as he who buries his gold.

Ver. The public may thank themselves, for no man would do either had not the world affixed shame to the sounds of poverty and cuckoldom.

Val. You mention the name as if there was something frightful in it: one would imagine you had lived in the first age and infancy of cuckoldom. Custom alters everything. A pair of horns, perhaps, once seemed as odd an ornament for the head as a periwig; but now they are both equally in fashion, and a man is no more stared at for the one than for the other.

Wild. Nay, I rather think cuckoldom is an honour. I wish every cuckold had a statue before his door, erected at the public expense.

Val. Then the city of London would have as many statues in it as the city of Rome had.

Wild. The ladies are obliged to you for your opinion.

Val. I think so. What's yours, pray?

Wild. Mine! that the poets ought to be hanged for every compliment they have made them.

Ver. Hey-day!

Wild. For that they have not said enough in their favour—Ah, Charles! there are women in the world— [Hugs VEROMIL.

Ver. Bravo! women!

Wild. Dost thou think I confine my narrow thoughts to one woman? No; my heart is already in the possession of five hundred, and there is enough for five hundred more.

Val. Why, thou hast more women in thy heart than the grand Turk has in his seraglio.

Wild. Ay, and if I have not finer women—'Sdeath! well recollected. Valentine, I must wait on one of your aunts to an auction this morning.

Ver. Nay, dear honest reprobate, let us dine *Wild.* I am engaged at the same place. [together.]

Val. Veromil, if you please, I'll introduce you. Perhaps you will be entertained with as merry a mixture of characters as you have seen. There is (to give you a short *Dramatis Personæ*) my worthy uncle, whose whole life and conversation runs on that one topic, gain. His son, whom I believe you remember at the university, who is since, with much labour and without any genius, improved to be a learned blockhead.

Ver. I guess his perfections by the dawnings I observed in him. His learning adorns his genius as the colouring of a great painter would the features of a bad one.

Wild. Or the colouring of some ladies do the wrinkles of their faces.

Val. Then I have two aunts as opposite in their inclinations as two opposite points of the globe, and I believe as warm in them as the centre.

Wild. And point to the same centre too, or I'm mistaken.

Val. Lastly, two young ladies, one of whom is as romantically in love as yourself, and whom, perhaps, when you have seen, you will not allow the finest woman in the world to be in France.

Ver. I defy the danger. Besides, I desire we may have the afternoon to ourselves. I declare against all cards and parties whatsoever.

Val. I'll second your resistance, for I know we shall be asked; and they will be as difficultly refused too as a starving author, who begs your subscription to his next miscellany; and you will get much the same by both compliances, a great deal of nonsense and impertinence for your money; for he who plays at quadrille, without being let into the secret, as surely loses as he would at Newmarket.

Wild. Ay, but then he is let sometimes into much more charming secrets.

Val. Faith, very rarely! Many have succeeded by the contrary practice, which is the reason why sharpers have been so often bappy in their favours. Your success would be more forwarded by winning five hundred than by losing five thousand.

Wild. Why, faith! on a second consideration, I begin to be of your opinion—

For gratitude may to some women fall,

But money, powerful money, charms them all.

ACT II. SCENE I.—WILKING'S Chambers in the Temple.—PINCET alone.

'Tis a fine thing to have a clear conscience: but a clear purse and a loaded conscience is the devil. To have been a rogue in order to be a gentleman, and then reduced to be a servant again!—What, refuse paying my annuity the second half year, and bid discover if I dare! [Shows a letter.] Discover if I dare! You shall repent that, my dear brother rogue; for, since I can't live like a gentleman by my roguery, I'll e'en tell the truth, and stand in the pillory like one, by my honesty. [Knocking.] So, the duns begin. Well, I can say truly my master is not at home now; but, if he were, it would be the same thing. [Knocking harder.]

SCENE II.—SIR HARRY WILKING, PINCET.

Pin. Hey-day! this is some scrivener or dun of authority.

Sir Har. Here, you sirrah—where 's your master?

Pin. I do not know, sir.

Sir Har. What, is not he at home?

Pin. No, sir.

Sir Har. And when do you expect him home?

Pin. I can't tell.

Sir Har. I warrant, gone to Westminster—a dilligent rogue. When did your master go out?

Pin. I don't know. (What strange fellow is this?)

Sir Har. [Aside.] I warrant before this rascal was up.—Come, sirrah, show me your master's library.

I in. His library, sir?

Sir Har. His library, sir—his study—his books.

Pin. My master has no books, sir.

Sir Har. Show me his books, or I'll crack your skull for you, sir.

Pin. Sir, he has no books. What would you have with my master, sir?

Sir Har. What 's this? [Taking a book up.] Rochester's Poems! What does he do with poems? But 'tis better to spend an hour so than in a tavern. What book is this? Plays! what, does he read plays too?—Hark ye, sirrah—show me where your master keeps his law-books?

Pin. Sir, he has no law-books: what should he do with law-books?

Sir Har. I'll tell you, villain! [Goes to strike him.] [Knocking.]—O, here, here he comes—I'll meet my dear boy.

SCENE III.—To them, Tailor.

Taylor. Mr. Pineet, is your master within? I have brought my bill.

Pin. You must come another time.

Taylor. Another time! Sir, I must speak with him now. I have been put off this twelvemonth—I can stay no longer.

Sir Har. Give me your bill.

Taylor. Will you pay it, sir?

Sir Har. Perhaps I will, sir.

Taylor. Here it is, sir.

Sir Har. Agad! it's a good long one. "For a suit of laced clothes, made your honour last Michaelmas was two years, forty pounds." What, do your Templars wear laced clothes?

Taylor. Do they? ha, ha, ha! Would they paid for them too! We have gentlemen here, sir, who dress as finely as any beaux of them all.

Pin. And pay as finely too, I believe, to your sorrow. [Aside.]

Sir Har. "A suit of black velvet, twenty-three pounds." Adad, the rogue is extravagant.

SCENE IV.—To them, Milliner, Periwig-maker, Shoemaker, Hosier.

Mill. Mr. Pineet, is your master within?

Pin. No, no, no. You must all come another time.

Per. Sir, we shall not come another time. We agreed to come all in a body; and, unless we are paid, we shall take other methods. [Knocking.]

Sir Har. Hell and the devil! what have we here?

[Staring as in the greatest confusion.]

Pin. [Without.] He is not at home.

Tricky. I tell you he is, and I will see him.

SCENE V.—To them, Mrs. TRICKY. As she is crossing the stage SIR HARRY takes hold on her.

Sir Har. Hark ye, madam, are you acquainted with my son?

[fellow, I hope.]

Tric. Nor none of the scrubs that belong to you, Sir Har. The gentleman who owns these chambers, madam, is my son.

Tric. Sir, you are an impudent coxcomb. The gentleman who owns these chambers has no such dirty relations.

Sir Har. Very fine, very fine! I see it now. My son is an extravagant rake, and I am imposed upon. But I'll be revenged on these top-makers at least.

Per. Sir, I will have my money.

Sir Har. I'll pay you, sir, with a vengeance—
Dogs! villains! whores! [*Beats them out, and returns.*]

SCENE VI.—*SIR HARRY alone.*

A rogue! a rogue! is this his studying law? Oh! here's his strong box; we'll see what's in thee, however. [*Breaks it open.*]—What's this! [*Reads.*

"DEAR BUNNY,—I will meet you in the balcony at the old play-house this evening at six. Dunja is gone into the country. I choose rather to see you abroad than at my own house; for some things lately happened. I fear, have given the cuckoo old reason... suspicion. Nothing can equal my contempt for him, but my love for you. Your's affectionately, J. G."

Oh, the devil! the devil!—Law!—say, ay, he has studied law with a vengeance. I shall have him suffer the law, instead of practising it. I'll demolish your fopperies for you, rascal. Dear Bunny. [*Looks on the letter.*] I shall see the rogue hanged.

SCENE VII.—*An Ante-chamber in SIR AVARICE PEDANT'S House.*—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! And have you the assurance to own yourself in love, in an age when 'tis as immodest to love before marriage as 'tis unfashionable to love after it!

Bel. And when the merit of him I do love is much more a rarity than either. 'Tis only when we fix our affections unworthily that they are blamable; but where virtue, sense, reputation, worth, love, and constancy meet in a man, the mistress who is ashamed of her passion must have a soul too mean to distinguish them. [*to!*]

Gra. What will the immodesty of this age come *Lucy.* What will the stupidity of it come to! [*aman!*]

Gra. A young woman to declare openly she loves

Lucy. A young woman to declare openly she loves one man only! Your wit and beauty, Bellaria, were intended to enslave mankind. Your eyes should first conquer the world, and then weep, like Alexander's, for more worlds to conquer.

Bel. I rather think he should have wept for those he had conquered. He had no more title to sacrifice the lives of men to his ambition than a woman has their ease. And I assure you, madam, had my eyes that power you speak, I would only defend my own by them, which is the only warrantable use of power in both sexes.

Lucy. Well, for a woman who has seen so much of the world, you talk very strangely.

Gra. It is to her town education, to her seeing the world, as you call it, that she owes these immodest thoughts; had her father confined her in the country, as her uncle did, and as I advised him, she would have scorned fellows as much as I do.

Bel. I hope, madam, I shall never give any of my friends reason to regret my education.

Gra. Yes, madam, I do regret it. I am sorry I have a relation who has no more virtue than to love a man. [*him.*]

Bel. My father commanded me, madam, to love

Gra. Yes, but your uncle has commanded you not.

Bel. It is not in my power to obey him, nor am I obliged to it. I defy you to say I ever gave encouragement to any other; or to him before I had my father's leave—his command. He introduced him to me, and hid me think of him as my husband. I obeyed with difficulty, till I discovered such worth, such virtues in his soul, that the reception which I at first gave him out of duty, I afterwards gave him out of love. I placed the dear image in my heart; and you, or all the world, shall never tear it thence, or plant another's there. [*almost cry to hear her.*]

Gra. Did you ever hear such a wretch! I could

Lucy. I can't help laughing at her; ha, ha, ha!

Gra. Madam! madam! more gravity would become you.

Lucy. More gaiety would become you, dear niece.

Bel. I find, aunts, it's impossible to please you both, and I'm afraid it will be difficult for me to please either; for, indeed, lady Gravelly, I shall never come up to your gravity; nor, I believe, lady Lucy, to your gaiety.

Lucy. Dear creature! you will alter your opinion when you have liberty to go to plays and assemblies.

Gra. Plays! and assemblies! send her to church.

Bel. I dare venture to both. I shall never reach that sublime way of thinking which imputes dullness to that or levity to this. And if you will give me leave to be free, I think lady Gravelly may go more to the one, and lady Lucy ought to go more to the other.

SCENE VIII.—*To them, Servant.*

Serv. Ladies, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Wilding, and another gentleman, are below.

Lucy. Show them up.

Gra. I'll not be seen.

Lucy. Nay, lady Gravelly.

Gra. I don't like such company. Besides, I have some business in my chamber.

SCENE IX.—*VALENTINE, WILDING, VEROMIL, LADY LUCY, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.*

Val. Ladies, your humble servant; I beg the honour of introducing a friend of mine—lady Lucy, Mrs. Bellaria. [*They salute.*]

Bel. O, Heavens!

Lucy. Was there much company in the Park?

Wild. All the world but yourselves; I wonder you could resist the temptation of so fine a day, lady Lucy.

Lucy. Oh! never he surprised at me but when you see me walking; for I am the most lazy creature in the world. I would not have walked to my coach this morning to have been empress of the universe. Oh! I adore the eastern way of travelling on men's shoulders: but walking is so vulgar an exercise, I wonder people of quality give in to it.

Val. It has only the recommendation of being wholesome and innocent.

Lucy. Great recommendations truly, to some antiquated prude, some poor-spirited animal, who is proud of an innocent face. [*holders any harm.*]

Wild. That is a face which never does the *Lucy.* Unless it frightens them—ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Some women are innocent from their want of beauty, as some men are from their want of courage.

Lucy. True. We should all be tyrants if we had power. [*Lucy.*]

Wild. You will be too late for the auction, lady

Lucy. The other lady has disappointed us, so I shall not go. But I have bought a picture since I saw you, which if you don't admire as much as I do, I shall not admire your judgment. [*the same thing.*]

Wild. If I do not admire it I'll say I do, and that's

SCENE X.—*VALENTINE, CLARISSA, VEROMIL, BELLARIA.*

Val. You look very ill to-day, Clarissa.

Cl. You were not obliged to tell me so, methinks.

Val. Freedom to a husband is—

Cl. Impertinence—stay till you have the title.

Val. A day will give it me.

Cl. Perhaps not. This troublesome impertinent freedom makes me believe you so near your happiness.

Val. Madam! madam! this turbulence of temper makes me fear I am too near my misery.

Clia. I don't understand you.

Val. I fear you are more difficult to be understood than I am. Stay till I have a title!—He who marries a woman, or pays for an estate, before he is apprised of their real value, will find it then too late to lament. The purchaser, indeed, may sell his estate to another with loss; but the husband, like a loaded ass, must drag on the heavy burthen till death alone relieves him. [more.]

Clia. Intolerable insolence!—I'll never see you

Val. Pardon me, Bellaria, I must follow her.—
To make the quarrel irreconcilable. [Aside.]

SCENE XI.—VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

[VEROMIL and BELLARIA, who had stood this while silent, rush into one another's arms.]

Ver. My Bellaria!

Bel. Are you—can you be my Veromil?

Ver. Let this fond kiss confirm me to be Veromil, and yours.

Bel. And this embrace, which pulls you to my heart, assure you that I know I hold my Veromil: for none but him these arms should e'er encircle.

Ver. My dear, my tender love!

Bel. Oh! tell me what strange, what unexpected chance has brought us once again together.

Ver. A chance so strange, it seems the direction of a providence, which looks with propitious pleasure on the sincerity of our virtuous loves; for, had not the accidental meeting of a friend prevented it, I had to-morrow gone for France, whither I falsely heard you was sent.

Bel. Did you never receive any letter from me?

Ver. And did not my Bellaria then forget me? Oh! how blessed had I been to have seen a line from her!

Bel. Then I have been betrayed; for know, my Veromil, I was forced from my uncle's house in the middle of the night, and in two days brought hither, where I have been kept the closest prisoner; yet I found means to write to you, and gave the letter to my maid, with a ring from my finger to enforce her faithfulness; and she has a thousand times sworn she sent it you.

Ver. O the false jade!

Bel. Heaven knows what different agonies I have felt! Sometimes I thought you dead. Nay, once I feared you false.

Ver. Oh, my Paradise! no worlds could have tempted me; for, by this sweetest, dearest hand, I swear there's not an atom in that charming form which I would change for worlds.

Bel. You know how willingly I believe you.—But hark, if we are overseen, we are ruined.

Ver. Tell me—O, tell me what I shall do.

Bel. I'll think of it.—Is Valentine your friend?

Ver. Most nearly.

Bel. Then consult with him, if you believe it safe.

Ver. Oh, Bellaria!

Bel. Farewell—My heart. [Looking fondly on one another.]

Ver. Eternal transports, agonies of joy delight thy soul! Excellent, charming creature!—But, ah! a sudden damp chills all my rising joys; for oh! what dragons must be overcome, before I gather that delicious fruit!—I must impart it to Valentine; for on his friendship hangs my sure success.

SCENE XII.—VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. Alone, and musing, dear Veromil! Are you thinking on your lady in France?

Ver. Valentine!—are you my friend?

Val. If you doubt it, I am not.

Ver. It is in your power, perhaps, to grant me my almost wish—will you?

Val. You know I will.

Ver. Be it whatever—

Val. Humph!—Faith! unless it should be to go abroad with you to-morrow; for the same reason keeps me at home that sends you away—a woman; and I believe, now you have seen her, you will confess a fine one.

Ver. What do you mean?

Val. In a word, that lady I left you alone with, I dote on to distraction.—You seem disturbed, Veromil! Did I not know you already engaged, and the constancy of your temper, her charms might excuse my suspecting a sudden conquest.

Ver. Be assured it is not in the power of wealth or beauty to change my passion.—And are you to be married to her to-morrow?

Val. Would I were. To show you I distrust not your friendship, I'll open my whole breast to you. I had for almost two years pursued that other lady, and, after a long series of importunity, at last obtained her consent, and to-morrow was the appointed day. But about a month since, the lady whom I told you of in our way from the Park came hither; that I liked her, you'll easily believe; but by frequent conversation, the disease possessed my whole mind. My love for her, and aversion for my former mistress, increased daily, till I resolved to break with the old and pursue the new passion. The one I have accomplished in an irreconcilable quarrel with Clarissa. The first step I will take to the latter, shall be by all means whatsoever to lessen her value for him she thinks herself engaged to—whom, could I once remove, I easily should supply his place.

Ver. But can you do this with honour?

Val. Ha, ha, ha! you and I had strange notions of that word when we used to read the moralists at Oxford; but our honour here is as different from that as our dress. In short, it forbids us to receive injuries, but not to do them. [Christianity.]

Ver. Fine honour, truly!—Just the reverse of

Val. Pshaw! thou art so unfashionably virtuous!

Ver. Virtue may indeed be unfashionable in this age; for ignorance and vice will always live together. And sure the world is come to that height of folly and ignorance, posterity may call this the Leadon Age. But virtue loses not its worth by being slighted by the world, more than the pearl, when the foolish cock preferred a barley-corn. Virtue is a diamond, which when the world despises, 'tis plain that knaves and fools have too much sway therein.

Val. Ay, virtue and diamonds may be very like one another; but, faith! they are seldom the ornaments of the same person.

Ver. I am sorry for it.

Val. Well, now tell me in what I can serve you?

Ver. I must first persuade you into other thoughts; but I hear company. If you please, we'll walk in the garden.

SCENE XIII.—LADY GRAVELY, following SIR AVARICE.

Gra. I tell you it's in every one's mouth—the whole world says it.

Sir Ac. Well, and what do I lose by that? Would you have me part with my wife, because the world is pleased to belie her? I'll as soon sell out of the stocks the next report that is raised about Gibraltar.

Gra. Insuperable wretch!

Sir Ac. Insuperable! you are mistaken; I have computed it, and I find it cheaper to maintain my wife at home than to allow her a separate maintenance. She has great relations, and will consequently have a great allowance. [your bosom?]

Gra. Abandoned! would you keep a serpent in

Sir As. If she's a serpent, it's more than I know. If you can prove anything against her, do it.

Gra. Will you prosecute it if I do?

Sir As. If her gallant be rich; but if he's poor, look you, I will have nothing to do with him; for I have resolved never to go to law with a beggar or a lord: the one you will never east, and the other you will get nothing by casting.

Gra. You'll get revenge. [for revenge.]

Sir As. I am too good a christian to give money.

Gra. But not to give up your conscience for money. Will you set up for a christian without honesty?

Sir As. I'll have faith, at least: and so, sister, I believe my wife honest, and will believe it till you prove the contrary.

Gra. Can a woman be honest who frequents assemblies, auctions, plays, and reads romances?

Sir As. Very innocently, I dare swear.

Gra. Who keeps an assembly herself? whose house is a public rendezvous for idle young fellows! and who is, I am afraid, sometimes alone with one fellow!

Sir As. And very innocently, I dare aver. [frowns.]

Gra. How! innocently alone with a fellow! Brother, I would not be innocently alone with a fellow for the universe.

Sir As. Since you enrage me, you yourself have a worse character than my wife.

Gra. Monster! I am ill character! I, who have lived reputably with two husbands! [factions.]

Sir As. And buried them both with great satisfaction.

Gra. The world knows how decently I grieved for them both; yes, you see too well I have not worn off the loss of the last to this day.

Sir As. Nor will not, till you have got a third, which I heartily wish you had, that my house might be at ease, and that my poor wife, my poor Penelope, might not be disturbed. For I will no more believe anything against her than I will believe a stock-jobber on the Exchange, or a lawyer in Westminster-hall.

Gra. The curses of euckoldom and credulity attend you, till thy horns put out those eyes which cannot see them!

SCENE XIV.—WILDING and LADY GRAVELY.

Wild. So, now must I transform myself into a shape as foreign to my natural one as ever Proteus did. [Aside.]—Hem! hem!—Lady Gravelly, your humble servant!

Gra. How got you admittance here, sir? I thought you knew that I receive no visits from men at this hour!

Wild. As my visits, madam, are always innocent, I presumed your ladyship might admit me at a time when you deny access to the looser of our sex. I am, indeed, unfortunately, of that part of the species which your ladyship disesteems; but sobriety, I know, recommends even a man to your ladyship's favour. [to sobriety, sir.]

Gra. Sobriety! you have, indeed, a great title.

Wild. I own, indeed, the former part of my life has been too freely spent; but love has made me a convert. Love, which has made the sober often gay, has made me sober.

Gra. I am glad a good effect can proceed from a bad cause. Who can she be who has wrought this?

Wild. Would I durst tell you! [miracle?]

Gra. What do you fear?

Wild. Your anger. [could forgive it.]

Gra. Tho' I disapprove of love—if virtuous, I

Wild. Then 'tis yourself, yourself, madam; the object of my thoughts, my dreams, my wishes—

Gra. In love with me! I hope, sir, my conduct has not given encouragement.

Wild. Oh! do not, do not look thus cruel on me. Those eyes should only dart their lightnings on the profligate; but, when approached with purity, should he all gentle, mild, propitious. I, madam, despise and hate the world as you. Coquets are my aversion.

Gra. That, indeed, shows your sense.

Wild. Would but my fate so far less me, that I might have the opportunity of conversing with a woman of your sense, of communicating my censures on the world to you, and approving yours! Nothing can be harmful that passes between such a pair, [Kissing her hand.] let what will proceed

Gra. Odious name! [from their amours.]

Wild. Their virtuous hours. [Kissing it harder.]

The world never lays any censure on their conduct.

Gra. The world is not half so censorious as it ought to be on the flirting part of the sex.—Really, I know very few who are not downright naughty.

Wild. Yes, and openly—it is six times the crime. The manner of doing ill, like the manner of doing well, is chiefly considered—and then the persons too.

Gra. The giggling, ogling, silly, vile creatures!

Wild. I don't know a woman, beside yourself, one can converse with. [my sex.]

Gra. Truly I am at a loss for conversation among

Wild. Ab! madam, might one who has the misfortune to be a man— [are so bad.]

Gra. Don't call it a misfortune, since the women

Wild. Can I hope!

Gra. 'Tis to the men too we are obliged for knowing what women are; if they were secret, all women would pass for virtuous.

Wild. Yet I abhor want of secrecy. Had I been admitted to familiarities, I would have sooner died than discovered them. [a manly virtue.]

Gra. I cannot deny, indeed, but that secrecy is

Wild. Oh! it is the characteristic of a man.

Gra. I am glad to see a young man of such charm.

Wild. Oh, madam! [ing principles.]

Gra. Such a just and had notion of the world.

Wild. Madam! madam! [women.]

Gra. Such a thorough, thorough hatred of had

Wild. Dear madam!

Gra. And at the same time such a perfect, tender, manly concern for the reputation of all women.

Wild. Oh! eternally careful, madam.

Gra. And to show you my approbation, I will venture to walk with you in the garden till dinner.

I will but speak to a servant and follow you. [Exit.]

Wild. Sob! by what I can see, lady Lucy, you are in a fair way to repent sending me of this errand. Make diversion for you! I shall make diversion for myself, I believe; for nothing but the devil can prevent my success, and I'm sure it's not his business to prevent it.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—The Ante-Chamber.—LADY LUCY, WILDING.

Lady Lucy. I have been half dead with impatience to know your success.

Wild. If ever I am sent on such an errand again—

Lady Lucy. I'll engage she gave it you home.

Wild. That she did, indeed.

Lady Lucy. And—and—Ha, ha, ha!—How did she receive you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Why, I attacked her in a grave solemn style. I put on as hypocritical a countenance as a Jesuit at a confession.

Lady Lucy. And she received you like a nun, I suppose.

Wild. Sir (says she), while you frequent my sister's assemblies, your affected sobriety will gain no place in my belief. I receive no visits from any man—but from such a gay, wild, loose, raking, dancing, singing, fluttering—

Lucy. Coxcomb! Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Would you recommend yourself to me, you must leave off your whole set of company, and particularly that wild, vain, thoughtless, flirting, unfixed, inconstant—

Lucy. Hold! hold!

Wild. Manicking, sighing, laughing—

Lucy. Whom do you mean?

Wild. She named nobody.

Lucy. No, she did not need. I know whom she scandalised, and I'll tell her, be it only to make mischief.

Wild. I say she named nobody at first; but when she found I did not know the picture by her colours, she writ your name at the bottom.

Lucy. My name!

Wild. 'Tis too true.

Lucy. The devil take you for telling me of it; it has discomposed me so—I find it impossible to have any complexion to-day.

Wild. You need none—you have done mischief enough already; 'tis time to think of repairing some of it.

Lucy. But I will not repair any mischief I have done.

Wild. That's an affectation; you are better-natured.

Lucy. Indeed, I am as cruel as Caligula. I wish your whole sex had but one pair of eyes, that I might kill them all with a frown.

Wild. And one body, that you might recover them as easily. Come, come, lady Lucy, I have been your fool long enough, and have had no reward for my pains.

Lucy. No reward! Have I not spoke to you in all public places? Have I not read your odious letters? Have I not sung your more odious songs? Have I not suffered you to gallant my fiancé, to kiss my lap-dog? What can a reasonable creature ask which I have not done?

Wild. The only thing a reasonable creature would ask. You have turned the tables on me finely, indeed, and made that my reward which I should have pleaded as my merit. A prince would be finely served truly, who, when his soldiers asked him for a reward, was to tell them the honour of serving him was one.

Lucy. I can reckon fifty lovers of mine contented

Wild. Rare lovers! A lady would be as finely served by such lovers as a king by such soldiers—fellows only fit to guard a drawing-room, or to court in it; and of no more use in the real fields of love or war than a muskincub in a bed-chamber or a parson in a battle.

Lucy. I have taken a sudden resolution—

Wild. Have a care of a bad one!

Lucy. Never to see you more.

Wild. I thank you for telling me, however, because it has led me into another resolution.

Lucy. Impertinent!

Wild. Never to leave you more till you have given me all the joys in your power.

Lucy. I hate you.

Wild. That's barbarous, when you know my love.

Lucy. Yes, I do know your love; and therefore I have used you like a spaniel, and will use you like a spaniel.

Wild. And I, like a spaniel, will but fawn the more, my angel.

[Takes her in his arms.]

SCENE II.—To them, SIR AVARICE PEDANT.

Sir Ar. Hoity-toity! Hey-day! What's here to do!—have I caught you, gentlefolks!—I begin to see I am rightly informed. Are these your innocent gaieties, madam?

SCENE III.—To them, SIR HARRY WILDING.

Sir Har. Where is the dog? Sirrah! scoundrel where are you? I shall see you banged, rascal! shall see you banged, sirrah! I'll begin the executioner's work. I'll chastise you, sirrah!

Wild. Humph!

Sir Ar. Sir Harry! what is the matter?

Sir Har. The matter! Why, sir, my boy, my lawyer that I told you of, is ruined and undone.

Sir Ar. How, pray!—[Aside.] I'm glad to hear it, however.

Sir Har. How! why, he is a fop, a coxcomb, and I shall see him banged. That's he, sir—that's the lawyer. I'll disinherit you, dog.

[such a fate.]

Wild. Sir, I hope I have done nothing to deserve *Sir Har.* Nothing! Is disappointing my hopes nothing? Is being a beau, when I thought you a lawyer, nothing!—I'll disinherit you, sirrah!—you are no son of mine—you have proved your mother a strampet, and me a cuckold.

Sir Ar. Truly, so he has me too, I'm afraid.

Lucy. Heaven send us safe off.

Sir Har. You must know, sir, I came up to town to marry you to this gentleman's niece—a fine young lady with twenty thousand pound—

Lucy. Ha!

Sir Har. But you shall beg, or starve, or steal, it is equal to me. Sir, I cannot but be in a passion; he has injured me in the tenderest point.

Sir Ar. So be has me, truly.

Lucy. And me, I am sure.

Sir Ar. In short I suspect, Sir Harry, that he has been too free with my wife; and he who is too free with one's wife may, some time or other, rob one's house.

Sir Har. Nay, perhaps, he has begun to rob already. It's probable I may see him banged before I go out of town.

Lucy. He has been too free indeed! What did you ever see in me, sir, or in my conduct, which could give you an ill suspicion of me?

Wild. So! I'm in a fine way I faith.

Sir Har. I shall see him banged.

Sir Ar. He deserves it truly.

Lucy. What could make me imagine that I was to be bribed to so mean, base, low an action! what could make you think I'd ever sell my niece?

Sir Ar. And *Sir Har.* How!

Lucy. Sir Avarice, you are a stranger to the arts of this wicked young man: he has importuned me a thousand times, since Bellaria's coming to town, to betray her to him; and just now he vowed never to let me go till I had promised. Had you not come in, Heaven knows whether I should have ever got away from him.

Wild. Can you blame the effects of love, madam? You yourself see what a metamorphosis it has caused in me.—I, who for six long years scarce ever lived out of a study, who knew no amusement, no diversion, but in books, no sooner saw the charming maid than reading grew my bane; gaiety, dress, everything that might charm the fair, has since employed my

Sir Har. What do I hear?

Wild. My father here, who, from not knowing the cause of this transformation, has so severely resented it, can testify the truth of what I say.

Sir Har. I shall see the rogue a judge!—That I can, my dear boy; and will take care that thou shalt not be forced to bribe or beg any one: the girl shall be thy own.—Sir Avarice, I ask your pardon; and, madam, I ask your pardon; and, Harry, I ask your pardon.

[errature!] [Aside.]

Wild. Oh, sir! you make me blush.—Dear witty

Sir Av. You were not so good as your word, at dinner, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. I was hunting after my boy here; but I will be glad to be recommended to the butler presently.

Sir Av. At your own time.—Come, my dear: Sir Harry may have some privacies for his son: I have something to impart to you too.

SCENE IV.—SIR HARRY WILDING, YOUNG WILDING.

Sir Har. But hark you, young man; what's become of all your law-books, hey?

Wild. Books, sir! at my chambers, sir.

Sir Har. Then they are invisible. If I could but have seen as much of them as of my own in the country (I mean the outside) I should have been satisfied.—And pray, sir, how came you by this letter?

Wild. Damnation! [Aside.]

Sir Har. Why don't you answer?

Wild. That letter, sir?

Sir Har. Yes, sir, that letter, sir?

Wild. That letter, sir?

Sir Har. Yes, sir.

Wild. I don't know what it is, sir, I never read it.

Sir Har. You are too great a man to read your own letters, I suppose. You keep a secretary, I hope. I have paid off your secretary, I assure you. But I presume—you can read it. You are not a perfect beau, I hope. [done. [Aside.]

Wild. What shall I do? I am ruined and un-

Sir Har. Or shall I read it for you? [reads it.] I found this in your chamber, sir, in your strong box. Your effects were all paper, sir. Are not you a fine gentleman? Oh! Harry! Harry! that ever I should find such a letter as this, directed to—ha! to Capt. Bevil.

Wild. 'Sdeath! how came I not to recollect that sooner? [Aside.]—To Capt. Bevil!—I see the whole *Sir Har.* What mistake? [mistake.]

Wild. You have been at another gentleman's chambers. [placed you.]

Sir Har. Sir, I was at those chambers where I

Wild. Ah, sir! there's the mistake. I changed them about a fortnight ago; they were so noisy they discomposed me in my study. I should have sent you word of it in my next letter. [errors, I'm sure.]

Sir Har. How! I have committed a fine set of *Wild.* What have you done, sir?

Sir Har. Broke open a few locks, that's all—I may be banged myself now before I go into the country. [man to deal with.]

Wild. Forbid it—you have a most litigious

Sir Har. I must make it up in the best manner I can. You must assist me with law. But come, we will lose no time with our heilless. Besides, I long to see your chambers and your books. I am resolved I'll find some time this afternoon. I'll first obey a certain call that I find within me, and then wash my face and hands, and get my wig powdered, that I may be fit to wait on the young lady: so don't be out of the way.

Wild. This is a miraculous escape! or rather a short reprieve: for how to carry on the deceit I don't know. I'll e'en go and advise with trusty Pincet; for I believe he is (as well as several of my brother Templars' servants) a better lawyer than his master.

SCENE V.—SIR AVARICE, LADY LUCY, BELLARIA, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Be not angry with me, Bellaria, I get nothing by this match; and when I get nothing by an affair, it is very hard I should be blamed for it.

Bel. I know not whom to be angry with.

Lucy. Look you, Bellaria, I am heartily sorry for your misfortune; because I know nothing so inconvenient as being married to a very gay man. Mr. Wilding may be a diverting lover, but he is not fit for a husband. [madam.]

Bel. I cannot distinguish between those names.

Lucy. Don't affect the prude, dear Bellaria.—You see yourself reduced to a necessity of marrying, and I know but one way in the world to avoid the match proposed—and that too, by Sir Avarice's leave.

Sir Av. Anything in my power. I confess I do not approve of the young man.

Lucy. Then let us leave the lovers together. If you can agree, Bellaria, to prefer a sober young man who loves you, to a wild fellow who values you no more than a thousand others, you may escape what you so much dread.

Sir Av. Well, well, you see my excessive fondness, niece. I sacrifice my reputation to your happiness.

SCENE VI.—BELLARIA, YOUNG PEDANT

Bel. I am infinitely obliged to your concern for me—[A long silence here.] So, cousin, you hear what my aunt says; you are in love with me, it seems.

Young P. No, truly, I can't profess that I am. Matrimony is a subject I have very little revolved in my thoughts: but obedience to a parent is most undoubtedly due.

Bel. Obedience to a parent, cousin!

Young P. Nay, nay, I shall not require anything to be given which admits of a dispute—or which (as Mr. Locke very well observes) does not receive our assent as soon as the proposition is known and understood. Let us introduce then this syllogism:

Whatever the law of nature enjoins is indispensably just: [parent:]

But the law of nature enjoins obedience to a *Ergo,* Obedience to a parent is indispensably just.

Bel. Nay, but what have we to do with the law of nature?

Young P. O, if you require farther—the divine law confirms the law of nature. I shall proceed to show that it is approved by profane writers also; translating them, as they occur, for your more immediate comprehension.

Bel. I'll leave you to your meditations.

SCENE VII.—YOUNG PEDANT ALONE.

Young P. Venus says to *Aeneas*, in Virgil, "Fear not the commands of a parent; nor refuse to obey her precepts." What says *Poynices* to *Jocasta*, in Euripides? "Whatever you will, O my mother, shall also be grateful to me." The sons of *Metellus*, as recorded by *Alexander*, are a great instance—*Plautus*, in *Sticho*—"Whatever our parents command we are obliged to perform." Why are *Cicobis* and *Biton* preferred by *Solon* in *Herodotus*? why, for their piety to their mother. What an instance have we in the second son of *Artaxerxes*—

SCENE VIII.—To him, VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. So, cousin Pedant, what, arguing with your *Young P.* What! is she gone? [self:]

Val. Who?

Young P. The lady: Bellaria, I think they call her. The women of this age are profoundly wicked! I was proving to her the necessity of obeying a parent, and she would not stay to hear it.

Val. Oh! you must not entertain ladies with those subjects

Young P. I should rejoice egregiously not to be obliged to entertain them at all. I have a very hard fate that I cannot be permitted to pursue my studies,

but must be summoned up hither to be married. I have money enough to buy hooks and the necessities of life! why should I marry then?—Because my wife is rich. Why, if it be granted that I have enough, the conclusion will be that I do not want more. Here's news for you, Valentine. [more.]

Val. The villany of my uncle gives me more surprise than I have apprehension from his son.

Ver. Surprised at villany now-a-days! No, Valentine, he surprised when you see a man honest; when you find that man whom gold will not transform into a knave, I will believe it possible you may find that stone which will change everything into gold.

SCENE IX.—To them, WILKING.

Wild. Wish me joy, wish me joy, my friends! [Joy.]

Ver. We should rather ask the occasion of your

Wild. The usual occasion, marriage. I don't know but I may be married to-morrow. But, perhaps, you'll think, from what I said to-day, I should have rather begged your pity than your congratulation. [But who is she?]

Ver. Your wife may, perhaps, want that most.

Wild. She is—she is—Ha, ha, ha!

Val. One thou art ashamed to name, I believe.

Wild. She is a very great friend of a friend of yours. She is even Bellaria!

Val. Bellaria!

Ver. Confusion!

[Aside.]

Wild. My father is arrived on that purpose. The matter is agreed with the guardian in the country, who is himself coming to town. This haste, it seems, is lest she should be discovered by a lover in the country. But you don't wish me joy, methinks.

Val. Because I believe you won't have her.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! If I have her not—if I don't win her, wed her, love her, and grow weary of her in a month, may I be reduced to that last extremity, to live by the charity of superannuated widows of the town, and either go to bed with an old woman or without a supper.

Val. A very modest declaration! and may you thrive according to your merits. But I must leave you on some business.—Veromil.

SCENE X.—WILKING, YOUNG PEDANT.

Wild. So cold! 'Sdeath! this fellow's in love with matrimony itself, and jealous of any others sharing in it. [Winking.]

Young P. Sir, if I recollect your face, your name is

Wild. Ha! Mr. Pedant, your very humble servant.

Young P. I bear, sir, you are about to consummate with a young lady here. I assure you none will so sensibly rejoice in your fortune as myself.

Wild. Dear sir!

Young P. For your preferment will be my deliverance, and the occasion of restoring me to my studies. Oh, sir! [dies.]

Young P. For books are, in my eye, as much preferable to women as the Greek language is to the French.

Wild. You say true; and women are as much more difficult to be understood.

Young P. Ay, sir; and when you have studied them your whole life, you may justly say of them what a certain philosopher romanced of learning—"That you know nothing at all."

Wild. It is, no doubt, a very great uneasiness to you to be absent from your hooks.

Young P. Yet, sir, do not imagine me totally absent: I have the benefit of a friend's chambers in the Temple, one formerly my chum, now out of town, who has no very bad collection, and condescends to permit me the use of his rooms.

Wild. You just now told me you rejoiced in my Young P. I remember. [fortune.]

Wild. It is then in your power to promote it infinitely by lending me your chambers this afternoon.

Young P. Sir, you may depend upon my doing—quantum in me, to serve you. How will they be instrumental! [I hear company.]

Wild. If you will walk with me I'll tell you, for

SCENE XI.—CLARISSA, followed by BELLARIA, VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Cl. Nothing shall prevail with me: I detest his sight; the appearance of ghosts or fiends can bring no greater horror, nor more would I avoid them.

Val. You see, Bellaria, how happy I should have been in a wife.

Bel. This is only affectation; you must not part so. Follow her, Mr. Valentine; she can fly no farther than that chamber. Nay, I vow you shall. The little quarrels of lovers are only throwing water on the flames, which quells them for a while, then makes them burn the brighter.

Val. But when you throw on too great a quantity, the flames may be extinguished.

Bel. Nay, this is barbarous: you must and shall follow her and appease her.

Val. Since you command, madam—it shall be my own fault, if this be not the last visit. [Aside.]

SCENE XII.—VEROMIL, BELLARIA.

Ver. [Looking on BELLARIA, and speaking as to himself.] Can deceit take root in such a soil?—No, I'll sooner disbelieve my friend.—She can't be false; heaven never would have stamped its image on so base a coin. The eyes which have beheld that face will never believe themselves against her—so lively is innocence writ there—can falsehood then—

Bel. What means my love?

Ver. I know not what I mean.

Bel. Named you not falsehood?

Ver. Ha! do you start at that sound? A guilty conscience starts when it is upbraided—the name of a crime has magic in it to the guilty ear.

Bel. I am confounded!

Ver. So am I, Bellaria!

Bel. Oh! tell me what it is that afflicts you. I will relieve your pain.

Ver. Have you the power then of that fabled spear? can you as easily cure as give a wound?

Bel. [Smiling.] If I have given you the wound, I will have the charity to cure it.

Ver. Your charity is extensive, madam; you would do the same to more—to Valentine. But Oh! you cannot wound him as you have wounded me; his heart is better fortified; one of those whom love may make a scar in for a while, which time will soon wear off. You have pierced my soul, Bellaria.

Bel. It never felt a pain like that torments me now; tell me, be generous, and tell me all your griefs.

Ver. What can they be but that Bellaria's false! false with my friend; she triumphs in her falsehood, and bids me make a confidant of my happier rival.

Bel. Do I hear this, and live!

Ver. Wonder rather that I have lived to tell it. Live! I do not! my life was wrapped in you, in you, my only love, whom youth or beauty, wit or wealth, could never chase away from my bosom; whom, through a tedious three years' absence, amidst the splendour of foreign courts, my constant breast still cherished as its guardian angel; for

whom I've sighed, I've wept more than becomes a man to boast of.

Bel. I shall not boast what I have done for you; yet this; I would not have accused you without a cause.

Ver. A cause! demonstration is one.

Bel. Demonstration!

Ver. Ay, madam! the words of such a friend are little less: he told me that you knew of his passion, and had not discouraged it. [heaven, he wronged me.

Bel. By all that's virtuous—by all the powers of *Ver.* Whom shall I believe?

Bel. Your friend—a woman's testimony bears no proportion with a man's.

Ver. By heaven it should not.

Bel. Still maintain the unjust superiority; allow no virtue, no merit to us; make us, as you do, your slaves. Inconstancy, which damns a woman, is no crime in man. The practised libertine who seduces poor, unskilful, thoughtless virgins is applauded, while they must suffer endless infamy and shame. Well have ye revenged the sin of Eve upon us; for man has since supplied the serpent's place, and scandalously lurks to cause our ruin: for what but such an infernal spirit could inspire a villain to abuse my innocence to you?

Ver. Could he be such a villain?

Bel. Do, believe him, ungrateful as thou art; but oh! remember this, you'll find too late how much you've wronged me, and curse that credulous ear which separates us for ever.

[*As she is going, he catches hold of her.*

Ver. Oh stay! [*Looking fondly at her.*] By heavens thou canst not be false.

Bel. Be not too sure of anything; I was too sure you never could have thought me so.

Ver. Oh! did you know the torments of my mind, you'd pity, not upbraid me.

Bel. Witness heaven I do pity you; and while I am racked with torments of my own, I feel yours too.

Ver. Oh! thou art all angel; would I had had no ears, or he no tongue, or that I had lost my own, ere I had said—I believe, I know thee innocent; thy mind is white as purest snow. But oh! that cursed suspicion has blackened mine. I never shall forgive it to myself.

Bel. For my sake, ease the tempests of your mind. I'll never think on't more.

Ver. When I deserve it, do. Surely thou art more than woman. How dearly mightest thou have revenged my unjust accusation, by keeping me a few moments in the horror of having offended thee, or doubt of thy pardon.

Bel. Unkindly you think me capable of such a behaviour. No, Veromil, I know the sincerity of your love—and would not give you an uneasy hour, to gain more worlds than you deserve.

Ver. Hear her, ye wanton fools, who sacrifice your own and lover's happiness to fantastic triumphs and an ill-judging world. O, may'st thou be the pattern of thy sex; till women, learning by thy bright example, wipe off the scandals which are thrown upon them! O, let me press thee to my heart for ever,

Still searching out new beauties in thy mind,
A perfect woman till I prove, design'd
By heaven, its greatest blessing on mankind.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—WILDING, PINEY.

Wild. You have your part perfect!

Pin. As my catechism, sir; and I'll engage, that I act it to your satisfaction. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours, old gentleman—

if I don't make your heart bleed, may you fetch the last drop out of mine!

Wild. Fetch but the money out of his pocket—

Pin. That's my intention—the way to most men's hearts is through their pockets.

Wild. But do you think he will not discover you when you are disguised in the gown?

Pin. Oh, sir! you need not fear that; a gown will hide a rogue at any time.

Wild. Away, then; for should the old gentleman see us together, we are ruined—My affairs in this house are in a very good situation. Here are four ladies in it, and I am in a fair way of being happy with three of them. Agad, I begin to wish myself fairly off with my two aunts; for I think a modest and reasonable man can desire no more than one woman out of a family. But I have gone too far to make an honourable retreat; for women act in love as heroes do in war—their passions are not presently raised for the combat; but, when once up, there's no getting off without fighting. Here comes one. Humph! [*Stands with his arms across.*

SCENE II.—LADY GRAVELY, WILDING.

Gra. Are you meditating, Mr. Wilding?

Wild. Lady Gravelly, I ask a thousand pardons.

Gra. Oh! you can't recommend yourself to me more; I love to see young men thoughtful. And really, young men now-a-days seem to be ashamed to think.

Wild. They ought to be so! for the only excuse to their actions is a supposition that they do not.

Gra. That's very justly said. I find you and I sympathise in opinion.

Wild. Their dress, however, would persuade one otherwise. The care and art employed in that seem the effects of thought—

Gra. In milliners and valets des *chambres*.

Wild. I wonder how they recommend themselves to so many fine ladies.

Gra. You mistake. There are half a dozen green-sickness girls, who long for beaux, and chalk, and those things; but they are equally despised by knowing women. For my part, I think them pardonable no longer than a doll.

Wild. And of no more use. Like, that too, they rise in value as they are richer dressed.

Gra. They are my aversion.

Wild. That, I fear, our whole sex is.

Gra. That's too generally spoken—I can't say all. I have found two exceptions already—and I don't know but I have seen a third.

Wild. Is it possible?

Gra. You can't guess how excessively some things you have said have succeeded in my favour.

Wild. O, my happiness!

Gra. So much, that I shall do for you—what, I vow, I never did to any but my husbands.

Wild. Sob!

Gra. Yet I fear I shall not prevail on you.

Wild. O, my angel! I vow by this soft hand I'll instantly obey. [*more of Belaria.*

Gra. Then I will give you my advice. Think no *Wild.* Humph!

Gra. What can she have to tempt you?

Wild. She is really handsome.

Gra. Her face, indeed, looks pretty well; but she paints. Then for her shape; she bolsters her stays. Then I'll tell you two particular deformities—she has a rotten tooth in the left side of her upper jaw, and crooked legs.

Wild. Still, madam, there is one pleasure which recompenses all—my marrying your niece will entitle me to your conversation.

Gra. So far from that—if you marry her, I'll never see you more.

Wild. What reason can you have?

Gra. A thousand—the world might suspect our familiarity. How must my reputation then suffer! O, I would not for worlds even now be thought—but now a thousand excuses might be made. There's no consanguinity in the case; the naughtiness of others; an agreeable young man! passion of love!

Wild. Oh, my saint!—[*He takes her by the hand, and during the rest of the scene is hauling her to the door.*]

Gra. Though I would not now—yet—if I did—my reputation would suffer in so small a degree—now-a-days scarce at all. And if you were secret—

Wild. No torments should extort it from me.

Gra. I should have only my own conscience to satisfy. And though no conscience is more tender, yet, temptations allowed for—

Sir Har. [without.] Harry! Harry! Where's Harry!

Gra. I faint, I die, I am undone! run, run into that chamber, and fasten the door on the inside: I'll knock when you may come out.

SCENE III.—SIR HARRY WILDING, LADY GRAVELY.

Sir Har. Have you seen my son, madam?

Gra. Not since dinner, sir Harry.

Sir Har. What can become of him! I have been beating about this half-hour. I have unkenelled a fox in less time.

Gra. Sir Harry, you may thank your stars that conducted you to me; for perhaps it is in my power to save your son from ruin!

Sir Har. How, madam!

Gra. I fear he is about marrying a woman who will make him miserable.

Sir Har. No, no, madam; I have taken care to prepare such a match as shall make him happy.

Gra. Perhaps you are mistaken. I speak against my relation; but honour obliges it. In short, sir Harry, my niece has not those principles which can make a good wife.

Sir Har. I ask your pardon, madam, she has twenty thousand pounds—very good principles, I *think.*

Gra. She is a wild, flirting, giddy jilt. [think.]

Sir Har. Is that all! [be.]

Gra. I am afraid she is no better than she should

Sir Har. I don't expect it.

Gra. Her reputation has a flaw—a flaw as wide as I— [madam.]

Sir Har. She has money enough to stop it up, madam.

Gra. Would you marry your son to a woman who has a flaw in her reputation?

Sir Har. If she had as many as she has pounds, and if I were to receive a pound for every flaw, the more she had the better. [Exit.]

Gra. What shall I do! If he marries her, I lose him for ever. I am distracted.

SCENE IV.—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY, YOUNG PERANT.

Lucy. You seem discomposed, sister; what's the matter?

Gra. I suppose you are in the plot too

Lucy. What plot?

Gra. To sell my niece—to give her up to a wild, raking, extravagant young fellow—to Wilding.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me. I came this moment to consult with you how to prevent it. Not that I imagine Wilding what you call him, nor that Bellaria would be unhappy with him; but I have another's happiness in my view.

Gra. Distraction! she's in love with him herself. [Aside.]

Lucy. Now, my dear, if you may be trusted with a secret.

Gra. Any secret is safe with me—that is not contrary to virtue and honour.

Lucy. Nay, but I am afraid that you refine too much on those words.

Gra. Refine, madam! I believe to censure your conduct needs no refinement. I see very well what your drift is—I know what you would say.

Young P. Hold, aunt. That you can know what my mother is going to say is denied; for to know one's thoughts before that knowledge is conveyed by words implies a supernatural insight into the mind. It will be proper, therefore, to prove you have that insight, before any assent to your proposition can be required.

Gra. Fool! coxcomb! pedant! You should be sent to an academy to learn men before you converse with them, or else be confined to a tub, as one of your philosophers were, till you had learnt enough to know you are a fool.

Young P. Aunt, I wish a female relation of mine was shut up till any one thought her wise beside herself.—Shut up in a tub! I agree, so that no women trouble me. I had rather live in a tub by myself than in a palace with a woman. You see, madam, what an encouragement I have to marry. What a task must I undertake to marry a girl, when my aunt, who has had two husbands, is not half tamed! Get me such a wife as Andromache was, and I'll marry; but for your fine ladies, as you term them, I would as soon put on a laced coat, for they are both alike: your fine coat is only admired when new, no more is your fine lady—your fine coat is most commonly the property of a fool, so is your fine lady—your fine coat is to be bought, so is your fine lady. I despise them both to an excessive degree.

Lucy. Leave us, sir, till you learn more manners.

Young P. I obey willingly.

SCENE V.—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

Lucy. A pedant is a most intolerable wretch: I'm afraid she'll never endure him.

Gra. Who endures him?

Lucy. That is my secret.—Sir Avarice sent for this wretch to town, in order to match him to Bellaria. I was afraid to trust you with it, because of your nice principles.

Gra. Indeed, I do not approve of any clandestine affair; but, since it is the lesser evil of the two, it is to be preferred; for nothing can equal the misery of marrying a rake. O! the vast happiness of a life of vapours with such a husband.

Lucy. I am a little in the vapours at this present: I wish, my dear, you would give me a spoonful of your ratafia.

Gra. Was ever anything so unfortunate!—It is in the closet of my chamber, and I have lost the key.

Lucy. One of mine will open it.

Gra. Besides, now I think on't—I threw down the hottle yesterday and broke it. [morning.]

Lucy. You have more; for I drank some this

Gra. Did you so? then, I assure you, you shall taste no more this day; I'll have some regard for your health, if you have none.

Lucy. Nay, I will have one drop.

Gra. Indeed you shan't.

Lucy. Indeed I will. [They struggle, LADY LUCY gets to the door and pushes it.

SCENE VI.—To them, WILDING from the closet.

Lucy. If this be your ratafia, you may keep it all to yourself: the very sight of it has cured me. Ha, ha, ha!

Gra. Sir, if I may expect truth from such as you,

confess by what art, and with what design, you conveyed yourself into my chamber.

Lucy. Confess, sir, by what art did you open the door when the key was lost? [rob me.]

Gra. I cannot suspect a gentleman of a design to *Lucy*. Only, like a gentleman, of what you would not be a bit the poorer for losing.

Gra. Speak, sir; how got you there? what was your design?

Lucy. He is dumb.

Gra. He is inventing a lie, I suppose.

Lucy. He is bringing forth truth, I believe: it comes so difficultly from him.

Wild. If I am not revenged on you, madam!—Look ye, ladies, since our design is prevented, I don't know why it should be kept a secret; so, lady *Lucy*, you have my leave to tell it.

Lucy. I tell!

Gra. Oh! the creature! is she in the plot? O virtue, virtue! whither art thou flown? O the monstrous impiety of the age!

Wild. Nay, there was no such impiety in the case neither; so tell, lady *Lucy*.

Lucy. Surprising!

Gra. Oh! the confidence of guilt!

Wild. Come, come, discover all: tell her ladyship the whole design of your putting me in her chamber.

—But you will own you have lost the wager.

Lucy. Impudence beyond belief!

Gra. Tell me, sir—I beseech you, tell me.

Wild. Only a wager between lady *Lucy* and me, whether your ladyship was afraid of spirits. So lady *Lucy* conveyed me into your chamber; and if, upon my stalking out as frightful as possible, your ladyship shrieked out, I was to lose the wager.

Lucy. Impudacious!

Gra. No, no; it is for evil consciences to fear; innocence will make me bold: but let me tell you, sister, I do not like jesting with serious things. So you thought to frighten me, sir; I am not to be frightened, I assure you.—

Lucy. By anything in the shape of a man, I am confident. [Aside.]

Servant [entering]. Lady *Basto*, madam, is at the door.

Gra. I am to go with her to *Dearda's*. I forgive your frolic, sister, and I hope you are convinced that I am not afraid of sprites.

SCENE VII.—LADY LUCY, WILDING.

Lucy. Leave the room.

Wild. When you command with a smile, I obey; but as a fine lady never frowns but in jest, what she says then may be supposed to be spoken in jest to.

Lucy. This assurance is insupportable; to believe me to my sister—before my face too!

Wild. Hear this now! What way shall a man take to please a woman? Did you not desire me to make love to her for your diversion? Have I not done it? Am I not striving to bring matters to an issue? Should I not have frustrated it all at once if I had not come off some way or other? What other way could I have come off? Have I not been labouring, sweating, toiling for your diversion? and do you banish me for it!

Lucy. Nay, if this be true—

Wild. Rip open my heart, that fountain of truth, and there you will see it with your own dear image.

Lucy. Well, then, do one thing, and I forgive you.

Wild. Anything.

Lucy. Refuse my niece.

Wild. Anything but that.

Lucy. You shall—you must.

Wild. To refuse a fine lady, with twenty thousand

pounds, is neither in my will nor in my power. It is against law, reason, justice—in short, it is a most execrable sin, and I'll die a martyr to matrimony ere I consent to it.

Lucy. And I'll die a thousand times rather than you shall have her.

Wild. What reason can you have?

Lucy. Ill-nature.

Wild. I see a better—you would have me yourself. Look'ee, madam, I'll lay a fair wager I am at liberty again before you. You will never bury Sir *Avarice*; you are not half fond enough. Kindness is the surest pill to an old husband; the greatest danger from a woman, or a serpent, is in their embraces.

Lucy. Indeed, you are mistaken, wise sir; I do not want to bury him; but if I did bury him, matrimony should be the last folly I'd commit again, and you the last man in the world I'd think of for a husband.

Wild. But the first for a lover, my angel.

Lucy. Keep off. Remember the serpent.

Wild. I'm resolved to venture.

Lucy. I'll alarm the house; I'll raise the powers of heaven and hell to my assistance.

Wild. And I,

Clasp'd in the folds of love, will meet my doom,

And act my joys, tho' thunder shook the room,

Sir As. [without] Oh! the villain, the rogue!

Wild. It thunders now, indeed.

Sir As. Was ever such a traitor heard of!

SCENE VIII.—To them, SIR AVARICE PEDANT.

Lucy. What's the matter, Sir *Avarice*?

Sir As. Ask me nothing: I am in such a passion, I shall never come to myself again.

Lucy. That will break my heart certainly.

Sir As. We have harboured in our house a traitor,

Lucy. Whom, my dear? [a thief, a villain.]

Sir As. The gentleman *Valentine* brought hither to-day I have overheard making love to *Bellaria*.

Wild. Whom, *Veromil*!

Lucy. I am glad to hear it. [Aside.]

SCENE IX.—To them, VALENTINE.

Sir As. Pack up your all, sir, pack up your all, and begone; you shall not bring a set of idle vagabonds to my house, I am resolved.

Val. You surprise me, sir! what vagabonds have I brought!

Sir As. Why, good sir! the gentleman you were so kind to introduce to me this day I have discovered.

Val. How, sir! [addressing *Bellaria*.]

Sir As. I have overheard him, sir, just now. So, if you please to go to him from me, and desire him civilly to walk out of my house.

Val. Nay, sir—if it be so—

Sir As. And heark'ee, sir, if you please to show him the way, to conduct him yourself, you will prevent my using rougher means. Here, sir, you harbour no longer. I see him coming up the gallery; we'll leave you to deliver your message. Hark you! cut his throat, and I will deal favourably with you in that affair; you know what I mean. [Aside.]

SCENE X.—VALENTINE, VEROMIL.

Val. If *Veromil* be a villain!

Ver. Valentine, I am glad to find you: I have been looking for you.

Val. I am sorry Mr. *Veromil* should have acted in a manner to make our meeting uneasy to either. I am forced to deliver you a message from my uncle less civil than I thought you could have deserved.

Ver. What's this, Valentine?

Val. The violation of our long and tender friendship shocks me so, I have hardly power to disclose your crime more—than that you know my love, and

Ver. How, sir! [have basely wronged it.

Val. You have injured me—you know it.

Ver. Valentine, you have injured me, and do not know it: yet the injustice of the act you know. Yes, too well you know religion forbids an injury to a stranger.

Val. French not religion to me.—Ob! it well becomes the mouth of hypocrisy to thunder Gospel tenets to the world, while there is no spark of honour in the soul.

Ver. You speak the meaning of a libertine age; the heart that throws off the face of religion wears but the masque of honour.

Val. Rather, be that has not honour wears but the mask of piety. Canting sits easy on the tongue that would employ its rhetoric against a friend.

Ver. Your reflection on me is base and vain. You know I scorn the apprehension of doing a wrong.

Val. Ha!

Ver. Nay, 'tis true; true as that you did intend to wrong another; to rob him of his right, his love; and Heaven, in vengeance on the black design, ordained it to be your friend. Yes, Valentine, it was from me the beautiful, lovely Bellaria was torn; her whom I ignorantly would have pursued abroad; and 'tis to you I owe that I am not robbed of her for ever.

Val. Curse on the obligation! 'Tis to chance, not me; for bad I known to whom I had discovered her, thou hadst still been ignorant. But thus I cancel it, and all our friendship, in a breath. Henceforward I am thy foe.

Ver. Could I as easily be thine I should deride and scorn thee, as I pity thee now. By heavens! I should disclaim all friendship with a man who basely wronged my love. You I can forgive.

Val. Forgive! I ask it not. Do thy worst.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Ver. Here in sin! wouldst thou seal all in thy friend's blood! Art thou a man, and can thy passions so outstrip thy reason, to send thee wading through falsehood, perjury, and murder, after a flying light which you can ne'er overtake!—Think not I fear you as a rival. By Heaven 'tis friendship bids me argue with you, bids me caution you from a vain pursuit, whence the utmost you can hope is to make her you pursue as wretched as her you have forsaken.

Val. Hell! bell and confusion!

Ver. You see she meets my passion with an equal flame; and tho' a thousand difficulties may delay our happiness, they can't prevent it. Yours she can never be; for all your hopes must lie in her affection, which you will never gain. No, Valentine, I know myself so fixed, so rooted in that dear bosom, that art or force would both prove ineffectual.

Val. I'm reaked to death!

Ver. Reflect upon the impossibility of your success. But grant the contrary: would you sacrifice our long, our tender friendship, to the faint, transitory pleasures of a brutal appetite? for love that is not mutual is no more.

Val. Grant not that I might succeed. No passion of my soul could counterpoise my love, nor reason's weaker efforts make a stand against it.

Ver. Think it impossible then.

Val. Thou knowest not the strugglings of my breast; for heaven never made so fine a form.

Ver. Can love that's grounded on the outside only make so deep an impression on your heart!—Possession soon would quench those sudden flames. Beauty, my Valentine, as the Bowery blossoms,

soon fades; but the diviner excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it when all those charms are withered. Had not that beautiful shell so perfect an inhabitant, and were our souls not linked, not joined so fast together, by heaven I would resign her to my friend.

Val. O Veromil! Life, fortune, I could easily abandon for thy friendship.—I will do more, and strive to forget thy mistress.

Ver. Let me applaud thy virtue, and press thy noble bosom to my heart.

Val. It will be necessary for you to remove from hence. I will, if possible, find some means to effect your wishes. Within this hour you shall find me at the coffee-house.

Ver. Once more let me embrace thee.—The innocent, the perfect joy that flows from the reflection of a virtuous deed far surpasses all the trifling momentary raptures that are obtained by guilt. To triumph o'er a conquered passion is a pride well worthy of a man.

Safe o'er the main of life the vessel rides,

When passion furls her sails, and reason guides;

While she who has that surest rudder lost [toss'd:

'Midst rocks and quicksands by the waves is

No certain road she keeps, no port can find,—

Toss'd up and down by every wanton wind.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—CLARISSA'S apartment.

CLARISSA alone, rising from a table with a letter in her hand.

So! the task is done: heaven knows how difficult a one; so entirely to subdue the stubbornness of my resentment. What have I writ! I will see once more.

[Breaks open the letter.

"If there be the least spark of honour remaining to your breast you will, you must be obliged to reject of your behaviour towards me. I am now too well assured of the reason of your late conduct, from Bellaria: but, as it is impossible you should succeed there, I hope"—I can read no farther. "I hope you will reflect on those vows you have so solemnly made to the unhappy"

"CLARISSA."

I am resolved not to send it,

[Throws it down on the table.

SCENE II.—To her, VALENTINE.

Cl. Ha! be's here, and comes to insult me. Distraction!

[sudden renewal of my visit.

Val. I fear, madam, you are surprised at this

Cl. I own, sir, I expected your good-breeding, if not your good-nature, would have forbidden you to continue your affronts to a woman—but if your making me uneasy, wretched, miserable, can do you any service to Bellaria—cruel! barbarous! how have I deserved this usage! If you can be cruel, perfidious, forsworn, forgetful of your honour—yet, sure, to insult me is beneath a man.

Val. If to relent—if with a bleeding heart to own my crime, and with tears to ask your pardon, be insulting—

Cl. Ha!

Val. See, see my grief, and pity me. I cannot excuse, nor dare I name my crime; but here will kneel till you forgive it.

Cl. Nay, since you repent, you shall not have a cause for kneeling long.—Rise, I forgive it.

Val. Sure, such transcendent goodness never commanded a woman's heart before! it gives new strength to my reviving passion; a love which never more shall know decay. Let us this moment tie the joyful knot.

Cl. Never, never, Valentine. As a Christian, I forgive you; but as a lover will never regard you more. O, I have seen too lively an instance of your inconstancy!

Val. Forbid it, Heaven!

Clu. May it, indeed, forbid our marriage! No, Valentine, I ever more I hearken to your vows; if ever I once think of you as my husband, may I—

Val. Swear not, I conjure you; for, unless you make me happy in yourself, your pardon but augments my misery.

Clu. 'Tis all in vain.—Were you to kneel, swear, threaten, I'd never grant it. If my forgiveness will content you, well; if not, you never shall have more. There is another more worthy of my love.

Val. Oh! name him.

Clu. Not till your vengeance shall come too late.

Val. This letter may unfold—

[Takes the letter from the table.]

Clu. Oh! I am ruined.—Deliver it, ravisher.

Val. What do I see?—Is it possible?

Clu. It will do you little service.

Val. Not to discover the man; but it has shown me a woman in the liveliest colours. This letter, madam, is the production of no new amour. 'Tis too plain, you are false. Oh! how happy is this discovery. What a wretch should I have been, with the east, forgotten, slighted mistress of another! When I see you next, when I am that slave to ask, to wish, to hope you for a wife, may I be cursed with all the plagues that ever cursed a husband!—Adieu.

Clu. Oh! stay, and hear my innocence.

Val. 'Tis impossible.

Clu. You, you are the man whose forgotten mistress you have called me.—I blush to say, 'twas you to whom that letter was intended. Nay, read, read the direction.

Val. Amazement!

Clu. Your genius is triumphant, and here my empire ends; for I must own, with blushing shame must own, that all my disdain to you has still been counterfeit. I had a secret growing love for you, even before you first lotimated yours. But I am sure the agonies I have this day felt have severely revenged all those pangs my vanity has given you.—So here 's my hand. [what raptures I receive it.]

Val. Let my eternal gratitude demonstrate with

SCENE III.—*To them, BELLARIA, with an open letter.*

Bel. I am witness of the bargain. The farther sealing it shall be performed at the finishing another.—I have considered your friend's proposals, [shows the letter] and approve them.

Val. I hope then, madam, my diligence in their execution will prevail on you to forget—

Bel. I am sure I shall have no reason to recollect—

Val. This goodness, madam, at the same time that it pardons, pleads also an excuse for my crime. I shall do my utmost to merit it.

SCENE IV.—*CLARISSA, BELLARIA.*

Clu. I am afraid, my dear, my late conduct has appeared very strange to you, after what you have formerly seen.

Bel. Your former conduct was to me much more wonderful; for to disguise our passions, is, in my opinion, a harder task than to discover them. I have often laughed at the ridiculous cruelty of women; to torment ourselves to be revenged on an enemy is absurd; but to do it that we may give pain to a lover is as monstrous a folly as 'tis a barbarity.

Clu. You would strip beauty of all its power!

Bel. I would strip beauty of all its imperfections, and persuade her whom nature has adorned without to employ her chief art to adorn herself within;

for believe it, my dear Clarissa, a pretty face over affection, pride, ill-nature, in a word, over coquetry, is but a gilt cover over a volume of nonsense, which will be despised by all wise men; and, having been exposed to sale for a few years in all the public auctions of the town, will be doomed to rust neglected in the possession of a coxcomb!

SCENE V.—*To them, WILDING, and SIR HARRY dressed and powdered.*

Sir Har. Madam, your most humble servant. I suppose, madam, Sir Avarice has opened the affair to you which has brought me to town; it was settled before I left the country as to the material points. Nothing now remains but the ceremonies of the marriage, &c. So this visit is to desire to know what day you fix on for that purpose.

Bel. Your method of proceeding, sir, something surprises me! Your son has never mentioned a word of that nature to me.

Sir Har. Alack-a-day, madam! the boy is modest; Harry's modest, madam; but, alas! you are the only person to whom he has not mentioned it: perhaps the rogue may think, as old Cowley says,

"I will not ask her—'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate."

Bel. Very gallant, Sir Harry! By what I can see, you give greater proofs of love than your son does.

Wild. I wish those lovely eyes could see as far into my heart as they pierce: I should not then be obliged to paint in the weak colouring of words a passion no language can express, because none ever felt before.

Sir Har. To her, boy, to her. I'll leave you together. Come, young lady, you must not spoil sport.

SCENE VI.—*WILDING, BELLARIA.*

Wild. I am afraid, madam, what you have heard me rally of matrimony, makes you suspect my ill opinion of it; but that state which, with all other women, would be hell to me, with you is paradise, is heaven. Oh! let me touch that tender hand, and, pressing it in raptures to my heart—

Bel. Ay, this is something like love; by that time you have sighed away two years in this manner, I may be persuaded to admit you into the number of my admirers.

Wild. [Aside.] I shall be admitted into Bedlam first, I hope.—'Tis that very thing makes so many couple unhappy; for you ladies will have all our love beforehand, and then you expect it all afterwards. Like a thoughtless heir, who spends his estate before he is in the possession; with this difference—he antedates his pleasures, you postpone them.

Bel. Finely argued! I protest, Mr. Wilding, I did not think you had made such a proficiency in your studies.—It would be pity to take so promising a young man from the bar. You may come to be a judge.

Wild. You only rally me; for I cannot think you believe that I ever studied law: dress and the ladies have employed my time. I protest to you, madam, I know no more of the law than I do of the moon.

Bel. I thought you had been six years in the Temple.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! madam, you may as well think I am a scholar because I have been at Oxford, as that I am a lawyer because I have been at the Temple.

Bel. So, then, you have deceived your father in the character of a lawyer! how shall I be sure you will not be in that of a lover!

Wild. Oh! a thousand thanks, madam; first, by my countenance then by the temptation; and, lastly,

I hope you will think I talk like a lover. No one, I am sure, ever heard me talk like a lawyer.

Bel. Indeed you do now,—very like one; for you talk for a fee.

Wild. Nay, madam, that's ungenerous. How shall I assure you? if oaths will—I swear—

Bel. No, no, no; I shall believe you swear like a lawyer too—that is, I shall not believe you at all. Or, if I was to allow your oaths came from a lover, it would be much the same; for I think truth to be a thing in which lovers and lawyers agree.

Wild. Is there no way of convincing you?

Bel. Oh! yes. I will tell you how. You must flatter me egregiously; not only with more perfections than I have, but than ever any one had; for which you must submit to very ill usage. And when I have treated you like a tyrant over-night, you must, in a submissive letter, ask my pardon the next morning for having offended me, though you

Wild. This is easy. [had done nothing.]

Bel. You must follow me to all public places, where I shall give an unlimited encouragement to the most notorious fools I can meet with, at which you are to seem very much concerned, but not dare to upbraid me with it;—then, if when I am going out you offer me your hand, I don't see you, but give it to one of the fools I mentioned.

Wild. This is nothing.

Bel. Then you are sometimes to be honoured with playing with me at quadrille; where, to show you my good nature, I will take as much of your money as I can possibly cheat you of. And when you have done all these, and twenty more such trifling things, for one five years, I shall be convinced—that you are an ass, and laugh at you five times more heartily than I do now. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VII.—WILDING alone.

Shall you so!—I may give you reason for another sort of passion long before that time. I shall be master of the citadel with a much shorter siege, I believe. She is a fine creature; but pox of her beauty, I shall surfeit on't in six days' enjoyment. The twenty thousand pound! there's the solid charm, that may last, with very good management, almost as many years.

SCENE VIII.—To *Aim*, LADY GRAVELY.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. You have not made a great many visits.

Gra. No, the lady I went with has been laying out a great sum of money; she carried me as a sort of appraiser; for I am thought to have some judgment. But I believe sir Harry is coming up stairs. I was desired to give you this, by one who has an opinion of my secrecy and yours.

SCENE IX.—WILDING, *solus*, reads.

"I hear, by sir Harry, you have a great collection of books. You know my curiosity that way, so send me the number of your chambers, and this evening I will come and look over them."

What shall I do? If I disappoint her her resentment may be of ill consequence, and I must expect the most warm one. I do not care neither, at this crisis, to let her into the secret of my deceit on my father. Suppose I appoint her at Young Pedant's—that must be the place. And since I can't wait on her myself I'll provide her other company. I'll appoint lady Lucy at the same time and place; so they will discover one another, and I shall be rid of them both, which I begin to wish; for since I have been proposed a wife out of it my stomach is turned against all the rest of the family.

SCENE X.—PICKET, as a counsellor, Servant.

Serv. I believe, sir, sir Harry is in the house; if you please to walk this way I'll bring you to him.

Pin. But stay; inquire if he has any company with him; if so, you may let him know I am here, and would be glad to speak with him.

Serv. Whom, sir, shall I mention?

Pin. A counsellor at law, sir.

Serv. Sir, I shall.

Pin. I am not much inclined to fear or superstition, or I should think I this day saw the ghost of him I've injured. I cannot rest with what I have done, nor know I well by what course to make a reparation: but here comes my game.

SCENE XI.—To *Aim*, SIR HARRY and WILDING.

Mr. Wilding, your servant. I presume this may be my client, the good sir Harry.

Sir Har. Sir!

Pin. I believe, sir Harry, I have not the honour of being known to you. My name is Ratsbane—counsellor Ratsbane, of the Inner Temple. I have had, sir, according to the order of your son, a conference with Mr. counsellor Starchum, who is for the plaintiff, and have come to a conclusion the reon.

Sir Har. Oh! have you? I am your humble servant, dear sir; and if it lies in my power to oblige you, in return—

Pin. Oh, dear sir! No obligation! We only do our duty. Our case will be this—first, a warrant will be issued; upon which we are taken up; then we shall be indicted; after which, we are convicted (that no doubt we shall, on such a strength of proof); immediately sentence is awarded against us, and then execution regularly follows.

Sir Har. Execution, sir! What execution!

Wild. Oh, my unfortunate father! Hanging, sir.

Pin. Ay, ay, hanging; hanging is the regular course of law, and no way to be averted. But, as to our conveyance to the place of execution, that I believe we shall be favoured in. The sheriff is to render us there; but whether in a coach or cart, I fancy a small sum may turn that scale.

Sir Har. Coach or cart! Hell and the devil! Why son, why sir, is there no way left!

Pin. None. We shall be convicted of felony, and then hanging follows of course.

Wild. It's too true; so says Coke against Littleton.

Sir Har. But sir, dear sir, I am as innocent—

Pin. Sir, the law proceeds by evidence; my brother Starchum, indeed, offered, that upon a bond of five thousand pounds he would make up the affair; but I thought it much too extravagant a demand; and so I told him flatly—we would be hanged.

Sir Har. Then you told a damn'd lie; for if twice that sum would save us, we will not. [money!]

Pin. How, sir; are you willing to give that

Sir Har. No, sir, I am not willing; but I am much less willing to be hanged.

Wild. But do you think, Mr. Counsellor, you could not prevail for four thousand!

Pin. That truly we cannot repay to till a conference be first had.

Sir Har. Ay, or for four hundred!

Pin. Four hundred!—why it would cost you more the other way, if you were hanged anything decently. Look you, sir: Mr. Starchum is at the Crown and Rolls just by; if you please we will go thither, and I assure you to make the best bargain I can.

Wild. Be quick, sir; here's sir Avance coming.

Sir Har. Come along.—Oons! I would not have him know it for the world.

SCENE XII.—VALENTINE, SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Val. Have but the patience to hear me, sir. The gentleman I unwittingly brought hither was the very man on whose account Bellaria was sent to—
Sir Av. How [town.]

Val. Bellaria, imagining me his friend, in the highest rage of despair, when she found her lover discovered, laid open her whole breast to me, and begged my advice: I have promised to contrive an interview. Now, I will promise her to convey her to Veromil, and bring her to a place where she shall meet you and your son. When you have her there, and a parson with you, if you do not finish the affair it will be your own fault.

Sir Av. Hum! it has an appearance.

Val. But, sir, I shall not do this unless you deliver me up those writings of mine in your hands, which you unjustly detain.

Sir Av. Sir!

Val. And moreover, sir, unless you do I will frustrate your design for ever.

Sir Av. Very well, sir; when she is married.

Val. Sir, I will have no conditions. What I ask is my own, and unless you grant it I will publish your intentions to the world sooner than you can accomplish them.

Sir Av. Well, well, I'll fetch them; stay you here, and expect my return.

SCENE XIII.—VALENTINE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Young P. Cousin Valentine, have I offended you? I have I injured you any way?

Val. No, dear cousin.

Young P. Will you please, sir, then to assign the reason why you do contrive my ruin, by espousing me to this young woman.

Val. Are you unwilling?

Young P. Alas! sir, matrimony has ever appeared to me a sea full of rocks and quicksands; it is Seylla, of whom Virgil—

"*Delphinium caudas nereo commissa Iuporum;*"
 Or as Ovid—

"*Cereus latrans inguina monstrix.*"

Val. Well, then you may be comforted; for I assure you, so far from bringing you into this misfortune, I am taking measures to deliver you out of it.

SCENE XIV.—To them, SIR AVARICE.

Sir Av. Here, sir, is a note which I believe will content you.

Val. How, sir! these are not my writings.

Sir Av. No, sir; but if your intentions are as you say, it is of equal value with them. I have there promised to pay you the sum which you say I have in my hands, on the marriage of my niece. Now if you scruple accepting that condition, I shall scruple trusting her in your hands.

Val. [Moving read it out mused.] Well, sir, to show you my sincerity, I do accept it; and you shall find I will not fail delivering the young lady at the appointed hour and place.

Sir Av. Let the hour be eight, and the place my son's chambers. I'll prepare matters that nobody shall prevent you. And hark'ee; suppose you give her a dose of opium in a dish of chocolate; if she were married half asleep, you and I could swear she was awake, you know.

Young P. I cannot assent to that. Suppose the position be—

The woman is but half asleep; will it follow, Ergo, she is awake?

Sir Av. The position is twenty thousand pounds—ergo—I will swear anything.

Young P. Oh dear! oh dear! was ever such logic heard off! did Burgundicus ever hint at such a method of reasoning!

Sir Av. Burgundicus was an ass, and so are you.

Val. Be not in a passion, sir Avarice; our time is short. I will go perform my part; pray, observe yours.

SCENE XV.—SIR AVARICE PEDANT, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Logic, indeed! can your logic teach you more than this! two and two make four; take six out of seven, and there remains one. The sum given is twenty thousand pounds; take nought out of twenty, and there remains a score. If your great logician, your Aristotle, was alive, take nought out of his pocket, and there would remain nought. A complete notion of figures is beyond all the Greek and Latin in the world. Learning is a fine thing indeed, in an age when of the few that have it the greater part starve. I remember when a set of strange fellows used to meet at Will's coffee-house; but now it's another Change-Alley. Every man now who would live must be a stock-johber.—Here is twenty thousand pounds capital stock fallen into your hands, and would you let it slip!

Young P. But, sir, is not injustice a—

Sir Av. Injustice! Hark you, sirrah! I have been guilty of five hundred pieces of injustice for a less sum. I don't see why you should reap the benefit of my labours, without joining your own.

SCENE XVI. YOUNG PEDANT'S chambers.—LADY GRAVELY, SERVANT.

Gra. Your master has not been at home yet!

Ser. No, madam; but if you please to divert yourself with these books, I presume he will not be long. (I dare not ask her what master she means, for fear of a mistake: though, as I am in no great doubt what her ladyship is, I suppose it to be my beau master.) [Aside.]

Gra. It is now past the time of our appointment; and a lover who retards the first will be very backward indeed on the second. His bringing me off yesterday to my sister, gave me no ill assurance of both his honour and his wit. I wish this delay would not justify my suspecting his love. Hark, I hear him coming.

SCENE XVII.—LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELY.

Gra. Ah!

Lucy. Sister, your servant; your servant, sister.

Gra. I am surprised at meeting you here.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! I am a little surprised too—ha, ha!

Gra. I have scarce strength enough to tell you how I came here. I was walking up from the Temple-stairs to take a chair—(I'll never venture myself alone by water as long as I live)—what should I meet but a rude young Templar, who would have forced me to a tavern; but, by great fortune, another Templar meeting us, endeavoured to wrest me from him—at which my ravisher let go my hand to engage his adversary. I no sooner found myself at liberty, hut, seeing a door open, in I ran, so frightened, I shall never recover it.

Lucy. You were a little unfortunate, though, not to find the doctor at home.

Gra. What doctor?

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor Wilding, my dear, a physician of great practice among the ladies.—I presume your ladyship uses him.

Gra. I know no such physician. [I suppose]

Lucy. But you know a gentlemen of that name

Gra. Sure, I am not in that wretch's chambers!
Lucy. Indeed you are.

Gra. It must be the devil, or my evil genius, that has laid this trap for me.—What can have brought

Lucy. A chair, my dear. [you hither too!]

Gra. By what accident?

Lucy. By my own orders.

Gra. How, sister!

Lucy. Indeed, sister, 'tis true.

Gra. And have you the confidence to own it to me! I desire, madam, you would not make me privy to your intrigues: I shall not keep them secret, I assure you. She who conceals a crime is in a manner accessory to it.

Lucy. I see your policy. You would preserve yourself by sacrificing me: but though a thief saves his life by sacrificing his companion, he saves not his reputation. Your nice story of a couple of Templars will not be admitted by the court of scandal, at lady Prude's tea-table.

Gra. Madam, madam, my brother shall know what a wife he has. [what a sister I have.]

Lucy. Madam, madam, the world shall know

Gra. I disclaim your kindred. You are no rela-

Lucy. You make me merry. [tion of mine.]

Gra. I may spoil your mirth: at least I'll prevent it this time, I'm resolved.

Lucy. That's more ill-natured than I'll show myself to you—so, your servant. [Exit.]

Gra. I'll take a hackney-coach, and be at home before her.—I see he's a villain; but I'll find a way to be revenged on them both.

Lucy (re-entering). O! for heaven's sake, let us lay aside all quarrels, and take care of both our reputations. Here's a whole coach-load coming up stairs. I heard them inquire for these chambers.—Here's a closet; in, in—I never was so frightened in my whole life.

SCENE XVIII.—VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Ver. The clergyman outstays his time, or the impatience of my love outflies it. I'm racked till the dear bond be tied beyond the power of art to undo. Think then, my sweet, if the least apprehension of losing thee can shock my soul; what agonies must I have lived in, when hope was as distant as fear is now.

Bel. Too easily, my Veromil, I guess; I know them by my own; for sure I am not in debt one sigh to love.

Ver. In debt! not all the service of my life can pay thee for a tender thought of me. Oh! how I long for one soft hour to tell thee all I've undergone. For to look back upon a dreadful sea which we've escaped, adds to the prospect of the beautiful country which we are to enjoy.

Servant (entering). Gentlemen, a clergyman in the other room.— [lead me into Paradise.]

Ver. Come, my Bellaria, a few short moments

Val. Would thou hadst found another; but love forbids you this.—You know I strove with all my power against it; but it has conquered—and through my heart you only reach Bellaria.

Ver. Ha! Na, then, wert thou as much my friend as thou art unworthy of the name—through twenty hearts like thine I'd rush into her arms.— [Fight. The women shriek. LADY LUCY and LADY GRAVELLY run out of the closet; they all hold VALENTINE; and as VEROMIL is leading off BELLARIA,

SIR HARRY, WILDING, and PINCET meet them at the door.]—Then take thy life; and now, my sweetest—

SCENE XIX.—SIR HARRY WILDING, WILDING, PINCET, LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELLY, VALENTINE, VEROMIL, BELLARIA, CLARISSA.

Val. Away! Stand off. Eternal furies seize you *Lucy.* You may rave, good sir; but three women will be too hard for you, though you were as stout and as mad as Hercules. [here's a seraglio.]

Sir Har. Hey-day! we had but one whore before:

Ver. Let me pass, sir.

Sir Har. No, indeed, sir. I must first know how you came here; and then, perhaps, you shall pass—to the round-house.

Ver. Then I'll force my way thus.

Wild. Nay, I must secure my father.

[VENOMIL makes at SIR HARRY, WILDING interposes—he pushes at WILDING, and is disarmed—the ladies loose VALENTINE.]

Bel. Oh heavens! my Veromil, you are not wounded! [vention.]

Ver. Through the heart, Bellaria, by this pre-

Bel. Be easy then; for all the powers of hell shall never part us.

SCENE XX.—To them, SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT.

Sir Av. Hey! what have we here! my wife, and sister, and Sir Harry, and all the world! [mean!]

Sir Har. Death and the devil! what does this

Sir Av. Nay, good people, how came you all here!

Sir Har. Ay, how came you all here! for I will know before any one go out—

Pin. Sir, I beg to be excused. [Offering to go.]

Sir Har. Not a step: I shall have business for you. I'll see by what law these people make a public rendezvous of my son's chambers.

Sir Av. Your son's chambers, sir Harry!

Young P. That they were his, *dadur*—that they are his, *negatur*—for the time that they were lent for is expired—*ergo*, they were his, but are not.

Lucy and Gra. What's this!

Sir Har. Were his, but are not.—What, have you sold these too, Harry!

Wild. 'Twill out. [not these your chambers!]

Sir Har. Speak, sir; why don't you speak! are

Wild. No, sir.

Sir Av. His!

Lucy. His, indeed! [in your son's chambers!]

Gra. What do you think, sir Harry, I should do

Lucy. Or what do you see here like the apartment of a heau!—but I ask pardon. Your son is a lawyer.

Omnes. A lawyer! Ha, ha, ha!

Gra. In short, sir Harry, your son is as great a

rake as any in town. [versity.]

Young P. And as ignorant as any at the uni-

Lucy. Ay, or as one half of his brother Templars.

Sir Av. And as great a rogue, I'm afraid, as the

other half. [those that are honest.]

Sir Har. He shall be as great a beggar then as

Wild. That, sir, an honest captain of my neighbourhood will prevent; for, as they were my locks that were broke open, he has given up those articles you were pleased to enter into to me and my use. For which I am to thank the honest counsellor Ratsbane; into whose possession you have given a bond of annuity of five hundred pounds a-year.

Sir Har. Chanted! abused! dog! villain!—ha! I'll see whether I am able to recover it—

[Searches PINCET's pockets, throws out several papers, and pulls his wig off.]

Wild. It's beyond your search, I assure you.

Pin. Help! murder!

Ver. Nay, sir Harry!

Sir Har. Dog! rascal! I'll be revenged on you

SCENE XXI.—SIR AVARICE, YOUNG PEDANT, LADY LUCY, LADY GRAVELLY, WILDING, VEROMIL, VALENTINE, BELLARIA, CLARISSA, PISCET.

Ver. [taking up a letter.] Here's one of your papers, sir—[starts] Gilbert, my father's servant! —[looking on the letter] By heavens! my brother's hand too—then my curiosity is pardonable. [Reads it.]

Pis. Heaven I see is just. [may be secured.]

Ver. Prodigious!—Gentlemen, I beg that man Wild. He is my servant, sir.

Ver. He formerly was my father's. This letter here, which is from my brother to him, will inform your father,

"GILBERT, I received yours, and should have paid you your half-year's annuity long since, but I have had urgent occasions for my money. You say, it is hard to be reduced to your primitive degree, when you have ventured your soul to raise yourself to a higher; and a little after have the impudence to threaten to discover you! Discover if you dare! you will then find you have ventured your body too; and that perjury will entitle you to the same reward as you audaciously say forgery will me.—Expect to hear no more from me. You may discover if you please, but you shall find I will not spare that money which your roguery has assisted me in getting, to have the tale of him who is the cause of my losing it." "J. VEROMIL."

Pis. If there yet want a stronger confirmation—*L.* sir, the wretch whom the hopes of riches have betrayed to be a villain, will openly attest the discovery, and, by a second appearance in a public court, restore the lawful heir what my first coming there has robbed him of.

Bel. Is this possible!

Ver. Yes, my sweet—I am now again that Veromil to whom you first were promised, and from whose breast nothing can tear you more. Sir Avarice, you may be at ease, for it is now in my power to offer up a better fortune to this lady's merit than any of her pretenders.

Bel. No fortune can ever add to my love for you, nor less diminish it.

Sir Av. What is the meaning of this!

Ver. That fortune, sir, which recommended me to this lady's father, and which by forgery and perjury I was deprived of, my happy stars now promise to restore me.

Pis. You need not doubt your success. The other evidence to the deed has been touched with the same scruples of conscience, and will be very ready on an assured pardon to recant.

Wild. Dear Veromil, let me embrace thee. I am heartily glad I have been instrumental in the procuring your happiness; and though it is with my mistress, I wish you joy sincerely.

Ver. Wilding, I thank you; and, in return, I wish you may be restored into your father's favour.

Wild. I make peace with sword in hand, and question not but to bring the old gentleman to reason.

Bel. There yet remains a quarrel in the company which I would reconcile.—*Clarissa*, I think I read forgiveness in your face; and I am sure penitence is very plain in Valentine's.

Val. I am too much a criminal to hope for pardon. Yet, if my fault may be atoned for, I will employ my utmost care to do it. Could I think the acquisition of fortune any recommendation, sir Avarice has obliged himself to pay me seven thousand pounds on this lady's marriage.

Sir Av. The conditions are not fulfilled, sir, and—

Val. Not till she is married, sir. As you have not been pleased to mention to whom, Veromil will fill the place as well as any other.

Sir Av. Sir!

Val. Sir, what you have agreed to give is but my own; your conditions of delivering it are as scandalous as your retaining it; so you may make a bustle and lose as much reputation as you please, but the money you will be obliged to pay.

Sir Av. And pray, sir, why did you invite all this company hither! [than you do.]

Val. How some of it came here I know no more

Gra. I can only account for my myself and sister.

Lucy. Ay, my sister and I came together.

Wild. Mine is a long story, but I will divert you all with it some other time.

Pis. May I then hope your pardon

Ver. Deserve it and I will try to get his majesty's for you, which will do you most service.

SCENE the last.—To them, a Servant.

Serv. An't please your honour, your honour's brother, Mr. Pedant, is just come to town, and is at home now with Sir Harry Wilding.

Sir Av. Then all my hopes are frustrated. Get chairs to the door.

Ver. This is lucky news indeed! and may be so for you too, Wilding; for Sir Harry is too good-humoured a man to be an exception to the universal satisfaction of a company. I hope this lady will prevent the uneasiness of another. [To CLARISSA.]

Val. This generosity stabs me to the soul—Oh! my Veromil! my friend! let this embrace testify my repentance.

Ver. And bury what is past.

Val. Generous, noble soul!

Ver. Madam, give me leave to join your hands.

Bel. Nay, since I have been the unfortunate cause of separating them, I must assist.

Cl. I know not whether the world will pardon my forgiving you—but— [give joy.]

Val. Oh! say no more, lest I am lost in too excess.

Lucy. Indeed I think she need not.

Gra. [To WILD.] Your excuses to me are vain. We have both discovered you to be a villain. I have seen the assignation you made my sister, and she has seen mine; so you may be assured we will neither of us speak to you more.

Wild. I hope to give you substantial reasons for my conduct; at least, my secrecy you may be assured of.

Sir Av. Come, gentlemen and ladies, we will now adjourn, if you please, to my house; where, sir, [to VEN.] if my brother and you agree (as certainly you will, if you prove your title to your father's estate), I have nothing to say against your match.

Young P. Nor against my returning to the university, I hope.

Ver. Sir Avarice, I wait on you; and, before the conclusion of this evening, I hope you will not have a discontented mind in your house. Come, my dear Bellaria; after so many tempests, our fortune once more puts on a serene aspect—once more we have that happiness in view which crowns the success of virtue, constancy, and love.

All love, as folly, libertines disclaim;
And children call their folly by its name.
Those joys which from its purest fountains flow,
No boy, no fool, no libertine can know:
Heav'n meant so hest, so exquisite a fate,
But to reward the virtuous and the great.

EPICURE:—WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, SPOKEN BY MRS. OFFARD.

Carrice, no doubt, you think I come to pray
Your pardon for this foolish, virtuous play.
As Pepists by a saint, so authors practice
To get their crimes atoned for by an actress.
Our author too would fain have brought me to it
But, faith! I come to beg you'd damn the poet.

What did the dullard mean by stopping short
And bringing in a husband to spoil sport?
No sooner am I in my lover's arms,
But—pop—my husband all our joys alarms!
Madam, to save your virtue, cries sir Bard,
I was obliged. To save my virtue! Lord!
A woman is her own sufficient guard.
For, spite of all the strength which men rely on,
We very rarely fall—without some lying.

SOME modern bards, to please you better skill'd,
-had, without scruple, the whole thing fulfill'd;
Had sent us off together, and left you in
A sad suspense to guess what we are doing;
Then fairs and hid the virtuous ladies' faces,
And cuckolds' hats had shelter'd their grimaces;
But care, forsooth, will argue that the stage
Was meant to improve, and not detach the age.
Pshaw! to improve!—the stage was first design'd.
Such as they are, to represent mankind.
And since a poet ought to copy nature,
A cuckold, sure, were not so strange a creature.

Well, tho' our poet's very modest muse
Could, to my wish, so small a thing refuse,
Critics, to damn him, were, will be so civil—
That's ne'er refused by critics—or the devil.
But should we both art parts so very strange,
And, tho' I ask, should you refuse revenge?
Oh! may this curse alone attend your lives—
May ye have all Bellarias to your wives!

SUNG BY MISS THORNHORN IN THE SECOND ACT.

Leave the whip and the tory,
Are proud and coquette;
From love these seek glory,
As those do from state.
No pride or coquette
My eyes shall attend.

No tory I'll get,
No whig for a friend.
The man who by reason
His life doth support,
Ne'er rises to treason,
Ne'er sinks to a court.

By virtue, not party.
Does actions commend;
My soul shall be hearty
Towards such a friend.
The woman who prizes
No fool's empty praise;
Who ceases despises,
Yet virtue obeys;
With innocence airy,
With gaiety wise,

In everything wary.
In nothing precise:
When truth she discov'rs,
She ceases disdain;
Nor hunts after lovers,
To give only pain.
So lovely a creature,
To worlds I'd prefer:
Of beautiful nature
Ask nothing but her.

SUNG IN THE THIRD ACT, BY THE SAME PERSON.

VAIN, Belinda, are your wiles,
Vain are all your artful smiles.
While, like a bully, you invite,
And then decline th' approaching fight.

Various are the little arts,
Which you use to conquer hearts;
By empty threats to make affright,
And you, by empty hopes, delight.

Cowards may by him be braved;
Fops may be by you enslaved;
Men would be vainquish, or you bind,
He must be brave, and you be kind.

THE AUTHOR'S FARCE; WITH A PUPPET-SHOW CALLED THE PLEASURES OF THE TOWN.

FIRST ACTED AT THE MAY-HAYSTY IN 1729, AND REVIVED SOME YEARS AFTER AT DOURY-LANE, WHEN IT WAS REVISED AND GREATLY
ALTERED BY THE AUTHOR, AS NOW PRINTED.

—Quis inique
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut timent se?—JUV. Sat. 1.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. JONES.

Too long the Tragic Muse hath aw'd the stage,
And frighten'd wits and children with her rage.
Too long Drawn-sair roars, Parthenope weeps,
While every lady cries, and critic sleeps.
With ghosts, rapes, murders, tender hearts they wound,
Or else, like thunder, terrify with sound.
When the skill'd actress to her weeping eyes,
With artful sigh, the handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each sympathizing nymph appears!
And box and gallery both melt in tears.
Or when, in sumner of Corinthian brass,
Heroic actor staves you in the face,
And cries aloud, with emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, freedom, liberty and Briton!
While frowning, gaping for applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his hands?
Like the tame animals design'd for show;
You have your cues to clap, as they to bow;
Taught to commend, your judgments have no share;
By chance you guess aright, by chance you err.

But, handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

In days of yore, when fools were held in fashion,
Tho' now, alas! all banish'd from the nation,
A merry jester had reform'd his lord,
Who would have scorn'd the sterner Stoic's word.

Bred in Democritus his laughing schools,
Our author flies ad Heracitus' rules;
No tears, no terror plead in his behalf;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the tragic or the comic name,
Farces and puppet-shows ne'er miss of fame.
Since then, in borrow'd dress, they've pleas'd the town,
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.

Smiles we expect from the good-natured few;
As ye are done by, ye malicious, do;
And kindly laugh at him who laughs at you.

PERSONS IN THE FARCE.—*Ladies*, the Author and Master of the Show, MR. MULLART; *Worms*, his friend, MR. LACY; *Murphy*, *ser.*, MR. MULLART; *Comedians*, MR. REYNOLDS, MR. SCOTLAND; *Bookwright*, a Bookseller, MR. JONES; *Scourer*, *Dark*, *Quibble*, *Blotter*, *Scrivener*, MR. MULLART; MR. HALLAM; MR. DORE; MR. WELLS, JUN.; *Isabel*, —; *Jack*, servant to Luckless, MR. ACHURCH; *Jack-pudding*, MR. REYNOLDS; *Banquette*,

MR. MARSHAL; *Mrs. Moneywood*, the author's landlady, MR. MULLART; *Harriet*, her daughter, MISS PALMS.

PERSONS IN THE PUPPET-SHOW.—*Player*, MR. DORE; *Costa*, MR. WELLS; *Murderer*, a Presbyterian Parson, MR. HALLAM; *Goddess of Nonsense*, MR. MULLART; *Chorus*, MR. ACHURCH; *Curry*, a bookseller, MR. DORE; *A Post*, MR. W. HALLAM; *Signior Opera*, MR. SCOTLAND; *Don Tragedio*, MR. MARSHAL; *Sir Farquhar Cowe*, MR. DAVENPORT; *Dr. Orator*, MR. JONES; *Monsieur Phantome*, MR. KNOTT; *Mrs. Novel*, MR. MARTIN; *Robynson*, the serjeant, MR. HARRIS; *Sailor*, MR. ACHURCH; *Somebody*, MR. HARRIS, JUN.; *Nobody*, MR. WELLS, JUN.; *Punch*, MR. REYNOLDS; *Jones*, MR. HARRIS; *Lady Kiopling*, MISS CLARKE; *Mrs. Chestnut*, MR. WILD; *Mrs. Glistering*, MR. BLUNT; *Cost Ugly*, —.

ACT 1.—SCENE 1.—*Luckless's Room* in *Mrs. Moneywood's House*.—*Mrs. Moneywood*, *Harriet*, *Luckless*.

Moneywood. Never tell me, Mr. Luckless, of your play, and your play. I tell you I must be paid. I would no more depend on a benefit-night of an unacted play than I would on a benefit-ticket of an undrawn lottery. Could I have guessed that I had a poet in my house! Could I have looked for a poet under lazed clothes!

Luck. Why not! since you may often find poverty under them; nay, they are commonly the signs of it. And, therefore, why may not a poet be seen in them as well as a courtier?

Money. Do you make a jest of my misfortune, sir!
Luck. Rather my misfortune. I am sure I have a better title to poverty than you; for, notwithstanding the handsome figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my stomach to dine to-day.

Money. O never fear that—you will never want a dinner till you have dined at all the eating-houses round.—No one shuts their doors against you the first time, and I think you are so kind seldom to trouble them a second.

Luck. No.—And if you will give me leave to walk out of your doors, the devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

Money. Pay me, sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you please.

Luck. With all my heart, madam; get me a pen and ink, and I'll give you my note for it immediately.

Money. Your note! who will discount it! Not your bookseller; for he has as many of your notes as he has of your works; both good lasting ware, and which are never likely to go out of his shop and his scutcheon.

Har. Nay, but, madam, 'tis barbarous to insult *Money.* No doubt you'll take his part. Pray get you about your business. I suppose he intends to pay me by ruining you. Get you in this instant; and remember, if ever I see you with him again I'll turn you out of doors.

SCENE II.—LUCKLESS, MRS. MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Discharge all your ill-nature on me, madam, but spare poor Miss Harriot.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. I have suspected your familiarity a long while. You are a base man. Is it not enough to stay three months in my house without paying me a farthing, that you must ruin my child!

[I'd give it her all.]

Luck. I love her as my soul. Had I the world *Money.* But, as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you would have nothing to say to her. I suppose you would have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had lived in one of them, instead of my house. Well, I am resolved, when you have gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, "No lodgings for poets." Sure never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoiled with ink, my windows with verses, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

Luck. Would your house had been beaten down, and everything but my dear Harriot crushed under it!

Money. Sir, sir—

Luck. Madam, madam! I will attack you at your own weapons; I will pay you in your own coin.

Money. I wish you'd pay me in any coin, sir.

Luck. Look ye, madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable woman can require; I'll show you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it. [Turns his pockets inside out.]

Money. I will not be used in this manner. No, sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as law.

Luck. By what law you will put money into my pocket I know not; for I never heard of any one who got money by the law but the lawyers. I have told you already, and I tell you again, that the first money I get shall be yours; and I have great expectations from my play. In the mean time your staying here can be of no service, and you may possibly drive some fine thoughts out of my head. I would write a love-scene, and your daughter would be more proper company, on that occasion, than you.

Money. You would act a love-scene, I believe; but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself before my daughter.

Luck. Dispose of yourself?

Money. Yes, sir, dispose of myself. 'Tis very well known that I have had very good offers since my last dear husband died. I might have had an attorney of New Inn, or Mr. Fillpot, the exciseman; yes, I had my choice of two parsons, or a doctor of physic; and yet I slighted them all; yes, I slighted them for—for—for you.

Luck. For me!

Money. Yes, you have seen too visible marks of my passion; too visible for my reputation. [Sobbing.]

Luck. I have heard very loud tokens of your passion; but I rather took it for the passion of anger than of love.

Money. O! it was love, indeed. Nothing but love, upon my soul!

[than the other.]

Luck. The devil! This way of dunning is worse

Money. If thou can'st not pay me in money, let me have it in love. If I break through the modesty of my sex let my passion excuse it. I know the world will call it an impudent action; but if you will let me reserve all I have to myself, I will make myself yours for ever.

Luck. To! lol, lol!

Money. And is this the manner you receive my declaration, you poor beggarly fellow! You shall repent this; remember, you shall repent it; remember that. I'll show you the revenge of an injured woman.

Luck. I shall never repent anything that rids me of you, I am sure.

SCENE III.—LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I have waited an opportunity to return to you.

Luck. Oh! my dear, I am so sick!

Har. What's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your mother! your mother!

Har. What, has she been scolding ever since?

Luck. Worse, worse!

[law with you.]

Har. Heaven forbid she should threaten to go to

Luck. Oh, worse! worse! she threatens to go to church with me. She has made me a generous offer, that if I will but marry her she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her.

[sist the proposal!]

Har. Generous creature! Sure you will not re-

Luck. Hum! what would you advise me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest couple. Augh! what a delicate dish of matrimony you will make! Her age with your youth, her avarice with your extravagance, and her scolding with your poetry!

Luck. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you would be so. You know my unhappy circumstances, and your mother's wealth. It would be at least a prudent match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha! the world will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr. Luckless had had so much prudence! This one action will overbalance all the follies of your life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will; but, dear Harriot, how can I think of losing you for ever! And yet, as our affairs stand, I see no possibility of our being happy together. It will be some pleasure, too, that I may have it in my power to serve you. Believe me, it is with the utmost reluctance I think of parting with you. For if it was in my power to have you—

Har. Oh, I am very much obliged to you; I believe you—Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as easily consent prudence, and part with me! for I would not buy my own happiness at the price of yours.

Har. I thank you, sir—Part with you—in-tolerable vanity!

Luck. Then I am resolved; and so, my good lady, have at you.

Har. Stay, sir, let me acquaint you with one thing—you are a villain! and don't think I'm vexed at anything, but that I should have been such a fool as ever to have had a good opinion of you. [Crying.]

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Caught, by Jupiter! And did my dear Harriot think me in earnest!

Har. And was you not in earnest?

Luck. What, to part with thee? A pretty woman will be sooner in earnest to part with her beauty, or a great man with his power. [your love.]

Har. I wish I were assured of the sincerity of

AIR. Batter'd Peace.

Luck. Does my dearest Harriot ask
What for love I would pursue?
Would you, charmer, know what task
I would undertake for you?

Ask the bold ambitious, what
He for honours would achieve?
Or the gay voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for pleasure give?

Ask the miser what he'd do
To amass excessive gain?
Or the saint, what he'd pursue,
His wish'd heaven to obtain?

These I would attempt, and more—
For, oh! my Harriot is to me
All ambition, pleasure, store,
Or what heav'n itself can be!

Har. Would my dearest Luckless know
What his constant Harriot can
Her tender love and faith to show
For her dear, her only man?

Ask the vain coquette what she
For men's adoration would;
Or from coarseness to be free,
Ask the vile censorious prude.

In a coach and six to ride,
What the mercenary jade,
Or the widow to be made
To a brisk broad shoulder'd blade.

All these I would attempt for thee,
Could I but thy passion fix;
Thy will my sole commander be,
And thy arms my coach and six.

Money. [within.] Harriot, Harriot.

Har. Hear the dreadful summons! adieu. I will take the first opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty charmer; go thy ways for the first of thy sex.

SCENE IV.—LUCKLESS, JACK.

Luck. So! what news bring you?

Jack. Ant! please your honour I have been at my lord's, and his lordship thanks you for the favour you have offered of reading your play to him; but he has such a prodigious deal of business, he begs to be excused. I have been with Mr. Keyber too—he made me no answer at all. Mr. Bookweight will be here immediately.

Luck. Jack.

Jack. Sir. [pawnbroker's.]

Luck. Fetch my other hat hither;—carry it to the

Jack.—To your honour's own pawnbroker!

Luck. Ay—and in thy way home call at the cook's shop. So, one way or other, I find my head must always provide for my belly.

SCENE V.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE.

Luck. I am surprised! dear Witmore!

Wit. Dear Harry!

Luck. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a man in this age who can be a friend to adversity, than that Fortune should be so much my friend as to direct you to me; for she is a lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wit. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your unkindness in not visiting her—Mrs. Lovewood.

Luck. Dost thou visit there still, then?

Wit. I throw an idle hour away there sometimes. When I am in an ill-humour I am sure of feeding it

there with all the scandal in town, for no bawd is half so diligent in looking after girls with an uncracked maidenhead as she in searching out women with cracked reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous office of the two.

Wit. Thou art still a favourite of the women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the women and the muses—the high roads to beggary.

Wit. What art thou not eured of scribbling yet?

Luck. No, scribbling is as impossible to cure as the gout.

Wit. And as sure a sign of poverty as the goit of riches. 'Sdeath! in an age of learning and true politeness, where a man might succeed by his wit, there would be some encouragement. But now, when party and prejudice carry all before them; when learning is derided, wit not understood; when the theatres are puppet-shows, and the comedians ballad-singers; when fools lead the town, would a man think to thrive by his wit? If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Hurlothumbos, set up an oratory and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest; if you would receive applause, deserve to receive sentence at the Old Bailey; and if you would ride in a coach, deserve to ride in

Luck. You are warm, my friend. [a cart.]

Wit. It is because I am your friend. I cannot bear to bear the man I love ridiculed by fools—by idiots. To bear a fellow who, had he been born a Chinese had starved for want of genius—to have been even the lowest mechanic, toss up his empty noddle with an affected disdain of what he has not understood; and women abusing what they have neither seen nor heard, from an unreasonable prejudice to an honest fellow whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these reasons get a patron, be pimp to some worthless man of quality, write panegyrics on him, flatter him with as many virtues as he has vices. Then, perhaps, you will engage his lordship, his lordship engages the town on your side, and then write till your arms ache, sense or nonsense, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too satirical on mankind. It is possible to thrive in the world by justifiable means.

Wit. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by custom. What does the soldier or physician thrive by but slaughter!—the lawyer but by quarrels!—the courtier but by taxes!—the poet but by flattery! I know none that thrive by profiting mankind, but the husbandman and the merchant: the one gives you the fruit of your own soil, the other brings you those from abroad; and yet these are represented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

Luck. Well; but prithee leave railing, and tell me what you would advise me to do.

Wit. Do! why thou art a vigorous young fellow, and there are rich widows in town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then—for I suppose you are not mad enough to have any engagement with a poor mistress?

Luck. Even so, faith; and so heartily that I would not change her for the widow of a Cressus.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony eleuther ruin beyond retrieval. What unfortunate stars wert thou born under! Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged jades the muses, but you must fasten on some earth-born mistress as poor as them?

Mar. jun. [within.] Order my chairmen to call on me at St. James's.—No, let them stay.

Wit. Heyday, whom the devil have we here!

Luck. The young captain, sir; no less a person, I assure you.

SCENE VI.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MARPLAY, JUN.

Mar. jun. Mr. Luckless, I kiss your hands—Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant; you see, Mr. Luckless, what power you have over me. I attend your commands, though several persons of quality have staid at court for me above this hour.

Luck. I am obliged to you—I have a tragedy for your house, Mr. Marplay.

Mar. jun. Ha! if you will send it to me, I will give you my opinion of it; and if I can make any alterations in it that will be for its advantage, I will

Wit. Alterations, sir! [do it freely.]

Mar. jun. Yes, sir, alterations—I will maintain it. Let a play be never so good, without alteration it

Wit. Very odd indeed! [will do nothing.]

Mar. jun. Did you ever write, sir?

Wit. No, sir, I thank Heaven.

Mar. jun. Oh! your humble servant—your very humble servant, sir. When you write yourself, you will find the necessity of alterations. Why, sir, would you guess that I had altered Shakspeare?

Wit. Yes, faith, sir, no one sooner.

Mar. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the plays when they are brought to us—a parcel of crude undigested stuff. We are the persons, sir, who lick them into form—that mould them into shape. The poet make the play indeed! the colourman might be as well said to make the picture, or the weaver the coat. My father and I, sir, are a couple of poetical tailors. When a play is brought us, we consider it as a tailor does his coat: we cut it, sir—we cut it; and let me tell you, we have the exact measure of the town; we know how to fit their taste. The poets, between you and me, are a pack of ignorant—

Wit. Hold, hold, sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr. Luckless; besides, as I take it, you have done the town the honour of writing yourself.

Mar. jun. Sir, you are a man of sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small sally into Parnassus—took a sort of flying leap over Helicon; but if ever they catch me there again—sir, the town have a prejudice to my family; for, if any play could have made them ashamed to damn it, mine must. It was all over plot. It would have made half a dozen novels: nor was it crammed with a pack of wit-traps, like Congreve and Wycherly, where every one knows when the joke was coming. I defy the sharpest critic of them all to have known when any jokes of mine were coming. The dialogue was plain, easy, and natural, and not one single joke in it from the beginning to the end: besides, sir, there was one scene of tender melancholy conversation—enough to have melted a heart of stone; and yet they damned it—and they damned themselves; for they shall have no more of mine.

Wit. Take pity on the town, sir.

Mar. jun. I! No, sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unless I am forced to it.

Luck. That's no easy thing, Marplay.

Mar. jun. Yes, sir. Odes, odes, a man may be obliged to write those you know.

Luck and Wit. Ha, ha, ha! that's true, indeed.

Luck. But about my tragedy, Mr. Marplay.

Mar. jun. I believe my father is at the play-house: if you please, we will read it now; but I must call on a young lady first—Hey, who's there? Is my footman there? Order my chair to the door. Your servant, gentlemen.—*Caro vena.* [Exit, singing.]

Wit. This is the most finished gentleman I ever saw; and has not, I dare swear, his equal.

Luck. If he has, here he comes.

SCENE VII.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, BOOKWEIGHT.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your very humble servant.

Book. I was told, sir, that you had particular business with me.

Luck. Yes, Mr. Bookweight; I have something to put into your hands. I have a play for you, Mr. Book. Is it accepted, sir? [Bookweight.]

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh, sir! when it is, it will be then time enough to talk about it. A play, like a bill, is of no value till it is accepted; nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, sir, our playhouses are grown so plenty, and our actors so scarce, that really plays are become very bad commodities. But pray, sir, do you offer it to the players or the patentees?

Luck. Oh! to the players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that. But a play which will do on the stage will not always do for us; there are your acting plays and your reading plays.

Wit. I do not understand that distinction.

Book. Why, sir, your acting play is entirely supported by the merit of the actor; in which case, it signifies very little whether there be any sense in it or no. Now, your reading play is of a different stamp, and must have wit and meaning in it. These latter I call your substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former are your adjective, as what require the buffoonery and gestures of an actor to be joined with them to show their signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined, truly.

Luck. Well, but, Mr. Bookweight, will you advance fifty guineas on my play?

Book. Fifty guineas! Yes, sir. You shall have them with all my heart, if you will give me security for them. Fifty guineas for a play! Sir, I would not give fifty shillings. [rate!]

Luck. 'Sdeath, sir! do you heat me down at this

Book. No, nor fifty farthings. Fifty guineas! Indeed your name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack, take this worthy gentleman, and kick him down stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

Jack. Come, sir, will you please to brush?

Book. Help! murder! I'll have the law of you, sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE VIII.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MRS. MONEYWOOD.

Money. What noise is this! It is a very fine thing, truly, Mr. Luckless, that you will make these uproars in my house.

Luck. If you dislike it, it is in your power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but yourself.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine reflections on my character! Sir, sir, all the neighbours know that I have been as quiet a woman as ever lived in the parish. I had no noises in my house till you came. We were the family of love. But you have been a nuisance to the whole neighbourhood. While you had money, my doors were thundered at every morning at four and five, by coachmen and chairmen; and since you have had none, my house has been besieged all day by creditors and badiffs. Then there's the rascal your man; but I will pay the dog, I will accor him. Sir, I am glad you are a witness of his abuses of me.

Wit. I am indeed, madam, a witness how unjustly he has abused you. [Jack whispers LUCKLESS.]

Luck. Witmore, excuse me a moment.

SCENE IX.—MRS. MONEYWOOD, WITMORE.

Money. Yes, sir; and, sir, a man that has never shown one the colour of his money.

Wit. Very hard, truly. How much may he be in your debt, pray? Because he has ordered me to pay you.

Money. Ay! sir, I wish he had.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr. Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles: any man may be unfortunate; but I knew when he had money I should have it; and what signifies dunning a man when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I could never come in to.

Wit. There, madam, is your money. You may give Mr. Luckless the receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr. Luckless was but a little soberer I should like him for a lodger exceedingly: for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humoured man.

SCENE X.—LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before. [ha, ha!]

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleased to be merry: *Luck.* Why, Witmore, thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I should as soon have imagined one man could have stopped a cannon-ball in its full force as her tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, sir, and so full of his similitudes!

Wit. Luckless, good morrow; I shall see you soon again.

Luck. Let it be soon, I beseech you; for thou hast brought a calm into this house that was scarce ever in it before.

SCENE XI.—LUCKLESS, MRS. MONEYWOOD, JACK.

Money. Well, Mr. Luckless, you are a comical man, to give one such a character to a stranger.

Luck. The company is gone, madam; and now, like true man and wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please. [me, sir.]

Money. Abuse me as you please, so you pay *Luck.* 'Sdeath! madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't question your payment at all: if you was to stay in my house this quarter of a year, as I hope you will, I should not ask you for a farthing.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll.—But I shall have her begin with her passion immediately; and I had rather be the object of her rage for a year than of her love for half an hour.

Money. But why did you choose to surprise me with my money? Why did you not tell me you would pay me?

Luck. Why, have I not told you?

Money. Yes, you told me of a play, and stuff: but you never told me you would order a gentleman to pay me. A sweet, pretty, good-humoured gentleman he is, heaven bless him! Well, you have comical ways with you: but you have honesty at the bottom, and I'm sure the gentleman himself will own I gave you that character.

Luck. Oh! I smell you now.—You see, madam, I am better than my word to you: did he pay it you in gold or silver?

Money. All pure gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

Money. Anything to oblige you, sir.

Luck. Jack, bring out the great bag, number one. Please to tell the money, madam, on that table.

Money. It's easily told: heaven knows there's not so much on't.

Jack. Sir, the bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why, then, come and help to thrust a

Money. What do you mean? [heavier bag out.]

Luck. Only to pay you in my bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, dog, I'll swear a robbery, and have you hanged: rogues, villains!

Luck. Be as noisy as you please—[*Shouts the door.*] Jack, call a coach; and, d'ye hear? get up behind it and attend me.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Playhouse.*—LUCKLESS, MARPLAY, SENIOR, MARPLAY, JUNIOR.

Luck. [Reads.] "THEN hence my sorrow, hence [my ev'ry fear:]

No matter where, so we are bless'd together.

With thee, the barren rocks, where not one step

Of human race lies printed in the snow,

Look lovely as the smiling infant spring."

Mar. sen. Augh! will you please to read that again, sir? [fear.]

Luck. "Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry *Mar. sen.* "Then hence my sorrow."—Horror is a much better word.—And then in the second line—"No matter where, so we are bless'd together."—Undoubtedly, it should be, "No matter where, so somewhere we're together." Where is the question, somewhere is the answer.—Read on, sir.

Luck. "With thee," [much better idea.]

Mar. sen. No, no, I could alter those lines to a

"With thee, the barren blocks, where not a bit

Of human face is painted on the bark,

Look green as Covent-garden in the spring."

Luck. Green as Covent-garden! [they sell greens.]

Mar. jun. Yes, yes; Covent-garden market, where

Luck. Monstrous!

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, read on. [these still:]

Luck. "Leandra: Oh, my Harmonio, I could hear

The nightingale to thee sings out of tune,

While on thy faithful breast my head reclines,

The downy pillow 's hard; while from thy lips

I drink delicious draughts of nectar down,

Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Mar. jun. Here 's meat, drink, singing, and lodging, egad.

Luck. He answers.

Mar. jun. But, sir— [heart,

Luck. "Oh, let me pull thee, press thee to my

Thou rising spring of everlasting sweets!

Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all!

Thou'st made Leandra mine. Thou flood of joy

Mix with my soul, and rush through ev'ry vein."

Mar. sen. Those two last lines again if you please.

Luck. "Thou'st made," &c.

Mar. jun. "—Thou flood of joy,

Mix with my soul, and rush thre' ev'ry vein."

Those are too excellent lines indeed: I never writ better myself: hut, sir—

Luck. "Leandra's mine, go hid the tongue of fate

Pronounce another word of bliss like that;

Search thro' the eastern mines and golden shores,

Where lavish Nature pours forth all her stores;

For to my lot could all her treasures fall,

I would not change Leandra for them all."

There ends act the first, and such an act as, I believe, never was on this stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, let me look at one thing.

"Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Pray, sir, what sort of wines may your Falernian

be! for I never heard of them before; and I am sure, as I keep the best company, if there had been such sorts of wines, I should have tasted them. To-day I have drank, and *Lacrimæ* I have drank, but what your *Falernian* is, the devil take me if I can tell.

Mar. jun. I fancy, father, these wines grow at the *Luck*. Do they so, Mr. Pert? why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

Mar. sen. Suppose you should say the wines of *Cape* are hither to my taste.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. sen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, sir, and so you need give yourself no farther trouble about it.

Luck. What particular fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sir, there's nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my passions.

Luck. Fare you well, sir: may another play be coercive to your passions.

SCENE II.—MARFLAY, SENIOR, MARFLAY, JUNIOR.

Mar. sen. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. jun. What do you think of the play?

Mar. sen. It may be a very good one, for aught I know: but I am resolved, since the town will not receive any of mine, they shall have none from any other. I'll keep them to their old diet.

Mar. jun. But suppose they won't feed on't?

Mar. sen. Then it shall be crammed down their throats.

Mar. jun. I wish, father, you would leave me that art for a legacy, since I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

Mar. sen. 'Tis huff, child, 'tis buff—true Corinthian brass; and, heaven be praised, tho' I have given thee no gold, I have given thee enough of that, which is the better inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'st have spent, but this is a lasting estate that will stick by thee all thy life.

Mar. jun. What shall be done with that farce which was damned last night?

Mar. sen. Give it them again to-morrow. I have told some persons of quality that it is a good thing, and I am resolved not to be in the wrong: let us see which will be weary first, the town of damning, or we of being damned.

Mar. jun. Rat the town, I say.

Mar. sen. That's a good boy; and so say I: but, prithee, what didst thou do with the comedy which I gave thee t'other day, that I thought a good one?

Mar. jun. Did as you ordered me; returned it to the author, and told him it would not do.

Mar. sen. You did well. If thou writest thyself, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy interest to keep back all other authors of any merit, and be as forward to advance those of none.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing; for my writings, you know, have fared but ill hitherto.

Mar. sen. That is because thou hast a little mistaken the method of writing. The art of writing, boy, is the art of stealing old plays, by changing the name of the play, and new ones, by changing the name of the author.

[and catches—

Mar. jun. If it was not for these cursed hisses *Mar. sen.* Harmless music, child, very harmless music, and what, when one is but well seasoned to it, has no effect at all: for my part, I have been used to them.

[for that matter.

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been used to them too, *Mar. sen.* And stood them bravely too. Idle young actors are fond of applause, but, take my word for it, a clap is a mighty silly empty thing, and 'toss

no more good than a hiss; and, therefore, if any man loves hissing, he may have his three shillings worth at me whenever he pleases.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in BOOKWEIGHT'S House.—DASH, BLOTFAGE, QUIBBLE, writing at several Tables.

Dash. Pox on 't, I'm as dull as an ox, tho' I have not a hit of one within me. I have not dined these two days, and yet my head is as heavy as any sider-man's or lord's. I carry about me symbols of all the elements; my head is as heavy as water, my pockets are as light as air, my appetite is as hot as fire, and my coat is as dirty as earth.

Blot. Lend me your Bysche, Mr. Dash, I want a rhyme for wind.

Dash. Why there's blind, and kind, and hchind, and find, and mind: it is of the easiest termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a page.

Blot. None of those words will do.

Dash. Why then you may use any that end in ond, or and, or end. I am never so exact: if the two last letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the verse.

Blot. "Inconstant as the seas or as the wind."

Dash. What would you express in the next line?

Blot. Nay, that I don't know, for the sense is out already. I would say something about inconstancy.

Dash. I can lend you a verse, and it will do very well too.

"Inconstancy will never have an end."

End rhymes very well with wind.

Blot. It will do well enough for the middle of a *Dash.* Ay, ay, anything will do well enough for the middle of a poem. If you can but get twenty good lines to place at the beginning for a taste, it will sell very well.

Quib. So that, according to you, Mr. Dash, a poet sets pretty much on the same principles with an oyster-woman.

Dash. Pox take your simile, it has set my chaps a watering: but come, let us leave off work for a while, and hear Mr. Quibble's song.

Quib. My pipes are pure and clear, and my stomach is as hollow as any trumpet in Europe.

Dash. Come, the song.

SONG.

AIR. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

How unhappy's the fate
To live by one's pate,
And be forced to write hackney for bread!
An author's a joke
To all manner of folk,
Where'er he pops up his head, his head,
Where'er he pops up his head,
Tho' he mounts on that hack,
Old Pegasus' back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a curse of those strains,
Poetical dreams,
They never can quench one's thirst, &c.
Ah! how should he fly
On fancy so high,
When his limbs are in duress and holds?
Or how should he charm,
With genius so warm,
When his poor naked body's a cold, &c.

SCENE IV.—BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOTFAGE.

Book. Fie upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published! Is it not high time for an Answer to come out! At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible; but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to show their genius. But let me see what you have produced; "With all deference to what that very learned and most ingenious person, in his Letter to a Friend in the Country, hath advanced." Very well, sir; for, besides that, it may sell more of the Letter: all controversial writers should begin with complimenting their adversaries, as prize-fighters kiss before they engage. Let it be finished with all speed. Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

Dash. Yes, sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

Book. Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'night.

Dash. What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir! the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that life which you are about; for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's English Dictionary every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing Bayle's Dictionary in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

Enter INDEX.

Go, Mr. Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my bill, sir.

Book. What's here! For fitting the motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings; for *Omnia vincit Amor*, et nos cedamus *Amori*, sixpence; for *Difficile est Satyram non scribere*, sixpence. Hum! hum! hum!—sum total for thirty-six Latin mottos, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and ninepence; ditto Greek, four—four shillings. These Greek mottos are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

Book. You shall have your money immediately; and pray remember, that I must have two Latin seditious mottos and one Greek moral motto for pamphlets by to-morrow morning.

Quib. I want two Latin sentences, sir—one for page the fourth in the praise of loyalty, and another for page the tenth in praise of liberty and property.

Dash. The ghost would become a motto very well if you would bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to look on that, sir, and print me five hundred proposals and as many receipts.

Book. "Proposals for printing by subscription a New Translation of Cicero Of the Nature of the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy Index, Esq." I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, sir, it does not; for you see all of the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a word of it.

Ind. Not a single syllable. [perhaps.]

Book. Well, you shall have your proposals forthwith: but I desire you would be a little more reasonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain fellow of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-hand mottos out of the Spectator for twopence each.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my goods; and I

hope you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat fresh piece, piping hot out of the classics, and old threadbare worn-out stuff that has passed through every pedant's mouth and been as common at the universities as their whores.

SCENE V.—BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOT-PAGE, SCARECROW.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a libel against the ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take anything against them; for I have two in the press already. [Aside.]

Scare. Then, sir, I have an Apology in defence of them.

Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, with notes on it, if we can agree about the price.

Book. Why, what price would you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

Book. No, no, sir, I never deal that way—a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet with me. Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling. You have the common error of authors, who think people buy books to read. No, no, books are only bought to furnish libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs, are for other rooms. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expense.

Scare. But pray, sir, at whose expense shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why at mine, sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be everything necessary provided for you: good milk porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food and proper for students; a translator too is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

Book. What, and translate Virgil?

Scare. Alas! I translated him out of Dryden.

Book. Lay by your hat, sir—lay by your hat, and take your seat immediately. Not qualified!—thou art as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst laboured in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

Scare. Your trade abounds in mysteries.

Book. The study of bookselling is as difficult as the law: and there are as many tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a foreign name to our own labours, and sometimes we put our names to the labours of others. Then, as the lawyers have John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Sties, so we have Messieurs Moore near St. Paul's and Smith near the Royal Exchange.

SCENE VI.—To them, LUCKLESS.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a man at the head of so many patriots working for the benefit of their country?

Book. Truly, sir, I believe it is an idea more agreeable to you than that of a gentleman in the Crown-office paying thirty or forty guineas for abusing an honest tradesman.

Luck. Pahaw! that was only jocosely done, and a man who lives by wit must not be angry at a jest.

Book. Look ye, sir, if you have a mind to compromise the matter, and have brought me any money—

Luck. Hast thou been in thy trade so long, and talk of money to a modern author? You might as well have talked Latin or Greek to him. I have brought you paper, sir.

Book. That is not bringing me money, I own. Have you brought me an opera?

Luck. You may call it an opera if you will, but I call it a puppet-show.

Book. A puppet-show!

Luck. Ay, a puppet-show; and is to be played this night at Drury-lane playhouse.

Book. A puppet-show in a playhouse!

Luck. Ay, why what have been all the playhouses a long while but puppet-shows?

Book. Why, I don't know but it may succeed; at least if we can make out a tolerable good title-page; so, if you will walk in, if I can make a bargain with you I will. Gentlemen, you may go to dinner.

SCENE VII.—*Enter JACK PUDDING, Drummer, Mob.*

Jack P. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this evening, will be performed the whole puppet-show called the Pleasures of the Town; in which will be shown the whole court of nonsense, with abundance of singing, dancing, and several other entertainments: also the comical and diverting humours of Some-body and No-body; Punc and his wife Joan to be performed by figures, some of them six foot high. God save the King.

[*Drum beats.*]

SCENE VIII.—*WITMORE with a paper, meeting LUCKLESS.*

Wit. Oh! Luckless, I am overjoyed to meet you; here, take this paper, and you will be discouraged from writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it?—Oh! one of my play-bills.

Wit. One of thy play-bills!

Luck. Even so—I have taken the advice you gave me this morning.

Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this performance of mine to be rehearsed, and the actors were all perfect in their parts; but we happened to differ about some particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my play refused by Marplot, I sent for the managers of the other house in a passion, joined issue with them, and this very evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wish you success.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Anywhere but to hear you damned, which I must, was I to go to your Puppet-show.

Luck. Indulge me in this trial; and I assure thee, if it be successful, it shall be the last.

Wit. On that condition I will; but should the torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable friend and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a man who could do so unfashionable and so generous a thing as Mr. Witmore did this morning—

Wit. Then I hope you will return it, by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the pit.

Luck. And I behind the scenes.

SCENE IX.—*LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.*

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I was going to the playhouse to look after you—I am frightened out of my wits—I have left my mother at home with the strangest sort of man, who is inquiring after you; he has raised a mob before the door by the oddity of his appearance; his dress is like nothing I ever saw, and he talks of kings, and Bantam, and the strangest stuff.

Luck. What the devil can he be?

Har. One of your old acquaintance, I suppose, in disguise—one of his majesty's officers with his commission in his pocket, I warrant him.

Luck. Well, but have you your part perfect?

Har. I had, unless this fellow hath frightened it out of my head again; but I am afraid I shall play it wretchedly.

Luck. Why so?

Har. I shall never have assurance enough to go through with it, especially if they should hiss me.

Luck. O! your mask will keep you in countenance, and as for hissing, you need not fear it. The audience are generally so favourable to young beginners: but hush, here is your mother and she has seen us. Adieu, my dear, make what haste you can to the playhouse. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—*HARRIOT, MONEYWOOD.*

Har. I wish I could avoid her, for I suppose we shall have an alarm.

Money. So, so, very fine: always together, always caterwauling. How like a hanged dog he stole off; and it's well for him he did, for I should have rung such a peal in his ears.—There's a friend of his at my house would be very glad of his company, and I wish it was in my power to bring them together.

Har. You would not surely be so barbarous.

Money. Barbarous! ugh! You whining, puling, fool! Hussy, you have not a drop of my blood in you. What, you are in love, I suppose?

Har. If I was, madam, it would be no crime.

Money. Yes, madam, but it would, and a folly too. No woman of sense was ever in love with anything but a man's pocket. What, I suppose he has filled your head with a pack of romantic stuff of streams and dreams, and charms and arms. I know this is the stuff they all run on with, and so run into our debts, and run away with our daughters. Come, confess; are not you two to live in a wilderness together on love! Ah! thou fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in love, just as he paid me in money. If thou wert resolved to go a-begging, why did you not follow the camp? There, indeed, you might have carried a knapsack; but here you will have no knapsack to carry. There, indeed, you might have had a chance of burying half a score husbands in a campaign; whereas a poet is a long-lived animal; you have but one chance of burying him, and that is, starving him.

Har. Well, madam, and I would sooner starve with the man I love than ride in a coach and six with him I hate; and, as for his passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such proofs on 't. [*Proofs of love!*]

Money. Proofs! I shall die. Has he given you Har. All that any modest woman can require.

Money. If he has given you all a modest woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest woman should take; because he has been so good a lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the family to keep. It is probable I shall live to see half a dozen grandsons of mine in Grub-street.

SCENE XL.—MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, JACK.

Jack. Oh, madam! the man whom you took for a haitiff is certainly some great man; he has a vast many jewels and other fine things about him; he offered me twenty guineas to show him my master, and has given away so much money among the chairmen, that some folks believe he intends to stand member of parliament for Westminster.

Money. Nay, then, I am sure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, sirrah, make as much haste as you can before me, and desire him to part with no more money till I come.

Har. So, now my mother is in pursuit of money, I may securely go in pursuit of my lover; and I am mistaken, good mamma, if e'en you would not think that the better pursuit of the two.

In generous love transporting raptures lie,
Which age, with all its treasures, cannot buy.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The Playhouse.—Enter LUCKLESS (as Master of the Show), and Manager.*

Luck. It's very surprising, that after I have been at all this expense and trouble in setting my things up in your house, you should desire me to recant; and now, too, when the spectators are all assembled, and will either have the show or their money.

Man. Nay, sir, I am very ready to perform my covenant with you; but I am told that some of the players do not like their parts, and threaten to leave the house—some to the Haymarket, some to Goodman's-fields, and others to set up two or three more new playhouses in several parts of the town.

Luck. I have quieted all that, and believe there is not one engaged in the performance but who is now very well satisfied.

Man. Well, sir, then so am I: hut, pray, what is the design or plot for I could make neither head nor tail on't.

Luck. Why, sir, the chief business is the election of an arch-poet, or, as others call him, a poet-laureat, to the Goddess of Nonsense. I have introduced, indeed, several other characters not entirely necessary to the main design; for I was assured by a very eminent critic, that in the way of writing great latitude might be allowed; and that a writer of puppet-shows might take as much more liberty than a writer of operas, as an opera-writer might be allowed beyond a writer of plays. As for the scene, it lies on the other side the river Styx, and all the people in my play are dead. [all my heart.]

Man. I wish they may not be damned too, with

Luck. Sir, I depend much on the good-nature of the audience; but they are impatient, I hear them knock with their canes. Let us begin immediately: I think we will have an overture played on this occasion. Mr. Seedo, have you not provided a new overture on this occasion?

Seedo. I have composed one.

Luck. Then pray let us have it. Come, sir, be pleased to sit down by me.—Gentlemen, the first thing I present you with is PUNCHINELLO. [chair.]

[*The curtain draws and discovers Punch in a great*

AIR I. *Whilst the town's bristling of folly.*

Punch. Whilst the town's bristling of furies,
Pinching whilst we see her ayes
Thick as grapes upon a bunch,
Crises, whilst you smile on madness,
And more stupid solemn sadness—
Sure you will not frown on Punch.

Luck. The next is Punch's wife, Joan.

Enter JOAN.—*Joan.* What can ail my husband! he is continually humming tunes, though his voice be only fit to warble at Hog's Norton, where the pigs would accompany it with organs. I was in

hopes death would have stopped his mouth at last; but he keeps his old harmonious humour even in the shades.

Punch. Be not angry, dear Joan; Orpheus obtained his wife from the shades by charming Pluto with his music.

Joan. Sirrah, sirrah, should Pluto hear you sing, you could expect no less punishment than Tantalus has:—nay, the waters would be brought above your mouth to stop it.

Punch. Truly, madam, I don't wish the same success Orpheus met with; could I gain my own liberty, the devil might have you with all my heart.

AIR II.

Joan. Joan, Joan, has a thundering tongue,
And Joan, Joan, Joan, is a bold one.

How happy is he

Who from wedlock is free;

For who'd have a wife to scold one?

Joan. Punch, Punch, Punch, prithee think of your hunch,

Prithee look on your great strutting belly:

Sirrah, if you dare

War with me declare,

I will beat your fat guts to a jelly.

[*They dance.*

AIR III. *Bobbing Joan.*

Pan. Joan, you are the plague of my life,

A rope would be welcome than such a wife.

Joan. Punch, your merits had you but shared,

Your neck had been longer by half a yard:

Pan. Ugly witch,

Joan. Son of a bitch,

Both. Would you were hang'd or drown'd in a ditch.

[*Dance again*

Pan. Since we hate like people in vogue,

Let us call not bitch and rogue:

Greater titles let us use,

Hate each other, but not abuse.

Joan. Pretty dear!

Pan. Ah! I'm chere!

Both. Joy of my life and only care. [*Dance and Exit.*

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is Charon and a Poet; they are disputing about an affair pretty common with poets—going off without paying.

Enter CHARON and a Poet.

Char. Never tell me, sir, I expect my fare. I wonder what trade these authors drive in the other world: I would with as good a will see a soldier aboard my boat. A tattered red coat, and a tattered black one, have bilked me so often, that I am resolved never to take either of them up again—unless I am paid beforehand.

Poet. What a wretched thing it is to be poor! My body lay a fortnight in the other world before it was buried. And this fellow has kept my spirit a month, sunning himself on the other side the river, because my pockets were empty. Wilt thou be so kind as to show me the way to the court of Nonsense?

Cha. Ha, ha! the court of Nonsense! Why, pray, sir, what have you to do there! these rags look more like the dress of one of Apollo's people than of Nonsense's.

[*to Nonsense!*

Poet. Why, fellow, didst thou never carry rags

Cha. Truly, sir, I cannot say but I have: but it is a long time ago, I assure you. But if you are really hound thither, and are a poet, as I presume from your outward appearance, you should have brought a certificate from the goddess's agent, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, the gentleman that writes odes—so finely! However, that I may not hear any more of your verses on the river-side, I'll e'en carry you over on her account: she pays for all her involunt rotaries. Look at that account, sir. She is the best deity to me in the shades. [*wise!*

Poet. Spirits imported for the goddess of Non-

Five people of great quality,

Seven ordinary courtiers,

Nineteen attorneys,

Eleven councillors,

One hundred poets, players, doctors, and apothecaries, fellows of the colleges, and members of the royal society. [men with a prisoner.

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is one of Charon's *Enter Sailor and a Sexton.*

Cha. How now!

Sail. We have caught him at last. This is Mr. Rohgrave, the sexton, who has plundered so many spirits.

Cha. Are you come at last, sir! What have you to say for yourself! Ha! Where are all the jewels and other valuable things you have stolen! Where are they, sirrah! ha!

Sex. Alack, sir, I am but a poor rogue; the parish officers and others have had them all; I had only a small reward for stealing them.

Cha. Then you shall have another reward here, sir. Carry him before Justice Minos; the moment he gets on the other side of the water let him be shackled, and put aboard. [*Exeunt Sailor and Sexton.*

Poet. Who knows whether this rogue has not robbed me too! I forgot to look in upon my body before I came away. [yon t

Cha. Had you any things of value buried with *Poet.* Things of inestimable value; six folios of the my own works.

Luck. Most poets of this age will have their works buried with them. The next is the ghost of a Director.

Enter Director.

Dir. Mr. Charon, I want a boat to cross the river.

Cha. You shall have a place, sir; I believe I have just room for you, unless you are a lawyer, and I have strict orders to carry no more over yet: Hell is too full of them already.

Dir. Sir, I am a director.

Cha. A director! what's that!

Dir. A director of a company, sir. I am surprised you should not know what that is: I thought our names had been famous enough on this road.

Cha. Oh, sir, I ask your honour's pardon; will you be pleased to go aboard!

Dir. I must have a whole boat by myself; for I have two waggon-loads of treasure that will be here immediately. [anything of that nature aboard.

Cha. It is as much as my place is worth to take

Dir. Pshaw, pshaw, you shall go snacks with me, and I warrant we eat the devil. I have been already too hard for him in the other world.—Do you understand what security on bottomry is! I'll make your fortune.

Cha. Here, take the gentleman, let him be well fettered, and carried aboard; away with him.

Sail. Sir, here are a waggon-load of ghosts, arrived from England, that were knocked on the head at a late election.

Cha. Fit out another boat immediately; but be sure to search their pockets, that they carry nothing over with them. I found a bank-bill of fifty pounds the other day in the pocket of a cobbler's ghost, who came hither on the same account.

Sail. Sir, a great number of passengers arrived from London, all bound to the court of Nonsense.

Cha. Some plague, I suppose, or a fresh cargo of physicians come to town from the universities.

Luck. Now, gentlemen, I shall produce such a set of figures as I defy all Europe, except our own play-houses, to equal. Come, put away; pray mind these figures.

Enter DON TRAGEDIO, SIR FARCEICAL COMIC, DR. ORATOR, SIGNIOR OPERA, MONSIEUR PANTOMIME, and MRS. NOVEL.

Poet. Ha! Don Tragedio, your most obedient servant. Sir Farceical! Dr. Orator! I am heartily

glad to see you. Dear Signior Opera! Monsieur Pantomime! Ah! Mynheer Van-trehle! Mrs. Novel in the shades too! What lucky distemper could have sent so much good company hither!

Trag. A tragedy occasioned me to die;

That perishing the first day, so did I.

Farc. A pastoral sent me out of the world. My life went in with a hiss; stap my vitals!

Ora. A Muggletonian dog stahhed me.

AIR IV. Sitsia, my dearest.

Oper. Claps universal.

Applauses resounding.

Hisses confounding

Attending my song:

My senses drowned,

And I fell down dead,

Whilst I was singing, ding, dang, dong.

Poet. Well, Monsieur Pantomime, how came you by your fate!

Pantom. [Makes signs to his neck.]

Poet. Broke his neck. Alas, poor gentleman!—And you, Mynheer Van-trehle, what sent you hither! And you, Madam Novel!

AIR V. 'Twas when the seas were roaring.

Nov. Oh! pity all a maiden

Condemn'd hard fates to prove;

I rather would have laid in

Than thus have died for love!

'Twas hard to encounter death—

Before the bridal bed;

Ah! would I had kept my breath—

And lost my maidenhead!

Poet. Poor lady!

Cha. Come, my masters, it is a rare fresh gale; if you please, I'll show you aboard.

Luck. Observe, gentlemen, how these figures walk off. The next, gentlemen, is a Blackamore lady, who comes to present you with a sarraband and castanets. [A dance.] Now, gentlemen and ladies, I shall produce a bookseller who is the prime minister of Nonsense, and the Poet.

Enter Bookseller and Poet.

Poet. 'Tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange! [eyes.

Book. And yet 'tis true. Did you observe her

Poet. Her ears rather, for there she took the infection. She saw the Signior's visage in his voice.

Book. Did you not mark how she melted when she sung!

Poet. I saw her like another Dido. I saw her heart rise up to her eyes, and drop again to her ears.

Book. That a woman of so much sense as the Goddess of Nonsense should be taken thus at first sight! I have served her faithfully these thirty years as a bookseller in the upper world, and never knew her guilty of one folly before.

Poet. Nay, certainly, Mr. Curry, you know as much of her as any man.

Book. I think I ought; I am sure I have made as large oblations to her as all Warwick-lane and Paternoster-row. [nior Opera!

Poet. But is she, this night, to be married to Sig-

Book. This is to be the bridal night. Well, this will be the strangest thing that has happened in the shades since the rape of Proserpine. But now I think on't, what news bring you from the other world!

Poet. Why affairs go much in the same road there as when you were alive; authors starve, and booksellers grow fat. Grub-street harbours as many pirates as ever Algiers did. They have more theatres than are at Paris, and just as much wit as there is at Amsterdam; they have ransacked all Italy for singers, and all France for dancers.

Book. And all hell for conjurors.

Poet. My lord mayor has shortened the time of Bartholomew-fair in Smithfield and so they are re-

solved to keep it all the year round at the other end of the town.

Book. I find matters go swimmingly; but I fancy I am wanted. If you please, sir, I will show you the way.

Poet. Sir, I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. You, fiddler.

Luck. Well, Punch, what's the matter now?

Punch. What do you think my wife Joan is about?

Luck. Faith, I can't tell. [quality at quadrille.

Punch. Odshoba, she is got with three women of Luck. Quadrille! ha, ha!

Punch. I have taken a resolution to run away from her and set up a trade.

Luck. A trade? why, you have no stock.

Punch. Oh, but I intend to break, cheap my creditors, and so get one.

Luck. That bite is too stale, master Punch.

Punch. Is it? Then I'll e'en turn lawyer. There is no stock required there but a stock of impudence.

Luck. Yes, there is a stock of law, without which you will starve at the bar.

Punch. Ay, but I'll get upon the bench, then I shall soon have law enough; for then I can make anything I say to be law.

Luck. Hush, you scurrilous rascal.

Punch. Odshoba, I have hit it now.

Luck. What now?

Punch. I have it at last; the rarest trade! Punch, thou art made for ever.

[*now!*]

Luck. What conceit has the fool got in his head?

Punch. I'll e'en turn parliament-man.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Why, sirrah, thou hast neither interest nor qualification.

Punch. How! not interest! Yes, sir, Punch is very well known to have a very considerable interest in all the corporations in England; and for qualification, if I have no estate of my own, I can borrow one.

Luck. This will never do, master Punch. You must think of something you have a better qualification for.

Punch. Ay, why then I'll turn great man; that requires no qualification whatsoever.

Luck. Get you gone, you impudent rogue. Gentlemen, the next figures are Somebody and Nobody, come to present you with a song and a dance.

Enter SOMEBODY and NOBODY.

AIR VII. Black Joke.

Some. Of all the men in London town,
Or knaves or fools, in coat or gown,
The representative am I.

No. Go thro' the world, and you will find,
In all the classes of human-kind,
Me say a jolly Nobody.

For him a Nobody sure we may call,
Who during his life does nothing at all
But eat and snore

And drink and roar,

From where to the tavern, from tavern to where,
With a laced coat, and that is all.

Luck. Gentlemen, this is the end of the first interlude. Now, gentlemen, I shall present you with the most glorious scene that has ever appeared on the stage: it is the COURT OF NONSENSE. Play away, soft music, and draw up the curtain.

The curtain drawn up to soft music, discovers the GODDESS OF NONSENSE on a throne; the ORATOR in a tub; TRAGEDIO, &c. attending.

Nons. Let all my votaries prepare

To celebrate this joyful day

Luck. Gentlemen, observe what a lover of recitative Nonsense is.

Nons. Monsieur Pantomime! you are welcome.

Pant. [Cuts a caper.]

Nons. Alas, poor gentleman! he is modest; you may speak; no words offend that have no wit in them.

Mastr. Why, madam Nonsense, don't you know that monsieur Pantomime is dumb? and yet, let me tell you, he has been of great service to you; he is the only one of your votaries that sets people asleep without talking. But here's don Tragedio will make noise enough.

Trag. Yes, Tragedio is indeed my name,

Long since recorded in the rolls of fame,
At Lincoln's-Inn, and eke at Drury-lane.

Let everlasting thunder sound my praise,
And forked light'ning in my scutcheon blaze;
To Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Lee, or Rowe
I not a line—no, not a thought—do owe.

Me, for my novelty, let all adore,
For, as I wrote, none ever wrote before.

Nons. Thou art doubly welcome, welcome.

Trag. That welcome—yes, that welcome—is my
Two tragedies I wrote, and wrote for you; [due,
And had not hisses, hisses me dismay'd,
By this, I'd writ too-score—two score, by Jay'd.

Luck. By Jay'd! Ay, that's another excellence of the Don's; he does not only glean up all the bad words of other authors, but makes new bad words of his own.

Farc. Nay, I'gad, I have made new words, and spoiled old ones too, if you talk of that; I have made foreigners break English, and Englishmen break Latin. I have as great a confusion of languages in my play as was at the building of Babel.

Luck. And so much the more extraordinary, because the author understands no language at all.

Farc. No language at all!—Stap my vitals!

Nons. Dr. Orator, I have heard of you.

Orat. Ay, and you might have heard me too; I hawled loud enough, I'm sure.

Mastr. She might have heard you; but if she had understood your advertisements, I will believe Nonsense to have more understanding than Apollo.

Orat. Have understood me, sir! What has understanding to do! My hearers would be diverted, and they are so; which could not be if understanding were necessary, because very few of them have any.

Nons. You're all deserved my hearty thanks—but here my treasure I bestow.

[*To OPERA.*]

Oper. Your highness knows what reward I prize.

AIR VIII. Lillibolero.

Op. Let the foolish philosopher strive in his cell,
By wisdom or virtue, to merit true praise;

The soldier in hardship and danger still dwell,
That glory and honour may crown his last days;

The patriot ev'ning
To be thought great;

Or beauty all day at the looking-glass toil;
That popular voices

May ring their applauses.

While a breath is the only reward of their coil.

But would you a wise man to action locate,
Be riches proposed the reward of his pain:

In riches is center'd all human delight;
No joy is on earth but what gold can obtain.

If women, or wine,
Or grandeur time,

Be most your delight, all these riches can;
Would you have men to flatter?

To be rich is the matter;

When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man.

Nons. [Repeating in an ecstasy.]
"When you cry he is rich, you cry a great man."

Bravissimo! I long to be your wife.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe and take notice how the Goddess of Nonsense is smitten by music, and falls in love with the ghost of Signior Opera.

Novel. If all my romances ever pleased the ear of

my goddess—if I ever found favour in her sight—
Oh, do not rob me this!

Nous. What means my daughter?

Novel. Alas, he is my husband!

Curry. But though he were your husband in the other world, death solves that tie, and he is at liberty now to take another; and I never knew any one instance of a husband here who would take the same wife again.

AIR IX. *Whilst I gazed on Chloe trembling.*

Novel. May all maids from me take warning,
How a lover's arms they fly;
Lost, the first kind offer scoring,
They without a second die.
How unhappy is my passion!
How tormenting is my pain!
If you thwart my inclination,
Let me die for love again.

Curry. Again! What, did you die for love of your husband?

Novel. He knows he ought to have been so.—He swore he would be so.—Yes, he knows I died for love; for I died in childbed.

Orat. Why, madam, did you not tell me all the road hither, that you was a virgin?

AIR X. *Highland Laddy.*

Oper. I was bold, in my life,
Death for ever
Did disavow
Men from ev'ry mortal strife,
And that greatest plague, a wife,
For had the priests possess'd men,
That to Tartarus
Wives came after us,
Their devil would be a jest then,
And our devil a wife.

Nous. Ayaunt, polluted wretch! begone;
Think not I'll take pollution to my arms,
No, no,—no, no,—no, no, no.

Oper. Well, since I can't have a goddess I'll e'en prove a man of honour.—I was always in love with thee, my angel; but ambition is a dreadful thing. However, my ghost shall pay the debts of my body.

Novel. Now I am happy, verily.

Oper. My long-lost dear!

Novel. My new-found bud!

AIR XI. *Daisy Miller.*

Oper. Will my charming creature
Once again receive me?
Tho' I proved a traitor,
Will she still believe me?
I will well repay thee
For past faults of roving.
Nor shall any day be
Without proofs of loving.
On that tender lily breast
Whilst I lie pining,
Both together blest,
Both with transports fainting
Both Sore no human hearts
Were ever so delighted!
Death, which others parts,
Hath our souls united.

AIR XII. *Over the Hills and far away.*

Oper. Were I laid on Scotland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my dear,
Let scrublands do us grief,
I would know no grief or fear.

Nous. Were we cast on Ireland's soil,
There confus'd in bogs to dwell,
For these potatoes I would bail,
No Irish spouses should feast so well.

Oper. And tho' we scrubld it all the day,
Nous. We'd kiss and hug the night away;
Oper. Scotch and Irish both should say,
Both. O! how blest, how blest are they!

Orat. Since my goddess is disengaged from one lover, may the humblest, yet not the least diligent of her servants, bopse she would smile on him!

Luck. Master Orator, you had best try to charm the goddess with an oration.

Orat. The history of a fiddle and a fiddlestick is going to be held forth; being particularly desired in a letter from a certain querist on that point.

A fiddle is a statesman: Why? Because it's hollow. A fiddlestick is a drunkard: Why? Because it loves rosin'ing.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how he balances his hands; his left hand is the fiddle, and his right hand is the fiddlestick.

Orat. A fiddle is like a beau's nose, because the bridge is often down; a fiddlestick is like a mountebank, because it plays upon a crowd. A fiddle is like a stockjobber's tongue, because it sounds different notes; and a fiddlestick is like a stockjobber's wig, because it has a great deal of horsehair in it.

Luck. And your oration is like yourself, because it has a great deal of nonsense in it. [by music.

Nous. In vain you try to charm my ears, unless

Orat. Have at you then.

Maat. Gentlemen, observe how the doctor sings in his tub. Here are no wires; all alive, alive, ho!

Orat. Chimes of the times, to the tune of Moll Pately.

AIR XIII. *Moll Pately.*

All men are birds by nature, sir,
Tho' they have out wings to fly;
On earth a soldier's a creature, sir,
Much resembling a kite in the sky;
The physician is a fowl, sir,
Whom most men call an owl, sir,
Who by his hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that death is nigh.

The usurer is a swallow, sir,
That can swallow gold by the forum;
A woodcock is 'quiver shallow, sir;
And a goose is soft of the quorum;
The gambler is a rook, sir,
The lawyer, with his Coke, sir,
Is but a raven,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
After the ready rhetoric.

Young virgins are scarce as rails, sir;
Plenty as bats the night walkers go;
Soft Italians are nightingales, sir,
And a cock sparrow mimics a beau;
Like birds men are to be caught, sir;
Like birds men are to be bought, sir;
Men of a side,
Like birds of a feather,
Will flock together,
Will flock together,
Both sexes like birds will — 100.

Nous. 'Tis all in vain.

Trag. Is nonsense of me then forgetful grown,
And must the signior be preferred alone?
Is it for this, for this, ye gods, that I
Have in one scene made some folks laugh, some cry?
For this does my low blustering language creep
At once to wake you and to make you sleep!

Farc. And so all my puns, and quibbles, and conundrums, are quite forgotten, stomp my vitals!

Orat. More chimes of the times, to the tune of Rogues, rogues, rogues.

AIR XIV. *There was a jovial beggar.*

The stone that all things turns at will
To gold the chemist craves;
But gold, without the chemist's skill,
Turns all men into knaves.
For a cheat or they will go, &c.

The merchant would the courtier cheat,
When on his goods he lays
Too high a price—but faith he's bit,
For a courtier never pays.

For a cheating, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No robber but himself.

For a cheating, &c.

Between the quack and highwayman
What difference can there be?
Though this with pistol, that with pen,
Both kill you for a fee.

For a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes;
Whilst she at home, to ease her life,
Carouses with the beaux.

For a cheating, &c.

That some directors cheats were,
Some have made bold to do so;
Did not the supercargo's care
Prevent their finding out.

For a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward sick
(No low this art we find),
The steward doth his lordship trick,
My lord tricks all mankind.

For a cheating, &c.

One sect there are, to whose fair lot
No cheating arts do fall;
And those are persons call'd, God wot,
And so I cheat you all.

For a cheating, &c.

Enter CHARON.

Cha. An't please your majesty, there is an odd sort of a man on t'other side the water says he's recommended to you by some people of quality.—Egad, I don't care to take him aboard, not I. He says his name is Hurlborumbo—rumbo—Hurlborumbo, I think he calls himself; he looks like one of Apollo's people, in my opinion; he seems to be mad enough to be a real poet.

Nons. Take him aboard.

Cha. I had forgot to tell your ladyship I bear rare news; they say you are to be declared Goddess of Wit.

Curry. That's no news, Mr. Charon.

Cha. Well, I'll take Hurlborumbo aboard.

[Exit CHARON.]

Orat. I must win the goddess before he arrives, or else I shall lose her for ever.—A rap at the times.

AIR XV. *When I was a dame of honour.*

Come all who've heard my cushion beat,
Confess me as full of dulness
As any egg is full of meat.
Or full moon is of fulness;
Let the justice and his clerk both own,
Than thine my dulness greater;
And tell how I've harangued the towns.
When I was a bold orator.

The lawyer wrangling at the bar,
While the reverend bench is dozing,
The scribbler in a pamphlet war,
Or Grub-street bard composing;
The trudging quack in scarlet cloak,
Or coffee-house polite prater,
Can none come up to what I have spoke,
When I was a bold orator.

The well-bred courtier telling lies,
Or levee-hunter believing;
The vain coquette that rolls her eyes,
More empty fops deceiving;
The parson of dissenting gang,
Or flustering dedicator,
Could none of them like me harangue,
When I was a bold orator.

Enter PUNCH.

Punch. You, you, you.

Luck. What's the matter, Punch?

Punch. Who is that?

Luck. That's an orator, master Punch.

Punch. An orator—What's that?

Luck. Why an orator is—egad, I can't tell what;—be is a man that nobody dares dispute with.

Punch. Say you so? I'll be with him presently. Bring out my tub, there. I'll dispute with you, I'll warrant. I am a Muggleonian.

Orat. I am not.

Punch. Then you are not of my opinion.

Orat. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole tribe would be the death of me; but I am resolved to proceed to confute you as I have done hitherto, and as long as I have breath you shall hear me; and I hope I have breath enough to blow you all out of [the world.

Punch. If noise will.

Orat. Sir, I—

Punch. Hear me, sir.

Nons. Hear him; hear him; hear him.

AIR XVI. *Hey, Barnaby, take it for warning.*

Punch. No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons, or you are nonsensated.
Heigh, ho.

No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken.

Orat. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.
Th. to. [They dance.

Nons. 'Tis all in vain: a virgin I will live; and oh, great Signior! prithee take this chaplet, and still wear it for my sake.

Luck. Gentlemen, observe how Signior Opera is created archpoet to the Goddess of Nonsense.

Trag. And does great Nonsense, then, at length determine

To give the chaplet to that singing vermin?

Nons. I do.

Trag. Then, Opera, come on, and let us try,
Whether shall wear the chaplet, you or I.

AIR XVII. *Be kind, and love.*

Nos. Oh, spare to take his precious life away;
So sweet a voice must sure your passion lay;
Oh, hear his gentle murmurs first, and then,
If you can kill him, I will cry Amen.

Trag. Since but a song you ask, a song I'll bear;
But tell him, that last song is his last prayer.

AIR XVIII.

Op. Barbarous cruel man,
I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a swan
A swan,
A swan,

With my face all pale and wan,
More fierce art thou than pirates,
Than pirates,

Whom the syrens' music charms,
Alarms,
Dismays;

More fierce than men on the high roads,
On the high --- roads,
On the high --- roads.

More fierce than men on the high roads,
When Polly Peachum warns.
The devil

Was made civil,
By Orpheus's tuneful charms;
And can ---
----- n,

Be gentler than man?

Trag. I cannot do it— [Sheaths his sword
Metbinks I feel my flesh congeal'd to bone,
And know not if I'm flesh and blood or stone.

Pant. [Runs several times round the stage.]

Nons. Alas, what means monsieur Pantomime?

Curry. By his pointing to his head I suppose he

Nons. Pretty youth [would have the chaplet.

Nos. Oh, my dear, how shall I express the trouble of my soul!

Oper. If there be sympathy in love, I'm sure I felt it; for I was in a damnable fright too.

Nos. Give me a buss then.

AIR XIX. *Under the greenwood tree.*

Is vain a thousand heroes and kings
Should court me to their arms,
In vain should give me a thousand fine things.

For then I'd resolve my charms;

On that dear breast, entranced in joy,

Oh et na ever be.

Op. Oh, how I will kiss thee,
Now I'll embrace thee.
When thou art a-bed with me!
Nons. (Repeats.) Oh, how I will kiss thee, &c.
Alas! what mighty noise?

Luck. Gentlemen, the next is a messenger.
Enter Messenger.

Mes. Stay, goddess, nor with haste the prize requiest,
A mighty spirit now hastes here beneath,
Long in the world your noble cause he fought,
Your laurel there, your precepts still he taught;
To his great son he leaves that laurel now,
And hastes to receive one here below.
Nons. I can't revoke my grant, but he
Shall manager of our players be.

Luck. The next is Count Ugly, from the Opera-house in the Hay-market.

Enter COUNT UGLY.

Nons. Too late, O mighty count, you came.
Count. I ask not for myself, for I disdain
O'er the poor ragged tribe of bards to reign.
Me did my stars to happier fates prefer,
Sur-intendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre;
If masquerades you have, let those be mine,
But on the Sighar let the laurel shine.
Nons. What is thy plea? Hast written?
Count. Not if from dulness any may succeed, No, nor read.
To that and nonsense I good title plead.
Nought else was ever to my masquerade.
Nons. No more: by Syra I swear
That Opera the crown shall wear.

AIR.

Nons. Away each meek pretender flies,—
Opera, thou hast gain'd the prize.
Nonsense, grateful still, must owe
That thou best support'st her throne.
For her subscriptions thou dost gain
By thy soft alluring strain.
When Shakespeare's thought
And Congreve's brought
Their aids to sense to vain.
Beauties who subdue mankind
Thy soft chains alone can bind;
See within their lovely eyes
The melting wish arise:
While thy sounds enchant the ear,
Lovers thick the nymph sincere;
And projectors,
And directors,
Lose awhile their fear.

Enter CHARON.

Luck. How now, Charon; you are not to enter yet.
Char. To enter, sir! Alack-a-day: we are all
undone; there are sir John Bindover and a constable
coming in.

Enter SIR JOHN, and Constable.

Const. Are you the master of the puppet-show?
Luck. Yes, sir. [have a warrant for you, sir.
Const. Then you must along with me, sir; I
Luck. For what?
Sir John. For abusing Nonsense, sirrah.
Const. People of quality are not to have their
diversions libelled at this rate.
Luck. Of what do you accuse me, gentlemen?
Sir John. Shall you abuse Nonsense when the
whole town supports it?
Luck. Pox on't, had this fellow staid a few mo-
ments longer, till the dance had been over, I had
been easy. Harkye, Mr. Constable, shall I only beg
your patience for one dance, and then I'll wait on
you?

Sir John. Sirrah, don't try to corrupt the magis-
trate with your bribes: here shall be no dancing.

Nons. What does this fellow of a constable mean
by interrupting our play?

AIR XXI. Fair Derivade.

Oh, Mr. Constable,
Bravely casual,
Would I had thee at the Rose.
May'st thou be wakened,
Hang'd up and eaten,
Seen by the carrion crows.
The filth that lies in common
shores,
May it ever lie in thy nose.
May it ever
Lie in thy nose,
Oh, may it lie in thy nose.

Luck. Mollify yourself, madam.

Sir John. That is really a pretty creature; it were
a piece of charity to take her to myself for a hand-
maid. [Aside.

Const. Very pretty, very pretty truly:—If magis-
trates are to be abused at this rate, the devil may be
a constable for me. Hark'ee, madam, do you know

Nons. A rogue, sir. [who we are

Const. Madam, I'm a constable by day, and a
justice of peace by night. [night.

Nons. That is a buzzard by day and an owl by

AIR XXII. Newmarket.

Const. Why, madam, do you give such words as these
To a constable and a justice of peace?
I fancy you'll better know how to speak
By that time you've been in Bridewell a week;
Have beaten good hemp, and been
Whipp'd at a post;
I hope you'll repent, when some skin
You have lost

But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be severe;
Come down a good guinea, and you shall be clear.

Nons. Oh, sir John, you, I am sure, are the com-
mander in this enterprise. If you will prevent the
rest of our show, let me beg you will permit the
dance.

AIR XXIII. Charming Betty.

Sweetest honey, Good sir Johny, Prither let us take a dance, Leave your casting, Zealous ranting, Come and shake a merry haunch.	Motions firing, Sounds inspiring, We are led to softer joys; Where in trances Each soul dances, Music there seems only noise.
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Sir John. Verily I am conquered. Pity prevaileth
over severity, and the flesh hath subdued the spirit.
I feel a motion in me, and whether it be of grace or
no I am not certain. Pretty maid, I cannot be deaf
any longer to your prayers; I will abide the per-
forming a dance, and will myself, being thereto
moved by an inward working, accompany you there-
in, taking for my partner that reverend gentleman.

Must. Then strike up.

Enter WITHMORE, MONKWOOD, HARRIOT, BANTAMITE

With. Long live his majesty of Bantam!

Money. Heaven preserve him!

Bant. Your gracious father, sir, greets you well.

Luck. What in the devil's name is the meaning
of this?

Bant. I find he is entirely ignorant of his father.

With. Ay, sir, it is very common in this country
for a man not to know his father.

Luck. What do you mean?

Bant. His features are much altered.

Luck. Sir, I shall alter your features if you proceed.

Bant. Give me leave to explain myself. I was
your tutor in your earliest days, sent by your father,
his present majesty Francis IV. king of Bantam, to
show you the world. We arrived at London; when
one day, among other frolics, our ship's-crew shoot-
ing the bridge, the boat overset, and, of all our com-
pany, I and your royal self were only saved by swim-
ming to Billingsgate: but tho' I saved my life I lost
for some time my senses, and you, as I then feared,
for ever. When I recovered, after a long fruitless
search for my royal master, I set sail for Bantam, but
was driven by the winds on far distant coasts, and
wandered several years, till at last I arrived once
more at Bantam. Guess how I was received. The
king ordered me to be imprisoned for life. At last
some lucky chance brought thither a merchant who
offered this jewel as a present to the king of Bantam.

Luck. Ha! it is the same which was tied upon
my arm, which by good luck I preserved from every
other accident, till want of money forced me to
pawn it.

Bant. The merchant, being strictly examined, said

he had it of a pawnbroker; upon which I was immediately despatched to England, and the merchant kept close prisoner till my return, then to be punished with death or rewarded with the government of an island.

Luck. Know then that at that time when you lost your senses I also lost mine. I was taken up half-dead by a waterman, and conveyed to his wife, who sold oysters, by whose assistance I recovered. But the waters of the Thames, like those of Lethe, had caused an entire oblivion of my former fortune. But now it breaks in like light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your name Gonsalvo?

Bant. It is.

Luck. Oh, my Gonsalvo!

Bant. Oh, my dearest lord!

[Embrace.]

Luck. But say by what lucky accident you discovered me.

Bant. I did intend to have advertised you in the Evening Post with a reward; but, being directed by the merchant to the pawnbroker, I was accidentally there inquiring after you when your boy brought your nab. (Oh, sad remembrance, that the son of a king should pawn a hat!) The woman told me that was the boy that pawned the jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodged.

Luck. Prodigious fortune! *[A wind-horn without.]*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. An express is arrived from Bantam with the news of his majesty's death. *[I. king of Bantam!]*

Bant. Then, sir, you are king. Long live Henry

Omes. Long live Henry I. king of Bantam.

Luck. Witmore, I now may repay your generosity.

Wit. Fortune has repaid me, I am sure, more than she owed, by conferring this blessing on you.

Luck. My friend! But here I am indebted to the golden goddess for having given me an opportunity to aggrandise the mistress of my soul, and set her on the throne of Bantam. Come, madam, now you may lay aside your mask: so once repeat your acclamations: long live Henry and Harriot king and

Omes. Huzza! *[Queen of Bantam!]*

AIR XXIV. Gently touch the warbling lyre.

Har. Let others fondly court a throne,

All my joy's in you alone;

Let me find a crown in you,

Let me find a sceptre too,

Equal in the court or grove,

I am blest, do you but love

Luck. Were I not with you to live,

Bantam would no pleasure give.

Happier in some forest I

Could upon that bosom lie.

I would guard you from all harms,

While you slept within my arms.

Har. Would an Alexander rise,

Him I'd view with scornful eyes.

Luck. Would Helen with thy charms compare,

Her I'd think not half so fair:

Desiret shalt thou ever be.

Har. Thou alone shalt reign in me.

Const. I hope your majesty will pardon a poor

ignorant consistor: I did not know your worship I assure you.

Luck. Pardon you—Ay, more—You shall be chief constable of Bantam. You, sir John, shall be chief justice of peace: you, sir, my orator; you my poet-laureat; you my bookseller; you, Don Tragedio, Sir Farical, Signior Opera, and Count Ugly, shall entertain the city of Bantam with your performances; Mrs Norel, you shall be a romance-writer; and to show my generosity, Monsieur Mar-play, you shall superintend my theatres. All proper servants for the king of Bantam.

Money. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

Luck. This gentlewoman is the queen's mother.

Money. For want of a better, gentlemen!

AIR XXV. Oh ponder well.

Money. Alack, how alter'd is my fate!

What changes have I seen!

For I, who lodgings let of late,

Am now again a queen.

Punch. And I, who in this puppet-show

Have played Punchinello,

Will now let all the audience know

I am no common fellow.

Punch. If his majesty of Bantam will give me leave, I can make a discovery which will be to his satisfaction. You have chose for a wife Henrietta princess of Old Brentford.

Omes. How!

Punch. When the king of Old Brentford was expelled by the king of the New, the queen flew away with her little daughter (then about two years old), and was never heard of since. But I sufficiently recollect the phiz of my mother; and thus I ask her blessing.

Money. Oh, my son!

Har. Oh, my brother!

Punch. Oh, my sister!

Money. I am sorry in this pickle to remember who I am. But alas! too true is all you've said. Though I have been reduced to let lodgings, I was the queen of Brentford; and this, though a player, is a king's son.

Enter JOAN.

Joan. Then I am a king's daughter, for this gentleman is my husband.

Money. My daughter!

Har. And *Luck.* My sister!

Punch. My wife!

Luck. Strike up kettle-drums and trumpets.—*Punch.* I will restore you into your kingdom at the expense of my own. I will send an express to Bantam for my army.

Punch. Brother, I thank you.—And now, if you please, we will celebrate these happy discoveries with a dance.

A DANCE.

Luck. Taught by my fate, let never hard despair,
Tho' long he drudge and feed on Grub-street air:
Since him (at last) 'tis possible to see
As happy and as great a king as me.

EPILOGUE.

1st Poet, Mr. JOHNS; 2d Poet, Mr. DOVE; 3d Poet, Mr. MARSHALL; 4th Poet, Mr. WELLS, JUN.; FLOWER, MISS PALMS
Cat, MRS. MARTIN.—Four Poets sitting at a Table.

1 Po. Brethren, we are assembled here to write

An epilogue, which must be spoke to night

2 Po. Let the first lines be to the pit address'd.

3 Po. If critics too were mention'd, it were best;

With fulsome flattery let them be cramm'd,

But if they damn the play.

1 Po. Let them be damn'd.

2 Po. Supposing, therefore, brother, we should say

Some very great encomiums on the play?

3 Po. It cannot be amiss.

1 Po. Now mount the boxes,

Abuse the beaux, and compliment the doxies.

4 Po. Abuse the beaux—but how?

1 Po. Oh! never mind;

In ev'ry modern epilogue you'll find

Which we may borrow of that kind.

3 Po. What will the name of imitation soften?

1 Po. Oh! sir, you cannot say good things too often;

And sure those thoughts which to another shine

Become not duller by becoming mine.

4 Po. I'm satisfied.

1 Po. The audience is already

Divided into critic, beau, and lady;

Not box, nor pit, nor gallery, can show

One who's not lady, critic, or a beau.

3 Po. It must be very difficult to please

Fancies so odd, so opposite as these.

1 Po. The task is not so difficult as put;
There's one thing pleases all.

2 Po. What is that?

1 Po. For, as a whore is lik'd for being tawdry,
So is an epilogue for—

3 Po. [on a paragon.] I order you.
On pain of my departure, not to chatter.
One word so very sa'vy of the creature;
For, by my jeeu, might I Parnassus share,
I'd not, to gain it all, offend the fair.

1 Po. You are too nice—for say whatever we can,
Their modesty is safe behind a fan.

4 Po. Well, let us now begin.

2 Po. But we omit
An epilogue's chief decoration, wit.

1 Po. It hath been so; but that stale custom's broken;
Though dull to read, 'twill please you when 'tis spoken.

Enter the Author

Auth. Fie, gentlemen, the audience now hath staid
This half-hour for the epilogue—

All Po. 'Tis not made.

Auth. How! then I value not your aid of that,
I'll have the epilogue spoken by a cat.
Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss.

Enter Cat

1 Po. I'm in a rage!
When cats come on, poets should leave the stage.

Cat. Mew, mew, [Exeunt Poets.]

Auth. Poor puss, come hither, pretty rogue,
Who knows but you may come to be in vogue?
Some ladies like a cat, and some a dog.

Enter a Player

Play. Cass! cass! cass! Fie, Mr. Luckless, what
Can you be doing with that filthy cat? [Exit Cat.]

Auth. Oh! curs'd misfortune—what can I be doing?
This devil's coming in has prov'd my ruin.
She's driven the cat and epilogue away.

Play. Sure you are mad, and know not what you say.

Auth. Mad you may call me, madam; but you'll owe,
I hope, I am not madder than the town.

Play. A cat to speak an epilogue—

Auth. Speak! No.

Play. Only to act the epilogue in dumb-show.

Play. Dumb-show!

Auth. Why, pray, is that so strange in comedy
And have you not seen Perseus and Andromeda?
Where you may find strange incidents intended,
And regular intrigues begun and ended,
Though not a word doth from an actor fall;
As 'tis polite to speak in murmurs small,
Sure, 'tis politest not to speak at all.

Play. But who is this?

Enter Cat as a Woman.

Auth. I know her not.

Cat. I, that
Am now a woman, lately was a cat.
[Turns to the Audience.]
Gallants, you seem to think this transformation
As strange as was the rabbit's procreation;
That 'tis as odd a cat should take the habit
Of breeding us, as we should breed a rabbit.
I'll warrant eating one of them would be
As easy to a bean, as—kissing me.
I would not for the world that thing should catch us,
Cries scard Sir Plume—Fore gad, my lord, she
scratches us.

Yet let not that deter you from your sport,
You'll find my nails are pared exceeding short.
But, ha! what murmurs through the benches roam!
The husbands cry, 'We've cat enough at home!
This transformation can be strange to no man,
There's a great likeness 'twixt a cat and woman.
Chang'd by her lover's earnest prayers, we're told,
A cat was to a beautiful maid of old.
Could modern husbands thus the gods prevail on,
Oh, Gemini! what wife would have no tail on?
Puss would be seen where madams lately sat,
And every Lady Towndly be a cat.

Say, all of you, whose honey-moon is over,
What would you give, such changes to discover;
And, waking in the morn, instead of bride,
To find poor pussy paring by your side?

Say, gentle husbands, which of you would curse,
And cry, my wife is altered for the worse?
Should to our sex the gods like justice show,
And, at our pray'rs, transfer our husbands too,
Many a lord, who now his fellow scorns,
Would then exceed a cat by nothing—but his horns
So plenty then would be those toes to rats,
Hensley might prove that all mankind are cats.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN;

RAPE UPON RAPE; OR,

THE JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A COMEDY.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. MILWARD.

In ancient Greece, the infant Muse's school,
Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honest freedom and impartial blows
The Muse attack'd each Vice as it arose;
No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
From the just satire of the comic scene:
No tales could the daring poet cool,
Nor save the great right honourable fool.
They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
And public villany felt public shame.

Long hath this gen'rous method been disus'd,
For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd;
By pow'r defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the lordly heart;
While beaux, and eds, and squires, our scenes afford,
Justice preserves the rogues who wield her sword;
All satire against her tribunal's quash'd.
Nor lash the bards, for fear of being lash'd.

But the heroic Muse who sings to-night,
Through these neglected tracts attempts her flight.
Vice, cloth'd with pow'r, she combats with her pen,
And fearless dares the lion in his den.

Thou, only reverence to power is due,
When public welfare is its only view:
But when the champions, whom the public arm
For their own good with pow'r, attempt their harm,
The state must meet the general applause
Who 'gainst those traitors fights the public cause.

And while these scenes the conscious knave displease,
Who feels within the criminal he sees,
The uncorrupt and good must smile, to find
No mark for satire in his generous ind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Worthy*, Mr. OODIN; *Speeches*, Mr. HIPPISLEY; *Politics*, Mr. CHAPMAN; *Rambles*, Mr. WAXES; *Content*, Mr. MILWARD; *Salmag*, Mr. HUYLEY; *Dabble*, Mr. RAY; *Quill*, Mr. H. B. LOCK; *Stiff*, Mr. HALL; *Power*, Mr. MACLEAN; *Philosophy*, Mr. HOUGHTON; *Hilaret*, Mr. YOUNG; *Isabella*, Mrs. BOKER; *Mrs. Speeches*, Mrs. BELLOCK; *Mrs. Stiff*, Mrs. KILBY; *Cloris*, Mrs. STEPHENS; *Evidences*, Watch, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*A parlour in POLITIC'S house. A table spread with newspapers, Chairs.* HILARET, CLORIS.

Hilaret. Well, Cloris, this is a mad frolic. I am horribly frighted at the thoughts of throwing myself into the power of a young fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frighted at first: I was in a little terror myself on my wedding-day, but it went all off before the next morning. A husband, like other hughbears, loses all his horror when we once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good husband—
Clo. Then you must not prove a good wife.—If he keeps a mistress, do you keep a gallant; if he stay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be merry with your friends at home.

Hil. You give fine advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my word, madam, it was such as I followed myself. I had a rogue of a husband that

large do I take it to be?—why, truly, I take it to be about as large as the kingdom of France—or something larger.

Dab. As large as the kingdom of France!—you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a cannon. Why Tuscany, sir, is only a town: a garrison to be admitted into Tuscany; that is, into the town of Tuscany—

Pol. Sir, I will convince you of your error.—Here, Faithful, bring a map of Europe hither—

Dab. I did not think, Mr. Politic, you had been so ignorant in geography. [of it.]

Pol. I believe I know as much as you, or any one,

SCENE V.—POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Faith. Sir, your daughter is gone out of the house, no one knows whither.

Pol. And give me leave to tell you, sir, I wish your own ignorance in public affairs doth not appear to our cost.

Dab. Sir, I wish you would send for the map.

Pol. Map me no maps, sir; my head is a map, a map of the whole world.

Faith. Sir, your daughter— [ous one.]

Dab. If your head be a map, it is a very erroneous map. Sir, I would not have called Tuscany a town in a coffee-house to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.—POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

Por. Great news, gentlemen—all's safe again.

Pol. More deaths?

Por. An express is arrived with a certain account of the dauphin's being in good health.

Dab. This is good news, indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this moment from the secretary's office.

Pol. Dear Mr. Porer, you are the welcomest man alive—this news makes me the happiest creature living.

Faith. I wish, sir, my news may not prevent it. Your daughter, sir, Miss Hilaret, is gone out of the house, and no one knows whither.

Pol. My daughter gone! that is some alloy to my happiness, I confess; but the loss of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the dauphin. However, gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go inquire into this affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at anything after what you have heard—let the private give way to the public ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The Street.—SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore! A pox confound them! they have spoiled so many of my companions, and forced me to be sober at three o'clock in the morning so often, that if the whole sex were going to the devil, I would drink a bumper to their good journey.

Ramb. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming creatures! Woman!—it is the best word that ever was invented. There's music, there's magic in it. Mark Antony knew well to lay out his money, and when he gave the world for a woman—be bought a lumping pennyworth.

Sot. If he had given it for a hoghead of good claret, I would have commended the purchase more.

Ramb. Wine is only the prologue to love; it only serves to raise our expectations. The bottle is but a passport to the bed of pleasure. Brutes drink to quench their appetites—but lovers to enflame them.

Sot. 'Tis pity the generous liquor should be used to no better a purpose.

Ramb. It is the noblest use of the grape; the greatest glory of Bacchus is to be page to Venus.

Sot. Before I go into a tavern again with a man, who will sneak away after the first bottle, may I be cursed with the odious sight of a pint as long as I live; or become member of a city club, where men drink out of thimbles, that the fancy may be heightened by the wine about the same time that the understanding is improved by the conversation: I'll sooner drink coffee with a politician, tea with a fine lady, or 'rack punch with a fine gentleman, than thus be made a whetstone of to sharpen my friends' inclinations, that some little strumpet may enjoy the benefit of that good humour which I have raised.

Ramb. Why, thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a woman would be who was disappointed in the last moment, when her expectations were at the highest.

Sot. And have I not the same cause?

Ramb. Truly, honest Nol, when a man's reason begins to stagger I think him the properest company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

Sot. Then thou hadst been carried off with glory. An honest fellow should no more quit the tavern while he can stand than a soldier should the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preserving yourselves safe from both for the benefit of the Indies.—'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same scorn that a soldier would a coward: so, sir, when I meet you next, he not surprised if I walk on the other side the way.

Ramb. Nay, prithee, dear Silenus, be not so enraged; I'll but take one refreshing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy shall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

Sot. Now thou art an honest fellow, and thou shalt toast whomsoever thou pleasest—we'll hump up her health, till thou dost enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination there is no hawd like a bottle. It shall throw into your arms the soberest prude or wildest coquet in town—thou shalt rifle her charms in spite of her art. Nay, thou shalt increase her charms more than her art; and, when thou art surfeited with the luscious pleasure, wake coolly the next morning without any wife by your side or any fear of children.

Ramb. What a luscious picture hast thou drawn!

Sot. And thou shalt have it, boy! Thou shalt triumph over her virtue if she be a woman of quality, or raise her blushes if she be a common strumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table and expect you with impatience.—"Fill every glass." [Sings.] [Exit SOTMORE.]

SCENE VIII.—RAMBLE solus.

Ramb. Sure this fellow's whole sensation lies in his throat, for he is never pleased but when he is swallowing, and yet the hoghead will be as soon drunk with the liquor it contains as be. I wish it had no other effect upon me. Pox of my paper skull! I have no sooner buried the wine in my belly than its spirit rises in my head. I am in a very proper humour for a frolic; if my good genius, and her evil one, would but send some lovely female in my way—ha! the devil hath heard my prayers.

SCENE IX.—RAMBLE, HILARET.

Hil. Was ever anything so unfortunate! to lose this wench in the scuffle, and not know a step of the way—What shall I do?

Ramb. By all my love of glory, an adventure.

Hil. Ha! who's that? who are you, sir?

morning by your characters. I would not have you dejected, you shall not want a character.

[*Aside to her.*

Hil. This was the most unfortunate accident, sure, that ever befel a woman of virtue.

Staff. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate fright. But, Mr. Constable, I am very willing that the gentleman should have his liberty, give me but mine.

Staff. That request, madam, is a very corroborating circumstance against you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever discover itself.

Staff. Bring them along.

[*opinion.*

Watch. She looks like a modest woman, in my

Ramb. Confound all your modest women, I say, a man can have nothing to do with a modest woman, but he must be married or hanged for't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.—Scene, JUSTICE SQUEEZUM'S.—
A table, pen, ink, paper, &c.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Squeez. Did mother Bilkum refuse to pay my demands, say you!

Quill. Yes, sir; she says she does not value your worship's protection of a farthing, for that she can bribe two juries a-year to acquit her in Hicks's Hall, for half the money which she hath paid you within these three months.

Squeez. Very fine! I shall show her that I understand something of juries, as well as herself. Quill, make a memorandum against mother Bilkum's trial, that we may remember to have the pannel No. 3; they are a set of good men and true, and bearken to no evidence but mine.

Quill. Sir, Mr. Snap, the bailiff's follower, hath set up a shop, and is a freeholder. He hopes your worship will put him into a pannel on the first vacancy.

Squeez. Minnte him down for No. 2. I think half of that pannel are bailiff's followers. Thank Heaven, the laws have not excluded those hutchers.

Quill. No, sir, the law forbids hutchers to be juries, but does not forbid jury-men to be hutchers.

Squeez. Quill, d'ye hear! look out for some new recruits for the pannel No. 1. We shall have a swinging vacancy there the next sessions. Truly, if we do not take some care to regulate the juries in the Old Bailey, we shall have no juries for Hicks's Hall.

Quill. Very true, sir. But that pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged at least twice over.

Squeez. Ay, poor fellows! We must all take our chance, Quill. The man who will live in this world must not fear the next. The chance of peace is doubtful as that of war; and they who will make their fortunes at home should entertain no more dread of the hench than a soldier should of the field. We are all militant here; and a halter hath been fatal to many a great man as well as a bullet.

SCENE II.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF.

Quill. Sir, here's Mr. Staff, tha reforming constable.

Staff. An't please your worship, we have been at the gaming-house in the alley, and have taken six prisoners, whereof we discharged two who had your

Squeez. What are the others! [worship's licencee.

Staff. One is an half-pay officer: another an at-

torney's clerk; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

Squeez. Discharge the officer and the clerk; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law: the one hath no money, and the other will part with no. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

Staff. Asking your worship's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

Squeez. Fear not; these hear no nearer affinity to lawyers than a militia regiment of squires do to soldiers; the one gets no more by his gown than the other by his sword. These are men that bring estates to the Temple, instead of getting them there.

Staff. Nay, they are bedaubed with lace as fine as lords.

Squeez. Never fear a lawyer in lace. The lawyer that sets out in lace always ends in rags.

Staff. I'll secure them. We went to the house where your worship commanded us, and heard the dice in the street; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, so we thought it proper not to go in.

Squeez. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to stop people who walk on foot, and not to interrupt those who drive through them in their coaches. The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court-cards is always secure, and the knaves are the safest cards in the pack.

Staff. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

Squeez. What is he?

Staff. I fancy he's some great man; for he talks French, sings Italian, and swears English.

Squeez. Is he rich?

[*out of him.*

Staff. I believe not, for we can't get a farthing

Squeez. A certain sign that he is. Deep pockets are like deep streams; and money, like water, never runs faster than in the shallows.

Staff. Then there's another misfortune too.

Squeez. What's that?

[*him.*

Staff. The woman will not swear anything against

Squeez. Never fear that; I'll make her swear enough for my purpose. What sort of a woman is

Staff. A common whore, I believe.

[*she!*

Squeez. The properest person in the world to swear a rape. A modest woman is as shy of swearing a rape as a gentleman is of swearing a battery. We will make her swear enough to frighten him into a composition, a small part of which will satisfy the woman. So bring them before me. But hold! have you been at home since I sent a prisoner thither this morning?

Staff. Yes, an't please your worship.

Squeez. And what says he?

Staff. He threatens us confoundedly! and says you have committed him without any accusation. I'm afraid we shall get nothing out of him.

Squeez. We'll try him till noon, however.

SCENE III.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Mrs. Squeez. I desire, Mr. Squeezum, you would finish all your dirty work this morning; for I am resolved to have the house to myself in the afternoon.

Squeez. You shall, my dear; and I shall be obliged to you if you can let me have the coach this morning.

Mrs. Squeez. I shall use it myself.

[*ing.*

Squeez. Then I must get horses put into the chariot.

Mrs. Squeez. I am not determined whether I shall use the coach or chariot; so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a hack is the properest to do business in; and, as I cannot spare you a servant, will look better.

Squeez. Well, child, well, it shall be so. Let me

by beg the favour of dining a little sooner than ordinary.

Mrs. Squeez. That is so far from being possible, at we cannot dine till an hour later than usual, because I must attend at an auction, or I shall lose a little China hason which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and those you must give me, child.

Squeez. A hundred guineas for a China hason! Oh, the devil take the East India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

Mrs. Squeez. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much money about one than too little. [*gance.*]

Squeez. In short, I cannot support your extravagance. I do not desire you to support my extravagance. I wish you would not. [*extravagance.*]

Mrs. Squeez. Thus stands the case: you say I am extravagant; I say I am not: sure my word will balance yours everywhere but at Hicks's Hall.—And hark 'ee, my dear; if, whenever I ask for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be revenged; I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill honours, your bribing juries, your snacking fees, your whole train of rogues. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my joindre, sir.

Squeez. Well, my dear, this time you shall be indulged.—Trust a thief or lawyer with your purse, a whore or physician with your constitution, but never trust a dangerous secret with your wife; for, when once you have put it into her power to hang you, the sooner you are hanged the better. [*Aside.*]

SCENE IV.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL, MRS. SQUEEZUM, STAFF, WATCH, RAMBLE, HILARET.

Staff. An't please your worship, here is a gentleman hath committed a rape last night on this young woman. [*rape on you, child!*]

Squeez. How! a rape! Hath he committed a rape? *Mrs. Squeez.* This may be worth hearing. [*Aside.*]

Hil. Sir, I have nothing to say against him. I desire you would give us both our liberty. He was a little frolicsome last night, which made me call for these people's help; and when once they had taken hold of us they would not suffer us to go away.

Squeez. They did their duty.—The power of discharging lieth in us and not in them.

Ramb. Sir—

Squeez. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Hark 'ee, young woman; if this gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your modesty prevent the execution of justice. Consider, you will be guilty yourself of the next offence he commits; and, upon my word, by his looks, it is probable he may commit a dozen rapes within this week.

Hil. I assure you he is innocent.

Squeez. Mr. Staff, what say you to this affair?

Staff. May it please your worship, I saw the prisoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the woman say he had ravished away her senses.

Squeez. Fie upon you, child, will you not swear this! [*you, unless you discharge us.*]

Hil. No, sir; but I shall swear something against

Squeez. That cannot be, madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not swear now, the prisoner must be kept in custody till you will.

Staff. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! This justice is worse than a grand inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable sir, what private pique have you against me, that

you would compel the lady to deserve the pillory in order to promote me higher?

Squeez. My dear, did you ever see such a ravishing look as this fellow hath? Sir, if I was a judge, I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are such fellows as these who sow dissension between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and bastard in the kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employed my time pretty well. Though, as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr. Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an enemy to these amusements than a popish priest to sin, or a doctor to disease.

Mrs. Squeez. You are very civil, sir, to threaten to dub my husband before my face.

Ramb. I ask pardon, madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always against my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit must have claimed the most particular respect.

Mrs. Squeez. I should have expected no rudeness from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming word to inadvertency than design.

Ramb. Madam, I know not how to thank so much goodness, but do assure you I would buy an introduction to your acquaintance at a much greater danger than this prosecution, which, I believe, you already see the malice of. I hope, madam, I stand already acquitted in your opinion.

Mrs. Squeez. I hope, sir, it will only appear to have been a frolic: I must own I have been always a great enemy to force—since there are so many willing. [*here. Aside.*]

Ramb. So, I find there is no danger of a rape. *Mrs. Squeez.* Well, child, can you find anything against this gentleman?

Squeez. The woman is difficult of confessing in public; but I fancy, when I examine her in private, I may get it out of her.—So, Mr. Constable, withdraw your prisoner.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, he appears so much of a gentleman, that till there be stronger evidence, I will take charge of him. Come, sir, you shall go drink a dish of tea with me. You may stay without. [*To the Constable, &c.*]

Ramb. This kindness of yours, madam, will be an encouragement to offenders.

SCENE V.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Come, come, child, you had better take the oath, though you are not altogether so sure. Justice should be rigorous. It is better for the public that ten innocent people should suffer than that one guilty should escape; and it becomes every good person to sacrifice their conscience to the benefit of the public.

Hil. Would you persuade me to perjure myself?

Squeez. By no means. Not for the world. Perjury indeed! Do you think I do not know what perjury is better than you? He did attempt to ravish you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you any injury hath done it in his heart. Besides, a woman may be ravished, ay, and many a woman hath been ravished, ay, and men been hanged for it—when she hath not certainly known she hath been ravished.

Hil. You are a great casuist in conscience. But you may spare yourself any further trouble: for I assure you it will be in vain.

Squeez. I see where your hesitation hangs; you

are afraid of spolling your trade.—You think severity to a customer will keep people from your bouse.—Pray, answer me one question—How long have you been upon the town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squeez. Come, come, I see you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for yours is the only business wherein people do not profit by experience.—You are very handsome.—It is pity you should continue in this abandoned state.—Give me a kiss.—Nay, be not coy to me.—I protest, you are as full of beauty as the rose is of sweetness, and I of love as its stalk is full of briars—Oh! that we were as closely joined together too. [Justice.]

Hil. Why, you will commit a rape yourself, Mr.

Squeez. If I thought you would prove constant, I would take you into keeping; for I have not liked a woman so much these many years.

Hil. I will humour this old villain, I am resolved. [Aside.]

Squeez. What think you I could you be constant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man, boy!—Could this buy thy affections off from a set of idle rascals, who carry their gold upon their backs, and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curses on a woman than the vapours; for, as those persuade her into imaginary diseases, these present her with real.—Let thy silence give consent: here, take this purse as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

Hil. Well, and what shall I do for this?

Squeez. You shall do—You shall do nothing; I will do. I will be a verb active, and you shall be a verb passive.

Hil. I wish you be not of the neuter gender.

Squeez. Why, you little arch rogue, do you understand Latin, hussy?

Hil. A little, sir! My father was a country parson, and gave all his children a good education. He taught his daughters to write and read himself.

Squeez. What, have you sisters, then?

Hil. Alack-a-day, sir! sixteen of us, and all in the same way of business.

Squeez. Ay, this it is to teach daughters to write. I would as soon put a sword into the hands of a madman as a pen into those of a woman; for a pen in the hand of a woman is as sure an instrument of propagation as a sword in that of a madman is of destruction. [Aside.]—Sure, my dear, the spirit of love must run very strongly in the blood of your whole family.

Hil. Oh, sir, it was a villainous man-of-war that harboured near us.—My poor sisters were ruined by the officers, and I fell a martyr to the chaplain.

Squeez. Ay, ay, the sailors are as fatal to our women as the soldiers are. One Venus rose from the sea, and thousands have set in it.—But not Venus herself could compare to thee, my little honeysuckle!

Hil. Be not so hot, sir.

Squeez. Bid the touchwood be cold behind the burning-glass. The touchwood is not more easily kindled by the sun than I by your dear eyes.

Hil. The touchwood is not drier, I dare swear.

Squeez. But hark, I hear my wife returning.—Leave word with my clerk where I shall send to you.—I will be the kindest of keepers, very constant, and very liberal—

Hil. Two charming qualities in a lover!

Squeez. My pretty nosegay, you will find me vastly preferable to idle young rakehells. Besides, you are safe with me. You are as safe with a justice in England as a priest abroad; gravity is the best cloak for sin in all countries.—Be sure to be faithful to the time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

[with impatience,

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I shall burn

SCENE VI.—SQUEEZUM *solus*.

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can get her at this wild fellow's expense, I shall have performed the part of a shrewd justice; for I would make others pay for my sins as well as their own. I fancy my wife hath sufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be acquitted; for I must own she will pump a man much better than I.—Oh! here they come. I must deal with my gentleman now in another style.

SCENE VII.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMB.

Ramb. Well, sir, is the lady determined to swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she determines; she is gone to ask the advice of a divine and a lawyer.

Ramb. Then the odds are against me: for the lawyer will certainly advise her to swear; and it is possible the priest may not contradict her in it.

Squeez. It is indeed a ticklish point, and it were advisable to make it up as soon as possible. The first lost is always the least. It is better to wet your coat than your skin, and to run home when the clouds begin to drop than in the middle of the storm. In short, it were better to give a brace of hundred pounds to make up the matter now than to venture the consequence. I am heartily concerned to see a gentleman in such a misfortune. I am sorry the age is so corrupt. Really I expect to see some grievous and heavy judgment fall on the nation. We are as bad as ever Sodom and Gomorrah were; and I wish we may not be as miserable.

Ramb. Hark 'e, justice; I take a sermon to be the first punishment which a man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I must be condemned to it beforehand.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, sir, I am sure Mr. Squeezum speaks for your good.—I shall get a necklace out of this affair. [Aside.]

Squeez. Ay, that I am sure I do; my interest sways not one way or the other.—I would, were I in that gentleman's circumstances, do what I advise him to.

Ramb. Faith, sir, that I must doubt: for, were you in my circumstances, you would not be worth the money.

Squeez. Nay, sir, now you jest with me; a gentleman can never be at a loss for such a trifle.

Ramb. Faith, you mistake. I know a great many gentlemen not worth three farthings. He that resolves to be honest cannot resolve not to be poor.

Squeez. A gentleman, and poor! sir, they are contradictions. A man may as well be a scholar without learning as a gentleman without riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not understand good usage while it is dealt you, you may when you feel the reverse. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up an offence is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-persuaded me; I'll take your advice.

Squeez. I'll engage you will not repent it:—I don't question but you will regard me as your friend.

Ramb. That I do, indeed. And, to give you the most substantial instance of it, I will ask a favour which is expected only from the most intimate friendship—which is, that you will be so kind to lend me the money.

Squeez. Alack-a-day, sir, I have not such a sum in my command. Besides, how must it look in me, who am an officer of justice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade justice! Alas, sir, we must consider our characters in life, we must set up to our characters; and, though I deviate a little from mine in giving you advice, it would be entirely forsaking the character of a justice to give you money.

Mrs. Squeez. I wonder how you could ask it.

Ramb. Necessity obliges to anything, madam, Mr. Squeezum was so kind to show me the necessity of giving money, and my pockets were so cruel to show me the impossibility of it.

Squeez. Well, sir, if you cannot pay for your transgressions like the rich, you must suffer for them like the poor.—Here, constable!

SCENE VIII.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF, CONSTABLES.

Squeez. Take away your prisoner; keep him in safe custody till farther orders. If you come to a wiser resolution within these two hours, send me word: after that it will be too late.

Ramb. Heark 'e, Mr. Justice, you had better use me as you ought, and acquit me; for, if you do anything which you cannot defend, hang me if I am not revenged on you.

Squeez. Hang you! I wish there may not be more meaning in those words than you imagine.

Ramb. 'Sdeath! you old rascal, I can scarce forbear rattling those old dry bones of thine till they crack thy withered skin.

Squeez. Bear evidence of this: I am threatened in the execution of my office.

Ramb. Come, honest Mr. Constable, Mr. Nocturnal Justice, let me go anywhere from this fellow.—The night hath chosen a better justice than the day.

SCENE IX.—SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Squeez. I am afraid I shall make nothing of this fellow at last. I have a mind to discharge him.

Mrs. Squeez. Oh! by no means; for I am sure he hath money.

Squeez. Yes, and so am I. But suppose he will not part with it; it is impossible to take it from him: for there is no law yet in being to screen a justice of peace from a downright robbery.

Mrs. Squeez. Try him a little longer, however.

Squeez. I will till the afternoon; but if he should not consent by that time I must discharge him; for I have no hopes in the woman's swearing. She is discharged already.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll make him a visit at the constable's house, and try if I can alarm him into a composition. I may make him do more than you imagine.

Squeez. Do so, my dear: I doubt not your power.—Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

Squeez. Yes, yes, I shall remember them, they are not likely to be soon forgotten. Follow me to my escritoire.

SCENE X.—MRS. SQUEEZUM *sola*.

Since you are sure of going to the devil, honest spouse, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as possible. This dear wild fellow must be mine, and shall be mine: I like him so well, that if he had even ravished me, on my conscience I should have forgiven him.

SCENE XI.—MR. WORTHY'S.—WORTHY, POLITIC

Wor. Upon my word, Mr. Politic, I am heartily sorry for this occasion of renewing our acquaintance.

I can imagine the tenderness of a parent, though I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles without having undergone them. Matrimony hauls our expectations every way; and our children as seldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two, whereof one was hanged long ago, and the other, I suppose, may be in a fair way by this.

Wor. In what manner did she escape from you?

Pol. She had taken leave of me to retire to rest not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked instructions of an imp of the devil called a chamber-maid, who is the companion of her flight.

Wor. But do you know of no lover?

Pol. Let me see—hey! there hath been a fellow in a red coat, with whom she hath conversed for some time, in spite of my teeth.

Wor. Depend on it, he is the occasion of your loss. I can grant you a warrant against him, if you know his name, though I fear you are too late.

Pol. No, sir, I am not too late; my daughter is an heiress, and you know the punishment for stealing an heiress. If I could hang the rascal it would be some satisfaction.

Wor. That will be impossible, without her consent; and truly, if she be married, I would advise you to follow the example of that emperor who, when he discovered something worse than a marriage between one of his subjects and his daughter, chose rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than punish him.

Pol. Pray where did that emperor reign?

Wor. I have almost forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek emperors, or one of the Turks.

Pol. Bring me no example from the Turks, good Mr. Worthy, I find no such affinity in our interests. Sir, I dread and abhor the Turks. I wish we do

Wor. But, sir—[not feel them before we are aware.

Pol. But me no bnts—What can be the reason of all this warlike preparation, which all our newspapers have informed us of? Yes, and the same newspapers a hundred times in the same words. Is the design against Persia? Is the design against Germany? Is the design against Italy?—Suppose we should see Turkish galleys in the Channel? We may feel them; yes, we may feel them in the midst of our security Troy was taken in its sleep, and so may we.

Wor. Sure, sir, you are asleep, or in a dream.

Pol. Yes, yes, these things are called idle dreams—the justest apprehensions may be styled dreams; but let me tell you, sir, men betray their own ignorance often in attacking that of other men.

Wor. But what is all this to your daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my daughter—my country is dearer to me than a thousand daughters. Should the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our sons, and our wives, and our estates, and our houses, and our religion, and our liberty?—When a Turkish aga should command our nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords, where should we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. Politic now—in the clouds. [into the present state of Turkey.

Pol. Give me leave, sir, only to let you a little *Wor.* I must beg to be excused, sir. If I can be of any service to you, in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have some apprehension of them, as well as myself—that you are not so stupidly besotted as I meet with some people at

the coffee-house; but perhaps you are not enough apprised of the danger. Give me leave only to show you how it is possible for the Grand Signior to find an ingress into Europe. Suppose, sir, this spot I stand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted. Then we will suppose he had possession of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France before we find him at our own coast? But, sir, this is not all the danger. Now I will show you how he can come by sea to us.

For. Dear sir, refer that to some other time; you have sufficiently satisfied me, I assure you.

Pol. It is almost time to go to the coffee-house—so, dear Mr. Worthy, I am your most obedient servant.

For. Mr. Politic, your very humble servant.

SCENE XII.—WORTHY *solus*.

I recollect the dawning of this political humour to have appeared when we were at Bath together; but it has risen finely in these ten years. What an enthusiasm must it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the loss of his only daughter! The greatest part of mankind labour under one delirium or other; and Don Quixotte differed from the rest, not in madness, but the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixottes in their several ways.

That man alone from madness free, we find }
Who, by no wild unruly passion blind, }
To reason gives the conduct of his mind. }

ACT III. SCENE I.—*The Street*.—HILARET, CLORIS, *meeting*.

Hilaret. Dear Cloris.

Clor. Dear madam, is it you? yon altogether!

Hil. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heaven! I had like to have lost something, but all's safe, I assure you.

Clor. Ah, madam! I wish it were.

Hil. What, don't you believe me?

Clor. I wish you could not me, or I myself. Poor captain Constant—

Hil. What of him?

Clor. Ob, madam!

[*please—*]

Hil. Speak quickly or kill me, which you

Clor. Is taken up for a rape.

Hil. How!

Clor. It is too true—his own servant told me.

Hil. His servant belied him, and so do you.—Show me where he is; if he be in a dungeon I'll find him out.

Clor. Very generous indeed, madam! A king should sooner visit a prisoner for treason than I a lover for a rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a belief at the first hearing against a man who hath given me such substantial proofs of his constancy: besides, an affair of my own makes me the more doubtful of the truth of this; but, if there appear any proof of such a fact, I will drive him for ever from my thoughts.

Clor. Yes, madam, Justice Squeezum will take care to have him driven another way.

Hil. Justice Squeezum! Let me hug you for that information. Now, I can almost swear he is innocent. I have such an adventure to surprise you with! hnt let me not lose a moment—come, show me the way.

Clor. Poor creature! She knows the way to her destruction too well—but it would be impertinence in a servant to pnt her out of it. [*Aside.*]

SCENE II.—*The Constable's House*.

Constant (*alone*). I begin to be of that philosopher's opinion who said that whoever will entirely consult his own happiness, must be little concerned about the happiness of others. Good-nature is Quixotism, and every princess Micomicona will lead her deliverer into a cage. What had I to do to interpose? What harm did the misfortunes of an unknown woman bring me, that I should hazard my own happiness and reputation on her account? But sure, to swear a rape against me for having rescued her from a ravisher, is an unparalleled piece of ingratitude.

SCENE III.—CONSTANT, MRS. STAFF.

Mrs. Staff. Will your honour please to drink a dram, or some 'rack punch? [*drink nothing.*]

Const. Dear madam, do not trouble me; I can

Mrs. Staff. Truly, sir, but I can. Not trouble you! I had never such a customer here before. You a captain charged with a rape! I should sooner take you for some poor attorney, charged with forgery and perjury; or a travelling parson, with stealing a gown and cassock. [*you please.*]

Const. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what

Mrs. Staff. Thank your honour! Your honour will not be offended, I hope. We stand at a great rent: and truly, since this gin act, trade hath been so dull, that I have often wished my husband would live by the highway himself, instead of taking highwaymen.

Const. You are not the only wife who would give her husband this advice, I dare swear. Nay, were men all so uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much business as Doctors' Commons.

Mrs. Staff. I wish it had more; for we must stand and fall by one another; no business there, no business here; and truly, captain, 'tis with sorrow I say it, where we have one felon now, we had ten a year or two ago. I have not seen one prisoner brought in for a rape this fortnight, except your honour. I hope your handsel will be lucky.

SCENE IV.—CONSTANT, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Staff. Captain, your servant; I suppose you will be glad of company—here is a very civil gentleman, I assure you. [*indeed.*]

Mrs. Staff. More gentlemen! this is rare news

Const. I had rather be alone.

Staff. I have hnt this one prison-room, captain: besides, I assure you, this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too—and as merry a one—

Const. What is the cause of his misfortune?

Staff. A rape, captain, a rape—no dishonourable offence. I would not have brought any second-rate into your honour's company; but rape and murder no gentleman need be ashamed of; and this is an honest brother ravisher.—I have ravished women myself formerly: but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married you will leave off ravishing, I warrant you. To be bound in wedlock, is as good a security against rapes as to be bound over to keep the peace is against murder.

Mrs. Staff. My husband will have his jest; I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

SCENE V.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Const. Prodigious!

Ramb. Dear Constant! [*you to England!*]

Const. What in the name of wonder hath brought

Ramb. What in the devil's name hath brought thee to the constable's?

Const. Only a rape, sir; no dishonourable offence, as Mr. Constable hath it.

Ramb. You jest. [earnest.]

Staff. No, sir, upon my word the captain is in
Ramb. Why I should sooner have suspected er-
min or lawn sleeves. But I see gravity and hypo-
crisy are inseparable.—Well, give me thy hand,
brother, for our fortunes agree exactly.

Staff. And will agree in the end, I don't question.
This is not the first time of their meeting together
on this account; a couple of old whore-masters, I
warrant them. [Aside.]

Mrs. Staff. Will your honours please to drink
any punch, noble captains? it will keep up your
spirits.

Staff. Don't force the gentlemen, wife, to drink
whether they will or no.—I wish you well off this
affair: in the mean time, whatever my house affords
is at your service—and let me assure you, the more
you drink, the less you will lament your misfortune.

Ramb. Spoken like a true philosopher.

SCENE VI.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou hast not
really committed, hey!

Const. What I heartily repent of, I assure you.
I rescued a woman in the street, for which she was
so kind to swear a rape against me; but it gives
me no uneasiness equal to the pleasure I enjoy in

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natured! [seeing you.]

Const. Yet I wish our meeting had been on an-
other occasion; for the freedom of your life makes
me suspect the consequence of your confinement
may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the consequence may be,
nor shall I trouble myself about it: but I assure
thee no sucking babe can be more innocent. If
our cases differ in anything, it is in this, that my
woman hath not sworn.

Const. This pleases me indeed! But, pray, how
came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you
had been settled for life?

Ramb. Why, on the same account that I went
thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and
for which I live, a woman.

Const. A woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow
with fourscore thousand pounds in her pocket—
there's a North star to steer by.

Const. What is her name?

Ramb. Her name—her name is Ramble.

Const. What, married?

Ramb. Ay sir; soon after you left the Indies
honest Mr. Ingot left the world, and me the heir to
his wife with all her effects.

Const. I wish you joy, dear Jack; this thy good
fortune hath so filled me with delight, that I have no
room for my own sorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [without.] Let two quarts of rum be made
into punch, let it be hot—hot as bell. [faith!]

Ramb. D'ye hear, we are in a fine condition,

SCENE VII.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, STAFF.

Sot. Here they are, here are a brace of despond-
ing whoremasters for you.—Ramble, what, nothing
to say in praise of the women? Mark Antony made
a fine bargain, hey, when he gave the world for
a woman! 'Sdeath, if he had been alive now, I'd
have waged six gallons of claret I had seen him
hauged for a rape—as I shall very suddenly my two
worthy friends.

Ramb. Harker, Sotmore, if you say anything

against the women, we'll cut your throat, and toes
justice in a murder into the bargain.

Sot. Not speak against women! you shall as soon
compel me not to drink; you shall sew up my lips
if you do either. Here, you, let the punch be
gotten ready.

Staff. It shall, an't please your honour. (This
gentleman is a rare customer to a house; I wish he
would commit a rape too.) [Aside.]

SCENE VIII.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE.

Const. You must not rail against the ladies, Sot-
more, before Ramble; for he is a married man.

Ramb. And, what is better, my wife is at the bot-
tom of the sea. [bottom of the sea with her.]

Sot. And, what is worse, all her effects are at the
Const. How!

Ramb. Faith! Sotmore hath spoken truth for
once.—Notwithstanding my pleasantry, the lady
and her fortune are both gone together; she went
to the other world fourscore thousand strong; and,
if there be any such thing there, I don't question but
she is married again by this time.

Sot. You would not take my advice. I have
cautioned thee never to trust anything on the same
bottom with a woman. I would not ensure a ship
that had a woman on board for double the price.—
The sins of one woman are enough to draw down a
judgment on a fleet.

Ramb. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes
sin a handle to his abuse. Art thou not aslamed to
mention sin who art a cargo of iniquity? Why
wilt thou fill thy venomous mouth with that of others,
when thou hast such stores of thy own?

Const. What occasioned your separating?

Ramb. A storm and my ill stars. I left the ship
wherein she was, to dine with the captain of one of
our convoy, when, a sudden violent storm arising, I
lost sight of her ship, and from that day have never
seen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will—I heartily hope. Though as
for the innocent chests, those I wish delivered out
of the deep. But the sea knows its own good: it
will be sure to keep the money, though possibly it
may refund the woman; for a woman will swim like
a cork, and they are both of the same value; nay,
the latter is the more valuable, as it preserves our
wine, which women often spoil.

Const. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchstone of
all merit with thee, as gold is to a stock-jobber; and
thou would'st as soon sell thy soul for a bottle, as
he for a guinea.

Sot. Wine, sir, is as apt a comparison to every-
thing that is good as woman is to everything that is
bad.

Const. Fie, Sotmore! this railing against the ladies
will make your company as scandalous to gentlemen
as railing at religion would to a parson.

Ramb. Right, Constant! they are my religion—I
am the high-priest of the sex.

Sot. Women and religion! Women and the devil!
He leaves his votaries in the lurch, and so do they.

Const. I fancy, Ramble, this friend of ours will
turn parson one day or other. [it possible.]

Ramb. If he was not such a sot, I should think
Sot. Why, faith! I am almost superstitious enough
to fancy this a judgment on thee for breaking thy
word. Did I not tell thee thou wert strolling off to
some little dirty whore? and you see the truth of
my prophecy.

Ramb. Thou art in the right: it was not only a
whore, but the most impudent of all whores—a
modest whore. [honest attorney, by all means.]

Const. A modest whore! let her be married to an

Ramb. And sent together to people his majesty's plantations.

Sot. Modesty, now-a-days, as often covers impudence as it doth ugliness. It is as uncertain a sign of virtue as quality is, or as fine clothes are of quality.

Ramb. Yet, to do her right, the persuasions of the justice could not prevail with her to perjure herself.

Sot. Conscientious strumpet! she hopes to pick your pocket another time, while it were charity to thee to wish she might; for, if thou escapest this, she certainly will have an opportunity.

Ramb. Pray, honest Nol, how didst thou find us out? for a boy would as soon have sent for his schoolmaster when he was caught in an orchard as I for thee on this occasion.

Sot. Find you out? why the town rings of you—there is not a husband or guardian in it but what is ready to get drunk for joy. If the woman be not gold proof, she will be bribed to swear against you. You are a nuisance, sir! I don't believe he hath been in town six days, and he hath had above sixteen women.

Ramb. And they are a nobler pleasure than so many gallons which thou hast swallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

Ramb. And, sir, I do no injury, and therefore have no reason to pay.

Sot. Hey-day! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

Ramb. Not when the wife is weary of her husband, and the daughter longs for one.

Const. Art thou not ashamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's sin in his face while he is suffering for them.

Sot. That is the time, sir; besides, you see what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a knight of the post in the pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone; the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leisure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a man rail to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in so fair a way to—Death and damnation! show me the whore; I'll be revenged on her and the whole sex. If thou art hanged for ravishing her, I'll be hanged for murdering her. Describe the little mischief to me. Is she tall, short, black, brown, fair? In what form hath the devil disguised himself?

Ramb. In a very beautiful one, I assure you: she hath the finest shape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle; then the brightest eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettiest little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry; and for her breasts, not snow, marble, lilies, alabaster, ivory, can come up to their whiteness; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive—Oh! Sotmore, I could die ten thousand millions of times upon them—

Sot. You are only likely to die once for them.

Const. All these raptures about a common whore, Ramb!?

Sot. Ay, every woman he sees; they are all alike to him, modest or immodest, high or low, from the garret to the cellar, St. James's to the stews; find him but a woman, and he'll make an angel of her. He hath the same taste for women, as a child for pictures, or a hungry glutton for an entertainment; every piece is a Venus, and every dish an ortolan.

Ramb. To say the truth of her, Sotmore must have allowed her handsome, and I must allow her to have been a damned, confounded, common—

SCENE XI.—CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Ramb. Ha! conjured up, by Jupiter! Well, my little enemy, do the priest and the lawyer consent to—and will you swear?—ha! [My Constant!]

Hil. [Not regarding Rambie, runs to Constant.]

Ramb. Hey-day! what, are we both in for ravishing the same woman?—I see, by her fondness, he hath really ravished her.

Const. O, Hilaret! this kindness of yours sinks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accused of such a crime as I am?

Hil. Never to believe it can I bear.

Const. How shall I repay this goodness? Then, by Heavens, I am innocent. [They talk apart.]

Ramb. Hey! the devil!—Is this Constant's mistress? Here will be fine work, I'faith! [Aside.]

Sot. Is this the lady that did you the favour, sir?

[To Rambie.]

Ramb. This the lady! No—why this is a woman of virtue; though she hath a great resemblance of the other, I must confess.

Sot. Then I suppose this is the whom Constant hath toasted this half-year: his honourable mistress, with a pox.—Rare company for a man who is in prison for a rape!

Hil. And was you in that scuffle which parted me and my maid in Leicester-fields?

Const. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occasioned another to me, which, that I escaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

Ramb. Oh, madam! your most obedient, humble servant. Was it you, dear madam?

Const. Ha! Is it possible my friend can have so far indebted me?—This is a favour I can never return.

Ramb. You overrate it; upon my soul you do! I am sufficiently paid by this embrace.

Const. I can never repay thee. Would'st thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the least favour conferred on this lady.

Ramb. I should have conferred some favours on her, indeed, if she would have accepted them. [Aside.]

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr. Constant's friend I am obliged.

Sot. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [Aside.]

Const. My dear Hilaret, shall I beg to bear it all? I can have no pleasure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

Hil. Since you desire it—

Ramb. I fancy, madam, your fright at that time may have occasioned your forgetting some circumstance; therefore, since captain Constant desires it, I will tell him the story.—I had just parted from this gentleman when I heard a young lady's voice crying out for help; (I think the word rape was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the place whence the noise proceeded, I found this lady in the arms of a very rude fellow— [was born!]

Hil. The most impudent fellow, sure, that ever

Ramb. A very impudent fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the moment I came up he quitted his hold, and was gone out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. [me!]

Const. My dear Rambie, what hast thou done for Ramb. No obligation, dear Constant! I would have done the same for any man breathing. But to proceed; the watch came up, who would not be

satisfied with what she then said, but conveyed us both to the round-house, whence we were carried in the morning before Justice Squeezum, and by him, notwithstanding this lady's protestations, your humble servant was committed to that place where he now finds himself with this good company.

Const. Oh, my friend!—May Heaven send me an opportunity of serving thee in the same manner!

Ramb. May that be the only prayer which it denies to Constant!

SCENE X.—CONSTANT, RAMELE, SOTMORE, HILARET, STAFF.

Staff. The punch is ready, gentlemen, you may walk down; the liberty of my house is at your service.

Sot. And that is liberty enough while thou hast punch here. If thy house were a sea of punch I would not prefer any house in town to it.

Staff. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a word with you. [*To Ramb.* There's madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments; Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.—RAMELE, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So, my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.—That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affection of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an affection of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs. Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, captain, who am not only the solicitor of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good nature so far as to visit you in your confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, madam, for that supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are the cause of it. Wherefore do you imagine I ventured myself alone with you this morning?

Ramb. From your great humanity, madam.

Mrs. Squeez. Alas, sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet, civil, well-bred a gentleman as any virtuous woman could have wished. Your behaviour was so modest that I could never imagine it possible you should have been guilty of a rape. No overgrown alderman of sixty, or taper beau of six-and-twenty, could have been more innocent company.

Ramb. Whu!— [*Aside.*

Mrs. Squeez. Your then carriage hath wrought so great an effect upon me, that I have ventured to trust myself here with you; nay, I could trust myself anywhere with so modest a gentleman.

Ramb. I'll take care, madam, never to forfeit your good opinion of me; you may trust yourself with me anywhere; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the best-bred man alive with the best-bred lady. I swear by this soft hand, these lips, and all the millions of charms that dwell in this dear body.

Mrs. Squeez. What do you mean?

Ramb. I know not what I mean; tongue can't express, nor thought conceive—we can only feel the exquisite pleasures love has in store.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, I protest and vow.

Ramb. Protestations are as vain as struggling. This closet hath a bed in it that would not disgrace a palace.

Sot. [*At the door.*] Why, Ramblo! Jack Ramblo! Art thou not ashamed to leave thy friends thus for some little dirty strumpet? If thou dost not come immediately we'll break open the door and drown her in punch.

Mrs. Squeez. [*Softly.*] I am undone!—

Ramb. Fear nothing.—Go to your bowl—I'll come this instant.

Sot. I'll not wag without you.

Ramb. Then I'll come down, break your bowl, and spill all your liquor.

Sot. Bring thy whore along with thee! there's one there already, she'll be glad of her company: if you don't come in an instant I will be back again.

Mrs. Squeez. What shall I do?

Ramb. My angel! love shall instruct thee.

Mrs. Squeez. Let me go—some other time—I will not run any venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs. Squeez. You shall hear from me in half an hour. You shall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you?

Mrs. Squeez. You may—Adieu!—Don't follow me: I can slip out a back way.

Ramb. Farewell, my angel!

SCENE XII.

Ramble [solus].—Confound this drunken rascal! this is not the first time he hath spoiled an intrigue for me. But hold! as I am to have my liberty before hand, I don't think this half-hour's delay at all unlucky. That consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my stomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aspect. An intrigue with a rich justice's wife is not to be slighted by a young fellow of a desperate fortune; I do not doubt but in a very short time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the justice with his own money. Lend a man your gold, he may forget the debt—venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you secure his friendship. There is no friend in all extremity so sure as your cuckold; and the surest hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

SCENE XIII.—RAMELE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Sot. Ha! what's become of thy wench? If thou hadst none, thy absence was the more inexcusable.

Const. O Ramblo! this our better genius hath invented the most notable plot!—Such a net is laid for the justice!—it will at once entangle him, and disentangle us. Mr. Hoghead here is to play his part too.

Ramb. I am sorry we cannot do without him; for, should there be any elaret in his way, he'd disappoint the whole affair for one bottle.

Sot. Not for the best Burgundy in France. This lady hath won my heart by one bumper.—By all the pleasures of drinking, madam, I like you more than your whole sex put together. There is no honesty in man or woman that will not drink. Honesty is tried in wine as gold is in the fire. Madam, you have made a conquest of me: I'll drink your health as long as I can stand, and that as long as a reasonable woman can require.

Hil. I am exceedingly proud of my conquest over a man of Mr. Sotmore's good sense.

Const. Upon my word you may—you are the first woman, I believe, he ever was civil to.

Sot. It was because they none of them had your merit—a parcel of tea-drinking sluts.—If I had a daughter that drank tea I would turn her out of doors. The reason that men are honestest than women is, their liquors are stronger: if the sex were bred up to brandy and tobacco, if they all liked drinking as well as you seem to do, madam, I should turn a lover.

Ramb. Why, Constant, such another compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil. Upon my word he hath reason already!

Sot. Madam, I like you; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one side and you on the other, I do not know which I should choose.

Const. Then would'st choose the bottle I am sure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this conspiracy.

Sot. Then it must be below. I strictly forbid any secrets to be told but at the council-table. The rose is ever understood over the drinking-room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips. [phers.]

Const. That's contrary to the opinion of philosophers.

Sot. Of the sober ones it may; but all your wise philosophers were a set of the most drunken dogs alive. I never knew a sober fellow but was an ass—and your ass is the soberest of all animals. Your sober philosophers and their works have been buried long ago. I remember a saying of that great philosopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falerian instead of ink:—

No verses last—can long escape the night,
Which the dull scribbling water-drinkers write.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Squeeze. You delivered my letter?

Quill. Yes, an't please your worship, I left it at the coffee-house where she directed me.

Squeeze. Very well.—Quill.

Quill. Sir.

Squeeze. I think I may trust thee with any secret—and what I am now going to tell will show thee what a confidence I put in thee.—In short, Quill, I suspect my wife—

Quill. Of what, sir?

Squeeze. I am afraid that I am not the only person free with her, and that I am free of the corporation of cuckolds. [rations in England.]

Quill. Then your worship is free of all the corporations.

Squeeze. Now thou knowest that there are very wholesome laws against cuckoldom: the advantage of a man's horns is, that he may shove his wife out of doors with them.

Quill. And that is no inconsiderable advantage.

Squeeze. But there must be a discovery first. It is not enough that a man knows himself to be a cuckold; the world must know it too. He that will keep his horns in his pocket must keep his wife in his bosom; therefore, Quill, as it is in your power to observe my wife, I assure you a very handsome reward on her conviction; for I begin to find that if I do not discover her she will shortly discover me, or ruin me by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

Quill. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squeeze. And I as liberal on your success.

[Exit SQUEEZUM.]

SCENE II.

Quid (solus). Indeed, justice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to trust to your liberality.

Your wife will reward services better than you. Besides, I have too much honour to take fees on both sides. And since I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honest and dutiful servant, and discover this conspiracy: for should she once be turned out of the family, I should make but a slender market of this close-fingered justice, whose covetousness would suffer no rogues to live but himself.

SCENE III.—The Constable's House.—RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

Ramb. This little mistress of yours is the most dexterous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him: he hath cunning enough; and there hath been so long a war in his head between wine and his senses, that they seem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them: his life is one continued scene of being half drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no farther use in the affair, but must stay here and expect the issue, prithee tell me what hath become of you these three long years since you quitted the service of the East India company, and came over to England with Sotmore?

Const. Why, at my first return to England, the prospect of war was in every one's eye; and not only the reports of the poopie, but the augmentation of the troops, assured us of its approach; upon which, I resolved to embark my small remains of fortune in the service of my country, and obtained the same commission on that occasion which I had enjoyed in the Indies. My history is not very full of adventures. I continued therein till the reduction, when I shared the fate of several unhappy brave fellows, and was sent a begging with a red coat on my back.

Ramb. It is the faculty of the cloth to be ragged. Red is as apt to be ragged as white to be soiled. It is commonly the fate of our brave soldiers to bring home ragged clothes as well as colours, and both are rewarded by Westminster-hall—the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up safe by an order from it; for, Heaven be praised! the gaols are always open hospitals for us.

Const. The only happiness which hath attended me since my return is my having contracted an intimacy with that young lady whom you saw here, which hath proceeded so far, that last night we had appointed to meet, in order to our marriage; but as I was just arrived at the place, a woman well dressed was attacked in the street by a ruffian. I immediately flying to her assistance, the fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the possession of the watch, who early this morning carried me before Justice Squeezum, and by him I was committed hither.

Ramb. What, did she appear against you?

Const. No; they said she was ill of some bruises she had received, but desired I might be kept in custody till the afternoon, at which time she would appear against me. But, by what Hilare hath told us, and by some methods which have been used to extort money from me, I am inclined to fancy it all a contrived piece of villany of the justice, and not of the woman's, as I at first imagined.

Ramb. Be assured of it,—if there be roguery, the justice hath the chief part in it. But comfort yourself with the expectation of revenge; for I think he cannot possibly escape the net we have spread, unless the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good friend at a crisis.

Const. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of doors for some frolics, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what 's become of him I know not; for I have not heard one word of him these ten years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever succeeded my actions: the consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

SCENE IV.—RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Staff. Here's a letter for your honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter, indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My freedom, under a sign-manual from the queen of these regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, sir, in plain English, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the justice's wife, with an order to the constable for my liberty.—

[*Reads*] "Sir,—I was no sooner recovered of the fright which that unseasonably friend of yours occasioned, than I have performed my promise. You will find me at home: the constable hath orders by the bearer to acquit you."

Here's good-nature for you!—[*Kisses the letter.*]—Thou dear wife of a damned rogue of a justice, I fly to thy arms.

Const. Heark'ee! suppose you brought her to be a witness to our design—and—here, take this letter of assignation from the justice to Hilaret; it will give you discovery credit.

Ramb. An admirable thought! I fly to execute it. Dear Constant, good morrow. I hope, when next we meet, we shall meet

In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where no vile justice shall invade us more.

Const. Success attend you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A TATERN—SQUEEZUM, Drawer.

Squeez. No woman been to inquire for Mr. Jones? *Draw.* Sir, I know of none; but I'll ask at the bar, if you please.

Squeez. Do—and leave word, if any such comes, to show her up hither. I have no reason to doubt her company, but I am impatient for it. I protest this woman hath revived the vigour of youth in me; sure, I must have over-reckoned my years! I cannot be above forty-nine at the most. I wish this dear girl was come. I am afraid I did wrong in giving her those five shillings, in a purse worth above two shillings more, which who knows but she may be spending on some bully, who will perhaps send another present to me in return?

SCENE VI.—SQUEEZUM, HILARETY.

Squeez. Oh! are you come—you little, pretty, dear, sweet rogue!—I have been waiting for you these—these four hours at least.

Hil. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

Squeez. Give me a kiss for that.—Thou shalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.—Hit me a slap in the face, do—Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your clothes.—Come, what will you drink? White or red?—Women love white best.—Boy, bring half a pint of mountain.—Come, sit down; do sit down.—Come, now let us hear the story how you were first debauched,—

Come—that I may put it down in my history at home. I have the history of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a church bible.

Squeez. It is really of a good reputable size. I have done execution in my time.

Hil. And may do execution still. [*Lion, score.*]

Boy. [*Without.*] Half a pint of mountain in the Squeez. Well—But now let me have the history—Where did your amour begin?—at church, I warrant you. More amours begun at church than end there.—Or, perhaps, you went to see the man of war—Going to see sights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, since so many owe their being to them.

Hil. [*Aside.*] I thank you for that remembrance; I had forgot my lover.—Ay, sir, it was there indeed I saw him first; that was the fatal scene of our interview.

Squeez. Well, and was the amour managed by letter, or by word of mouth?

Hil. By letter, sir. I believe he writ two quires of paper to me before I would send him an answer: I returned him several unopened, and then several others opened—But at last he obtained an answer.

Squeez. Well, and after your answer, what followed then? [*As if he had answered his letter.*]

Hil. Oh! he thought himself sure of me as soon

Squeez. Ay, I have always observed in my amours that when I received an answer I never failed of the woman; a woman follows her letter infallibly. Well, and what did he say in the second letter?

Hil. Oh! he swore a thousand fond things: that his love should last as long as his life: that his whole happiness depended on me—and a vast deal of that nature. [*And whoring is as methodical as the law.*]

Squeez. Ay, ay, just as I have done myself. I

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Squeez. Well, and how many letters did you write to him, eh!—before—[*couragement.*]

Hil. Not many. He did not want much en-

Squeez. Then, passing over the rest of the suit, let us come to the last fatal meeting.

Hil. It was of a Sunday morning.—

Squeez. Right. My old method: when other people are gone to church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot day.—

Squeez. May or June!—Women and cherries are commonly gathered in the same month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repose myself; guess what was my surprise when I found the dear perfidious had conveyed himself thither before me.

Squeez. A sly dog! My old way again. An ambush is as useful in love as war.

Hil. At my first entrance he pretended a surprise at seeing me unexpectedly; but, on my questioning him how and with what design he had conveyed himself there, he immediately threw off the cloak and confessed all: he flew to me, caught me in his arms with the most eager raptures, and swore the most violent love and eternal constancy. I in the greatest agony of rage repelled him with my utmost force; he redoubled his attacks, I slackened my resistance; he entreated, I raved; he sighed, I cried; he pressed, I swooned; he—

Squeez. Oh!—I can hear no longer, my angel! my paradise! my honey-suckle! my do-e! my dar-

Hil. What do you mean, sir? [*Sings*]

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to swallow you down, to squeeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help

SCENE VII.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

Sot. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here?—Justice Squeezum ravishing a woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's sake, sir, assist a poor, forlorn, hapless maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherously seduced.

Squeez. Oh lud!—Oh lud!

Sot. Fie upon you, Mr. Squeezum! you who are a magistrate, you who are the preserver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

Squeez. Can'st thou accuse me!

Hil. You know too well how barbarously you have used me. For pity's sake, sir, secure him; do not let him escape till we send for a constable. If there be any law for a justice, I am resolved to hang him.

Squeez. Oh lud! what shame have I brought myself to! that ever I should live to see this day!

Sot. If thou badst stood to thy bottle like an honest fellow, this had never happened; but you must go a-whoring, with a pox to you, at your years too; with these spindle shanks, that weezle face, that crane's neck of a body. Who would have imagined that such an old withered may-pole as thou art should attempt to fall on a woman! Why, thou wilt be the diversion of the whole town.—Grub-street will dine a month on your account. Thou wilt be ushered to Tyburn with more pomp than Alexander was ushered into Babylon. Justice never triumphs so universally as at the execution of one of her own officers. [Innocent.]

Squeez. Sir, if there be truth on earth, I am as *Sot.* All the innocence on earth will not save you—A man doth not always draw the rope by the weight of his sins. Your innocence will not acquit you in a court of justice against her oath; and when you come to the gallows it will be vain to plead your innocence. All's fish that comes to the net there. The gallows so seldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

Hil. Can you pretend to innocence! Was not this gentleman an eye-witness to your rudeness, to the injuries you offered me?

Sot. Ay, ay, I can swear to the rape with as safe a conscience as I can drink a glass of wine.

Squeez. I see I am betrayed; I am caught in my own trap. There is but one way to escape, which is the way I have opened to others. [*Aside.*] I see, madam, your design is to extort money from me. I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend; I hope you will be reasonable: for I am poor, very poor, I assure you: it is not for men of my honesty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me millions it should not satisfy my revenge!—you should be hanged for an example to others.

Squeez. Here's a cruel wretch! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almost my blood.

Sot. Hey-day! what vehicle is this! a vinegar-bottle!—half a pint, by Jupiter! Why, thou sneaking rascal, canst thou pretend to honesty when this dram glass hath been found upon thee! Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very sneaking vehicle should hang thee without any other evidence. But come, since you are to be banged, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world;—you will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have sent before you. And now I'll go call the drawer to fetch a constable.

Squeez. Hold, hold, sir! for mercy sake do not expose me so. Will nothing content you, madam?

Hil. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beseech you lose no time, but send for the constable immediately.

Squeez. I'll do anything—I'll consent to any terms.

Hil. The constable! the constable!

Squeez. Stay, dear sir; I'll give you a hundred guineas—I'll do anything.

Hil. Remember your vile commitment of two gentlemen this morning; but I will revenge the injuries of my friends. Sir, I beseech you send for the officers.

Squeez. One is already dismissed from his confinement, the other shall be dismissed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sot. Henk'ee, sir, will you leave off whoring and take to drizzling for the future?

Squeez. I'll leave them off both.

Sot. Then you shall be banged; but if you will commence honest fellow, and get drunk every day of your life, I'll intercede with this lady that on your acquitting the gentleman you shall be acquitted yourself.

Squeez. I'll do anything—I'll quit anything.

Sot. Madam, let me persuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful servant

Hil. Sir, I can deny you nothing. [of justice.]

Squeez. Get me a pen and ink; I'll send an order to bring him hither, and discharge him instantly.

Sot. Drawer, bring pen, ink, and paper, and a bottle of old port.

Squeez. [to *Hil.*] And could you have had the conscience to have sworn against a poor old man?

Sot. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the heart to see him swinging like a gibbeted skeleton? Could you have served up such a dry dish to justice—The body of one of her own children too!—But here's the paper.—Come, sir, write his discharge and your own.

[SQUEEZUM writes, SOTMORE and HILARET advance.]

Sot. You have managed this matter so well, that I shall have an opinion of your sex's understanding ever after.

Hil. Let a woman alone for a plot, Mr. Sotmore.

Sot. Ay, madam, a woman that will drink a bumper. Wine is the fountain of thought; and

The more we drink, the more we think.

It is a question with me, whether wine hath done more good or physic harm in the world. I would have every apothecary's shop in the town turned into a tavern. [the more you will require of the other.]

Hil. I am afraid the more you have of the one

Sot. It is their drugs that debauch our wine. Wine in itself is as innocent as water, and physic poisons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug, that is pernicious. Let me advise you, madam—leave off your damned adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honesty in your heart than all the sermons you can read. I'll introduce you to some clubs of my acquaintance, a set of honest fellows, that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squeez. This letter, sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sot. Here, drawer—let this letter be sent whither it is directed. Come, honest justice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions soon. Let us sit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation shall be dated from this hour. Come, sit thee down, honest publican, old justice merchant. [*They sit.*] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increase of whores and false dice! Thou art a collector of the customs of sin, and he that would sin with impunity must have thy permit. Come, pledge me, old boy

if thou leavest one drop in the glass, thou shalt go to gaol yet, by this bottle.

Squeez. I protest, sir, your hand is too bountiful; you will overcome me with wine.

Sot. Well, and I love to see a magistrate drunk; it is a comely sight. When Justice is drunk she cannot take a bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians punished drunkenness in a magistrate?

Sot. And do not I know that we have no such Athenian law among us? We punish drunkenness, as well as other sins, only in the lower sort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen,—and no one should get drunk who cannot go home in a coach. Come, madam, it is your glass now. [to it.]

Hil. Dear sir! I beg you would not compel me

Sot. By this bottle, but I will—I'll ravish thee to it before the justice's face. Come, it will be better for you than tea; you will not be obliged to sculk away and take a dram after this. Come, drink the justice's health, as a token of amity. The justice is a good honest drunken fellow. But let me give you some wholesome advice. [To the Justice.] Leave off fornicating; leave the girls to the boys, and stand by thy bottle; it is a virtue becoming our years; and don't be too hard on a wild honest young rake.

Thou hast committed a couple of the prettiest boys to day; don't do so any more. Be as severe as you please to whores and gamesters that offer to act without your licence; but if ever you grant a warrant for a friend of mine again, you shall not only drink the wine, but eat the bottle too. Come, here's your health, in hopes of your amendment; thou shalt pledge thy own health in a bumper.—Here, boy, bring up a gallon of wine.

Squeez. Not a drop more.

Sot. A drop! confound the name! Come, empty your glass; the lady is a-dry.

Squeez. This is worse than a prison. [Drink, I say.]

Sot. You will get out of this with paying less fees.

Squeez. Well—since I must.

Sot. Come, we'll have a song in praise of drinking. I'll sing the stanzas, and you shall bear the chorus.

SONG.

Let a set of sober asses
Bail against the joys of drink-
ing.
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To set cold brains a thinking.
Power and wealth
Heauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are
crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the glass goes
round.
The ancient sects on happi-
ness
All differ'd in opinion,
But wiser rules
Of modern schools
In wine fix her dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.
Wine gives the lover vigour,
It makes glow the cheeks of
beauty.
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.
Wine was the only Helicon,

Whence poets are long-liv'd
so;
Twas no other main.
Than brisk Champagne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd
too.
Power and wealth, &c.
When Heaven in Pandora's
box
All kind of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up, to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.
All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of every vice destroyer;
Gives dillards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.
Wine sets our joys a flowing,
Our care and sorrow drown-
ing;
Who falls at the bowl
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian ne'er should
own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SCENE VIII.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Const. My Hilaret! my dear!

Hil. My Constant!

Sot. Give you joy, dear Constant, of your liberty.

Const. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it; Ramble and I will make you amends: we'll give you six nights for this.

Sot. Where is he?

Const. Very safe; be not concerned about him.

Hil. Well, sir, since our affair is ended there is the purse you presented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopened, I assure you.

Squeez. Thou art welcome, however.

Sot. Come, gentlemen, be pleased to take every man his chair and his glass; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking, I am resolved.

Squeez. First we will sacrifice to justice. Mr. Constable, do your duty.

Staff. Come in there.

SCENE IX.—SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF, ASSISTANTS.—The Assistants seize CONSTANT, HILARET, and SOTMORE.

Squeez. Seize those people in the king's name—I accuse that woman and that man of conspiring to swear a rape against me.

Staff. It is in vain to contend, gentlemen.

Hil. Oh, the villain!

Squeez. [To Sot.] The next letter you extort, sir, be sure to examine the contents. [honest?]

Sot. Thou rascal! will not even wine make thee

Squeez. Observe, gentlemen, how abusive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll prosecute you to the utmost severity of the law. Mr. Constable, convey the prisoners to your house, whence you shall have orders to bring them before a justice.

Sot. And art thou really in earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, sir, to your cost.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glass of wine.

Staff. Come, gentlemen, you know the way to my house. I am particularly glad to see your honour [to SOTMORE], and will accommodate you in the best manner I can.

Const. I am too well acquainted with misfortune to repine at any; but how shall I bear yours, my Hilaret! [will lighten mine.]

Hil. The less you seem to bear, the more you

Sot. I must give the justice one wish.—May Heaven rain small beer upon thee, and may it corrupt thy body till it is as putrefied as thy mind!

Hil. One blessing only may Heaven leave thy life, May it take all things from thee—but thy wife!

ACT V.—SCENE I.—POLITIC'S HOUSE.

Politic [solus]. Sure, never child inherited less of a father's disposition than mine; her mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her: I, who have been my whole life noted for sobriety, could never have given being to so wild a creature. I begin to recollect having seen a tall half-pay officer at my house formerly; nor do I think the girl unlike him. I am sure she hath ever been wild enough to have had any officer in the kingdom for her father. Nature hath been kind to the male of all creatures but man. The bull, the horse, the dog, are not encumbered even with their own offspring; that care falls only to the females; but man, when once a gabbling priest hath chattered a few mischievous words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that day forward all the brats his wife is pleased to bestow on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever unfaithful to me till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The

Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

SCENE II.—POLITIC, FAITHFUL.

Pol. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

Faith. No, sir; but there is some news from the secretary's office; a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three mails together now; I am not satisfied at all with the affairs in the north: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately; the clouds are a little darker in the east too than I could wish them.

SCENE III.—POLITIC, DABBLE.

Pol. Mr. Dabble, good morrow.

Dab. Are the mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night; perhaps this Dutch mail may give some insight into those affairs. But what says the Lying Post?

Pol. I have had no time to read it yet; I wish you would. I have only read, the London Journal, the Country Journal, the Weekly Journal, Applebee's Journal, the British Journal, the British Gazetteer, the Morning Post, the Coffee-house Morning Post, the Daily Post, the Daily Post-Boy, the Daily Journal, the Daily Courant, the Gazette, the Evening Post, the Whitehall Evening Post, the London Evening Post, and the St. James's Evening Post. So, if you please, begin the Lying Post.

Dab. [reads.] "Moscow, January the 5th. We learn from Constantinople that affairs continue still in the same doubtful way: it is not yet known what course our court will take. The Empress, having been slightly indisposed the other day, took the air in her own coach, and returned so well recovered that she ate a very hearty supper."

Pol. Hum!—There is no mention of the supper in any other papers.

Dab. "Berlin, January the 20th. We hear daily murmurs here concerning certain measures taken by a certain northern potentate; but cannot certainly learn either who that potentate is, or what are the measures which he hath taken; meantime we are well assured that time will bring them all to light."

Pol. Pray read that last over again.

Dab. "Meantime, we are well assured that time will bring them all to light."

Pol. Hum! hum!

Dab. "Marseilles, January the 18th. The affairs in regard to Italy continue still in the same uncertain condition."

Pol. Hum!

[tain condition."

Dab. "The talk of a large embarkation still runs

Pol. Hum!

[bigh."

Dab. "The Spaniards continue still encamped near Barcelona."

Pol. Hum!

[Shakes his head.

Dab. "And everything seems tending to a rupture. Meantime we expect the return of a courier from Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected, will bring the news of a general pacification."

Pol. All is well again!

Dab. I like this, and some other papers, who disappoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the latter part of it ensures you peace.

Pol. Please to read on.

Dab. "However, notwithstanding these assurances, 'tis doubted by most people, whether the said courier will not rather bring a confirmation of the war; but this is all guess-work, and till such time as we see an actual hostility committed we must leave our readers in the same uncertain state we found them."

Pol. Hum! there is no certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either peace or war.

Dab. Though, were I to lay a wager, I should choose war; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas we have only one affirmation on the side of peace—but stay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainebleau, may decide the question. "Fontainebleau, January 23. Yesterday his majesty went a hunting, to-day he bears an opera, and to-morrow he bears mass."

Pol. I don't like that; bearing mass is seldom the forerunner of good news.

Dab. "It is observable that cardinal Fleury—"

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. "It is observable that cardinal Fleury hath, for several days last past, been in close conference with the minister of a certain state, while causes various speculations: but, as we do not know what was the matter in debate, we cannot say what may be the consequence thereof. Meantime we cannot help observing that it hath occasioned some people to put on very serene looks, who had worn cloudy ones for some time before: some imagine, on comparing this with the news from Marseilles, that a war will be unavoidable—others, who are more peaceably inclined, are as strenuous advocates on the other side.—We must refer the whole to the determination of time, that great judge in worldly affairs, who never fails with his two-edged scythe to mow down the weeds which shadow over the secret counsels of state, and lay them open to the naked eye of the discerning politician."

Pol. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

SCENE IV.—POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Dab. [reads.] "We must refer the whole to the determination," &c. [Dab. continues reading.]

Faith. Oh, sir, Cloris hath brought the strangest news of my young mistress.

Pol. Don't interrupt us, blockhead. [ever.]

Faith. If you lose a moment, she may be lost for Pol. Sirrah! peace.

Faith. Sir, my young mistress, Miss Hilaret, will be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not assist her; she's taken up for a rape. Oh! my poor young lady! the sweetest, best-tempered lady sure that ever was born. Oh! that ever I should see the day! And can you sit here, sir, reading a parcel of damned, confounded, lying nonsense, and not go to your daughter's assistance?

Pol. Sure the fellow is possessed.

Faith. Sir, your daughter is possessed—possessed by constables—she is taken up for a rape.

Pol. My daughter taken up for a rape!

Faith. Yes, sir; for ravishing a justice of peace.

Pol. Sure some accident has touched the fellow's brain.

Faith. Ay, sir, and it would touch yours too, if you had a grain of humanity in you—Oh! that I should live to see my poor young lady in such a misfortune. [sighs.]

Pol. A woman taken up for a rape—it is impossible.

Faith. They may swear it though for all that—I know her to be as modest a good young lady as any in the kingdom; but what will not a set of rogues swear! Sir, I lived with Squeezum before I lived with you; and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good sir come but with

me to justice Worthy's: if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

Dab. I do remember, neighbour Politic, to have seen in some newspaper a story not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have seen it in a newspaper, it may probably have some truth in it; so, neighbour Dabble, you will excuse me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-house, and there we will confer further.

SCENE V. WORTHY'S HOUSE.—WORTHY, ISABELLA.

Wor. Sure modesty is quite banished from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried something of a divine awe with it which no one durst attack; but now the insolence of our youth is such, no woman dare walk the streets but those who do it for bread.

Isa. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as those of other countries, and as well executed.

Wor. That I wish they were; but golden sands too often clog the wheels of Justice, and obstruct her course: the very riches which were the greatest evidence of his villany have too often declared the guilty innocent; and gold hath been found to cut a halter surer than the sharpest steel.

Isa. Well, I am resolved to take care how I venture a step again after it is dark: I find the sun is the only guard to us women; for however chaste the moon may be in herself, she takes but very little care of us.

Wor. But could the villain be very rude?

Isa. As rude as so short a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the world to have been here; but, since I escaped, let us forget it.

Wor. Forget! by Heaven it shocks me; that we, who boast as wholesome laws as any kingdom upon earth, should, by the roguery of some of their executors, lose all their benefit. I long to see the time when here, as in Holland, the traveller may walk unmolested, and carry his riches openly with him.

SCENE VI.—WORTHY, ISABELLA, SQUEEZUM.

Squeeze. Mr. Worthy, your humble servant. I come to wait on you on the strangest piece of business. We are brought to a fine pass indeed, when magistrates shall not be safe; we are like to protect others when we cannot protect ourselves.

Wor. What is the occasion of all this passion, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeeze. Occasion! I have scarce power to tell you. I have discovered one of the most damnable conspiracies, that hath been invented since the gunpowder treason plot.

Wor. Nothing against the government, I hope.

Squeeze. Marry, but it is; for that which is against the officers of the government is against the government. In short, sir, it is a conspiracy against me, against myself. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conspired to swear a rape against me?

Wor. A rape against you! foolish jade! Why, your very face would acquit you—you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

Squeeze. I hope my character will acquit me against such an accusation.

Wor. I think it ought; a man whose character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commission you bear.

Squeeze. True! these slurs reflect on us all. The accusing a member is accusing the body. We should consider it may be our own case. We should

stand by one another, as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will show me extraordinary justice; and I assure you, should any affair of yours come before me, my partiality shall lean on your side.

Wor. Partiality, sir! I hope no cause of mine ever will require it. I assure you I shall do the strictest justice; I believe you will not need more.

Squeeze. Sir, my case needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all to discountenance any prosecution of ourselves on any account whatsoever.

Wor. To discountenance it by the innocence of our lives is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a cursed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

Squeeze. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws and the executors of them should be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the playhouse.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr. Squeezum. But let me tell you he is the greatest of villains who hath the impudence to bold the sword of justice while he deserves its edge.

Squeeze. And let me tell you, brother Worthy, he is the greatest of fools who holds the sword of justice and hurts himself with it.

Isa. Brother, your servant; my presence will have very little necessary at this trial.

SCENE VII.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, SOTMORE, BRAZENCOURT, FIREBALL, three Assistants.

Squeeze. But here come the prisoners.—Brother Worthy, this is the woman whom I accuse of this detestable fact;—the manner of it was this: I received a letter in an unknown hand, appointing me to meet at a tavern, which out of pure good-nature I complied with; and upon my arrival found that woman there alone, who, after a short discourse, laid hold of me and bawled out; on which that man there entered, and both threatened me, that unless I immediately discharged that man [points to CONST.] with another whom I had committed for notorious crimes, the woman should swear a rape against me.—This I am ready to swear.

1. 2. 3. *Ass.* And we are ready to swear.

Wor. What do you say, young woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I should suspect of such behaviour. [I confess.

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he says, indeed

Wor. But did he attempt any such thing?

Hil. I can't say he did, but—

Squeeze. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her mitimus.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offered it only to frighten him to the discharge of two gentlemen whom he had villainously committed to the custody of that constable.

Wor. For what crimes do they stand committed, Mr. Constable?

Staff. For two rapes, an't please your worship.

Hil. One of them on my account,—though I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your account; I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squeeze. Now, sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr. Brazencourt. Mr. Brazencourt, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her than that I kept her half a year.

Wor. Kept her year—in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore, till I was

obliged to turn her off for stealing four of my shirts, two pair of stockings, and my Common Prayer Book.

Squeez. Call Captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray do you know any harm of that person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my surgeon too. She came to me from Major Brazen-court. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beseech you to hear me.

Wor. By and by. You must not interrupt them.

—Go on. Did you lose anything by her too?

Fire. No, but I got something by her, which made my surgeon get something by me. I love to express myself in modest terms, but I believe you all know what I mean. [farther presently.]

Squeez. Call Mr. Drury. We shall blacken her. *Wor.* Indeed, you need not; let us hear no more; for her sake I will never put confidence in an innocent countenance again. Well, woman, can you say anything for yourself?

Hil. Oh! that I could hide myself for ever from the world, and never from this hour behold the sun again! [held by others too.]

Wor. Indeed, hut you shall, madam, and be be-

Const. Come to my bosom, thou dearest, sweetest, loveliest; hide thy sorrows there. Death only shall tear thee from my arms again. Death!—hell itself cannot have a torment equal to seeing one tear of thine.

Sot. Hark'ee, Justice; I believe thou art honestest than thy brother: I am sure thou can'st not be a greater rogue: if thou wilt act the right part, acquit us, and send that villain to prison.

SCENE VIII.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, SOTMORE, STAFF, Constables, Assistants, POLITIC, FAITHFUL, CLORIS.

Faith. Now, sir, will you believe your own eyes? Is not that your own daughter?

Pol. It is indeed. Oh! my unfortunate child!

Wor. Mr. Politic, your humble servant: I will hut commit this woman to gaol, and then I will be at your command.

Pol. Sir, you shall not be my humble servant; nor will I be yours; and if you commit my daughter to prison you are the worst of Turks.

Wor. Your daughter, sir?

Pol. Yes, sir, my daughter, sir.

Hil. Oh! my father! [see thee in such a misfortune!]

Pol. My poor child!—That ever I should live to

Wor. Is it possible, Mr. Politic, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, sir, it is as possible as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wish this may not be as sure as that.

SCENE IX.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, Constables, Assistants, POLITIC, FAITHFUL, SOTMORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Mrs. Squeez. Where is this glory of the bench? this gallant justice? this terror and example of sin? Do you know this hand, sir? Did you write this assignation? You are a noble gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magistrate.

Squeez. O, my malignant stars!

Wor. Mrs. Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You, Mr. Worthy, I am sure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man who is as much a scandal to the commission he bears as you are an honour to it: my conscience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his rogueries. He, sir—he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accused is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think!

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that huteber of justice, is the greatest villain that ever was born.—Being a little frolicsome last night with this lady, that constable seized us. 'Tis to me she is indebted for all this trouble; though Mr. Constable may claim some share, in not suffering us to depart at her desire.

Mrs. Squeez. And Mr. Justice may claim a little, who committed you to the constable's house without any evidence, or even accusation.

Ramb. That he might extort two hundred pounds, for which sum he offered to compromise the matter.

Squeez. Hark'ee, madam, I shall be obliged to commit you to Bedlam.

Mrs. Squeez. No, sir, I shall prevent you in that, as well as in your other designs; your plot with Mr. Quill, which the whole world shall know; you shall be divorced, sir, though not the way you desire.

Squeez. Sir, I beseech you to hear no more.

Wor. That, sir, I cannot grant.

Ramb. Sir, I desire that you would read that letter, which he sent to this young lady whom he hath accused.

Wor. [Reads.] "My little honeysuckle, I will meet you within this half-hour at the Eagle. I hope, after what you have received from me to-day, you will not disappoint yours till then and ever after."—Did you write this letter, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. No, sir, as I am ready to swear.

Mrs. Squeez. Sir, I will swear it to be his hand.

Faith. And so will I—I lived with him a twelve-month, and therefore should know it.

Quill. And I carried it to the lady.

Sot. Come, come, justice, thou hast proof enough of her innocence. I will give you the word of a man of honour, which is more than the oaths of twenty such scoundrels as these, that she never intended more than to frighten him to the acquittal of Captain Constant here, whom he had unjustly committed.

Const. And offered to acquit for a sum of money.

Wor. Captain Constant! Is your name Constant, Const. At your service. [sir!]

Wor. Desire my sister to walk hither—I am more obliged to you than you know.

Squeez. Come, sir, this is only losing time.—I want the mittimus.

SCENE X.—WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITIC, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &c., ISABELLA.

Wor. Sister, do you know this gentleman?

Isa. Captain Constant! It is happy for me that I do—I thank you, sir, for your generous rescue last night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Const. And was it you, madam?—

Ramb. My Isabella!

Isa. Ha!—It is, it is my Ramble.

Ramb. My touch deceives me not—it is my charming she, once more restored to my despairing hopes. [Interview!]

Isa. What lucky stars can have contrived this? *Ramb.* Very lucky stars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aspect some time ago.

Isa. Surprising! Brother, let that fellow he secured. He was the person from whose hands this gentleman delivered me. [To FIREBALL.]

Quill. I hope your worship will forgive me; but I hired these two men, by my master's command, to be evidences for him.

Wor. Surprising villainy! Secure them instantly. And particularly that justice—whom I shall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villainy hath merited. Constable, I charge you with them all—

and let them be kept below in the parlour, whither I will come immediately and sign their commitment.

Squeez. Sir, you shall wish you had dealt more favourably with me.

Wor. Sir, your threatenings will not terrify me.

Faith. Come, gentlemen, we'll be your safeguard.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll follow thee, like thy evil genius, till I have brought thee to that justice thou deservest.

SCENE the last.—WORTHY, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, ISABELLA, POLITIC.

Ramb. My dear Isabella, I am so overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, that I do not ask for the safety of our treasure. Since the sea has refunded Isabella, let it take the jewels.

Isa. The sea hath been even kinder than your wish; it hath returned you both.

Ramb. I should soon have forgotten that loss in having Isabella; yet, for her sake, the treasure is welcome too.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I am heartily concerned at this misfortune which hath befallen your daughter.

Ramb. Mr. Politic! By Heavens, his features are the same. Had you not a son, sir, once?

Pol. Yes, sir, I had; but I turned him out of doors, and believe he was hanged long ago.

Ramb. Then I am his ghost, just arrived from the Indies. When you turned me out of doors, I got admitted into the East India company's service; I changed my name in order to escape your discovery. And I hope you will now give us both your blessing.

Pol. And are you really that wild fellow, my son?

Ramb. I am that very identical wild person, I assure you.

Pol. [sing or no, till I see how you are married.]

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my blessing.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your son's wife, is my sister—and if fourscore thousand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be so.

Pol. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune at last! Well, son, I give you my blessing; and my dear daughter, I give you joy; and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and lasting, constant joy. If he doth not make you a good husband, I'll not own him: if he doth not make you blessed, he shall have

Isa. Sir, I doubt him not. [no blessing of mine.]

Ramb. Well, father, I have nothing more to ask of you, but in favour of my friend captain Constant, whose love I am certain will complete the happiness of my sister.

Wor. I think I have never been witness to such a complication of villany. Sir [to CONSTANT], I assure you, and all of you, you shall have sufficient reparation for the injuries you have suffered. And, sir, by the character which I have had from my sister of that gentleman, I do not think your daughter can be better disposed of, let the difference of fortune be what it please.

Ramb. Besides, though his estate be not equal now, it may become so, for no man hath a better insight into politics.

Pol. Nay, if his studies bend that way, no man indeed can tell to what his estate may come. Had I known this sooner, my doors should never have been shut against him. Sir, I shall be glad to confabulate with you at my house—and if you should set your heart on my daughter, I do not believe I shall do anything to break it.

Ramb. Nay, sir, there is no hour like the present: this hour hath proved lucky to your family. Give me leave to present your daughter to one, whom if she deserves, I shall be proud of calling her sister.

Const. Rumble, you have crowned my obligations with a gift far dearer than the earth could prove.

Hil. I only wish you may always think so, captain.

And now, papa, I hope you will pardon this night's rally to both me and poor Cloris; we have been already sufficiently punished; and, since the event is happy, imitate in this one thing the Turks, and consider it favourably, as it hath been prosperous.

Pol. The Turks! I wish you were better acquainted with them than in romances; I hope that gentleman will take care to instruct you in public affairs.—Well, Jack [to RAMBLE], I long to have some communication with you about the affairs of the Indies, and the posture of our trade there. I hope you left the Great Mogul in good health—

Ramb. Very slightly indisposed of a cold at my departure.

Pol. I heartily forgive you all: so let me see you all embrace one another. This is the comfort of age, Mr. Worthy.

Sot. Let me embrace you all together. I have found this day two good women—and they have fallen to the share of my friends; and I will get drunk this night, if the spirit of wine will do it: I'll drink to your happiness, while you are enjoying it. While you are tasting the joys of Venus, I will swallow down the delights of Bacchus. I despair of either of your company this month yet—but the justice shall celebrate this night with me. Come, honest justice. I have found one honest justice too— [celebrated already—]

Wor. Really, sir, I think you have sufficiently

Sot. No, but I have not.—And you, sir, will be drunk on your children's wedding-night.

Pol. I never drink anything but coffee, sir.

Sot. Damn your coffee!

Ramb. Sotmore, thou shalt have justice. Mr. Worthy, I assure you, notwithstanding this humour, the world hath not an honest man.

Wor. It is pity he should besot himself so. Your character of him encourages me to employ some labour in advising him to quit so beastly a pleasure. Come, gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this day at my house. To-morrow I will proceed to take all possible measures to your receiving satisfaction for your injuries, and making public example of so great a villain: for the crimes of a magistrate give the greatest sanction to sin.

No reverence that church or state attends,
Whose laws the priest or magistrate offends.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY MRS. YOUNG.

At length the dreadful hurricane is ended,

And I and spouse are safe together landed.

For, after all this mighty fuss about it,

Our play hath ended modestly without it.

But, ladies, did not you too sympathise?

He? pray, confess, do all your frowns arise

Because so much of Rape and Rape we saw?

Or is it that we have no rape at all?

Indeed, our poet, to oblige the age,

Had brought a dreadful scene upon the stage;

But I, perceiving what his muse would drive at,

Thid him the ladies never would converse at

A downright actual rape unless in private.

But notwithstanding what these poets tell us,

Who'd think our beaux were such well-metted fellows?

Oh! may our youth, whose vapour is so purlous,

To Italy be waded with Don Carlos!

There, should one victory but give them scope,

They would not leave one maidenhead for the pope;

Or should some new pope Joan the chair possess,

They'd play the devil with her—holiness,

No nunnery one virgin should enclose,

But new Rome fall by what the old arose.

'Twas a strange doctrine that Lucretia taught,

Who on herself reveng'd her lover's fault!

Heathensh witch! The pious christian wife,

Thou' ravish'd, still contents herself with life.

No scoldens from self-murder we refrain.

We live, though sore of ravi-hing again.

But may we fears of such a fate affright

The beautiful kind spectators of to-night?

Safe to your husbands' arms may you escape,

And never know that dreadful thing, a rape!

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES: OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

WITH THE ANNOTATIONS OF H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS,

FIRST ACTED IN 1730, AND ALTERED IN 1731.

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS, HIS PREFACE.

The town hath seldom been more divided in its opinion than concerning the merit of the following scenes. Whilst some publicly affirmed that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr. P.—, others have with as much vehemence insisted that no one could write anything so bad but Mr. F.—.

Nor can we wonder at this dissension about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For though most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of "Ærægium et maximi pretii opus, tragoedia tam antiqua quam nova longe æquiperanda;" say, Mr. B.— hath pronounced, "Civis Mævi Ærægium quam Scribleri istum tragoediam hanc crediderim, cuius auctorem Senecam ipsam tragoediam hanc crediderim;" and the great professor Burman hath styled Tom Thumb "Merous omniū tragicorum facili principem;" say, though it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of *Myheer Vander Thumb*, the burgh-masters received it with that reverent and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light; and Mr. D.— hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate everything that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critic and his followers were led into so great an error by that surreptitious and parasitical copy which stole last year into the world; with what injustice and prejudice to our author will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praise of our author, that, however imperfect the former was, even that faint resemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained sufficient beauties to give it a rise of upwards of forty nights to the politest audiences. But, notwithstanding that applause which it received from all the best judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and, I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burlesque on the loftiest parts of tragedy, and designed to banish what we generally call fine things from the stage.

Now, if I can set my country right in an affair of this importance, I shall lightly esteem any labour which it may cost. And this I rather undertake, first, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious copy before mentioned, published by some ill-meaning people under my name; secondly, as knowing myself more capable of doing justice to our author than any other man, as I have given myself more pains to arrive at a thorough understanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing else; in which time, I think, I may modestly presume, with the help of my English dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But should any error of my pen awaken *Clariss*, *Bentham* to malign the world with his annotations on our author, I shall not think that the least reward or happiness arising to me from these my endeavours.

I shall waive at present what hath caused such feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakespeare, though certainly that, were it true, must add a considerable share to its merit, especially with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith which our age abounds in as much as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that *THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES, OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB*, was written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by Mr. D.—, that this tragedy must have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider that, though the *HISTORY OF TOM THUMB*, printed by and for Edward M.—, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, &c. of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, since we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faultily contended for by the writers of our age, as to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judges of books by; and perhaps Mr. M.— may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C.—I have now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the

heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names? say, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness, in the features? The Sophonisba of Mairet and of Lee is a tender, pensive, amorous mistress of Massinissa; Cornelia and Mr. Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Massinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter she resembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former she is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other as the Brutus of Voltour is from the Marius, Jun., of Otway, or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the words of an eminent author, "one, regular, and uniform, not charged with a multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune, by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion." Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb to Innocence; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of Lord Grania in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grania and Glumdalclaw, devouring of Tom Thumb by the cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent tragedy less noble than the Fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, viz., that human happiness is exceeding transient; and that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the dramatic personae; and I believe we shall find few plays where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. "But (says Mr. D.—) how well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth 'Tragedy to be the imitation of a short but perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself' &c. What greatness can be in a fellow whom history relates to have been no higher than a span?" This gentleman seemeth to think, with sergeant Kite, that the greatness of a man's soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our author, that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction. Here I shall only beg one postulatium, viz. That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be), it will necessarily follow that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding, which will comprehend everything within its reach. Those two extremities of style Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two men, which I shall term the serial and the subterrastial.

Horace goes further, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other:

Telephus et Pelæus, cum pariter et exul uterque,
Prociq; amplexus et oscula quaerunt.
That he approach of the *scenopædalia* verba is plain; for, had not Telephus and Pelæus used this sort of diction in propriety, they could not have dropped it in adversity. The *serial* inn, therefore (says Horace), is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrastial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, when Horace advises,
—desere æthere pedestri.

The true meaning of both which epithets is, that *bushest* is

the proper language for joy, and digress for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the *sermo pedestris*, as the former is in the *sermo pedestris* variis.

Cicero recommends with the former of these: "Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quam verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subiectâ sententiâ neque sententiâ." What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declares absolutely for the latter line:

Omnia genies scripti gravitate tragedia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the bathos; which is the province of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two styles he proper for tragedy. It sufficeth, that our author escolleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here he may perhaps be observed that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, Bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets whose names do more honour to our author than the writers in the dogvet, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, that the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all; they bring like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will flourish in no soil but their own; for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The East or Euse, for instance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the essences of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which, if I have not a just esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, "Quæ non contemnito, quippe quæ nancupamur imperit." However, that the reader may meet with due satisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the university, who is reeling over all the modern tragedies, at five shillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our author, which shall be shortly added as an appendix to this work,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*King Arthur*, a passionate sort of king, husband to Queen Dollalinda, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunia, whom he is very fond of and in love with Glamdala, Mr. MELLART; *Tom Thumb the Great*, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunia. *YOUNG VERVURK*; *Ghost of Giffier Thumb*, a whimsical sort of ghost, Mr. LACY; *Lord Gildred*, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunia, Mr. JONES; *Mervin*, a counsellor, and in some sort father to Tom Thumb, Mr. HALLAM; *Noodle, Doodle*, courtiers in place, and consequently of that party that is uppermost, Mr. REYNOLDS, Mr. WATMAN; *Foodle*, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost, Mr. AYRES; *Bailiff*, and *Politician*, of the party of the plaintiff, Mr. PETERSON, Mr. HURK; *Parson*, of the side of the church, Mr. WATSON; *Queen Dollalinda*, wife to King Arthur, and mother to Huncamunia, a woman entirely faultless, saying that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virgin towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb, Mrs. MELLART; *The Princess Huncamunia*, daughter to their Majesties King Arthur and Queen Dollalinda, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both, Mrs. JONES; *Glamdala*, of the giants, a captive queen, beloved by the king, but in love with Tom Thumb, Mrs. DUKE; *Cleora, Nestarcha*, maids of honour in love with Noodle and Doodle. *Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning*. *Scene*, the Court of King Arthur, and a plain therabouts.

ACT I.—SCENE I. *The Palace. DOODLE, NOODLE.*

Doodle. SURE such a day as this was never seen! The sun himself, on this auspicious day, Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit: This down the seams embroidered, that the beams. All nature wears one universal grin.

Nood. This day, O Mr. Doodle, is a day

¹ Cornille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of a tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the severity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day: so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Some of our celebrated English tragedies, as *Caio*, *Mariamne*, *Vestrislane*, &c. begin with the observations on the morning

Indeed!—A day, we never saw before.

The mighty 'Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot wheels,
Giants! to whom the giants in Guildhall
Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,

The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is 'whisper'd in the books
Of all our eyes, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind;
Some God, my Noodle, step into the place

Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness:
All nature smiles.

Cæc. Bon-y.

Massinissa, in the new *Sophonisba*, is also a favourite of the sun:

—The sun too seems
As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
To look abroad the world, and all things smile
Like *Sophonisba*.

Memon, in the Persian Princess, makes the sun decline rising, that he may not peep on objects which would profane his brightness:

—The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that used to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
To peep, &c.

¹ This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the ancients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. STATE OF INNOXENCE.
Love is not sin but where 'tis sinful love. DON SERAPHTAN.
Nature is nature, Lælius. SOPHONISBA.

Men are but men, we did not make ourselves. RAVENUS.

* Dr. B-y reads, The mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr. D-s, The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr. T-d reads, Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

² That learned historian Mr. S-n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is," says he, "difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Gretna in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of King Arthur." *Petrus Barmannus* makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks call Hercules; and that by those giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the ancients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of King Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now, though I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of *Justus Lipsius*, "Thomasum illum Thumbum non alium quam *Herculem* fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr. Midwinter against them all:

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

"But then," says Dr. B-y, "if we place Tom Thumb in the court of King Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, is of another opinion, where, describing *Albion*, he says,

—Far within a savage nation dwell
Of hideous giants.

And in the same canto:

Then *Elfar*, with two brethren giants had
The one of which had two heads—

The other three.

Risus tenetis, smil.

³ To whisper in books, says Mr. D-s, "isarrant nonsense." I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the "seneca whispering the soul," in the *Persian Princess*, or what "whispering the

Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than ¹ half begot This mighty Tom.

Nood. — "Sure he was sent express From Heaven to be the pillar of our state. Though small his body be, so very small A chairman's leg is more than twice as large, Yet is his soul like any mountain big; And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse, ² So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name, ³ The giant nurses frighten children with it, And ery Tom Thumb is come, and if you are Naughty, will surely take the child away.

Nood. But hark! ⁴ these trumpets speak the king's approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.

[Flourish.

SCENE II.—KING, QU., GRIZ., NOOD., DOOD., FOOD.

King. ⁵ Let nothing but a face of joy appear; The man who frowns this day shall lose his head, That he may have no face to frown withal. Smile Dollalolla—Ha! what wrinkled sorrow ⁶ Hangs, sits, lies, flows upon thy knitted brow! Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd cheeks,

Like a swollen gutter, gushing through the streets!

Queen. ⁷ Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks Gives tears as certain as excess of grief. [say,

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy, ⁸ Till my whole court be drowned with their tears; Nay, till they overflow my utmost land, And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.

Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.

"wink" is in Aurengzeb, or like thunder in another author, he would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight:

—Your description will surpass
All fiction, painting, or dumb show of horror,
That e'er ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr. D.— understands these, he will understand whispering in books.

—Some ruffian slept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

—For Ulmar seems sent express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime. LIA. ASSEMBLED.

"² Once majus contine in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest," says Scaliger in *Thimbo*. I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful lines in the *Earl of*

—Thy most inveterate soul,
That looks through the foul prison of thy body. [Essex:

And at those of Dryden:
The palace is without too well design'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind. AURENGZEB.

⁴ Mr. Banks hath copied this almost verbatim:
It was enough to say, here's Essex come,
And nurses sull'd their children with the fright.

⁵ The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to say
Enter king, which makes Mr. Banks, in one of his plays, call
the trumpet's formal sound.

⁶ Pharoetes, in the Captives, seems to have been acquainted
with king Arthur:

Proclaim a festival for seven days' space,
Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre,
Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy;
Let music's care-dispelling voice be heard;
The sumptuous banquet and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek and fill the heart with gladness.
Assure shall at mistress of the feast.

⁷ Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. SOPHONISBA.
Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair. Idd.

—A sullen gloom

Stews on his brow. BURTON.

⁸ P.—to is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks:
Behold these tears spring from fresh pain and joy. R. OF ROUSE.

⁹ These floods are very frequent in the tragic authors:
Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,

King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day:

Let other hours be set apart for business.

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk.

And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. (Though I already half seas over am)

If the capacious goblet overflow

With arrack punch—"fore George I'll see it out:

Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop. [a quart,

King. Though rack, in punch, eight shillings be

And rum and brandy he no more than six,

Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.

[Trumpets.

But, ha! the warrior comes—the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

SCENE III.—TOM THUMB to them, with Officers,
Prisoners, and Attendants.

King. ¹ Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my
What gratitude can thank away the debt [arm'd.
Your valour lays upon me!

Queen. ———— Oh! ye gods! [Aside.

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd
enough.

² I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen?

[Aside.

King. Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit,

It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.

But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?

Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they

The castle gates too low for their admittance [stand,

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.

My tears shall swell them up till I will drown. LEE'S SOFA
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.

MITHRIDATES

One author changes the waters of grief to those of joy:

—These tears, that sprung from tales of grief,

Are now augmented to a flood of joy. CYRUS THE GREAT

Another:

Turns all the streams of heat, and makes them flow

in pity's channel.

ROYAL VILLAIN

One drowns himself:

—Pity like a torrent pours me down,

Now I am drowning all within a deluge. ANNA BOLLEN.

Cyrus drowns the whole world:

Our swelling grief

Shall melt into a deluge, and the world

Shall drown in tears. CYRUS THE GREAT

³ An expression vastly beneath the dignity of tragedy, says
Mr. D.—, yet we find the word be cast in at the mouth of
Mithridates less properly used, and applied to a more terrible
idea:

I would be drunk with death. MITHRIDATES.

The author of the new Sophonisba taketh hold of this mono-
syllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose:

The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood

Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. D.— which gives him the best idea, a

drunken king, or a drunken sword?

Mr. D. dresses up king Arthur's resolution in heroic:

Merry, my lord, o' th' captain's humour right,

I am resolved to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee also uses this charming word:

Love's the drunkenness of the mind. GLORIANA.

⁴ Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly:

I'm half seas o'er in death. CLEON.

⁵ This figure is in great use among the tragedians:

"To therefore, therefore 'tis. VICTIM

I long, repent, repent, and long again. BUSINESS.

⁶ A tragic exclamation.

⁷ This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

⁸ We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated

authors:—

—Each star withdraws

His golden head, and buries within the socket. NERO

A soul runs old and sank into the socket. SPERSTIAN.

Queen. And sure thou art like nothing but thyself.

Aside.

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul. I see them—yes, I see them now before me: The monstrous, ugly, barbarous sons of whores.

But ha! what form majestic strikes our eyes? So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn By all the gods in council: so fair she is, That surely at her birth the council paused, And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!

Thum. Then were the gods mistaken—she is not A woman, but a giantess—whom we, With much ado, have made a shift to hawl Within the town: for she is by a foot Shorter than all her subject giants were.

Glam. We yesterday were both a queen and wife, One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway. Twenty whereof were married to myself.

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism where huss-like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forced To be content, nay, boppy thought, with one.

Glam. But then to lose them all in one black day, That the same sun which, rising, saw me wife To twenty giants, setting should behold Me widow'd of them all.—My worn-out heart, That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading, My soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. Madam, believe I view your sorrows with a woman's eye: But learn to bear them with what strength you may, To-morrow we will have our grenadiers Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose What husbands you think fit.

Glam. Madam, I am Your most obedient and most humble servant.

King. Think, mighty princess, think this court your Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn; [own, Call for what'er you will, you'll nothing pay. I feel a sudden pain within my breast, Nor know I whether it arise from love Or only the wind-cholice. Time must show.

¹ This simile occurs very frequently among the dramatic writers of both kinds.

² Mr. Lee hath stolen this thought from our author: This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council, Which they were long in making. *LOC. JUV. BAC.*

—At his birth the heavenly council paused, And then at last cry'd out, This is a maid! Dryden hath improved this hint to the utmost perfection:

So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit Has mend'd our design! Their envy blinder'd, Or you had been immortal, and a pattern, When Heaven would work for ostentation sake, To copy out again. *ALL FOR LOVE.*

Hanks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods: A pattern for the gods to make a man by, Or Michael Angelo to form a statue.

³ It is impossible, says Mr. W—, sufficiently to admire this ostentatious ease.

⁴ This tragedy, which in most points resembles the ancients, differs from them in this—that it assigns the same honour to lowness of stature which they did to height. The gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil are continually described higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is observed by our author. In short, to exceed on either side is equally admirable: and a man of three foot is as wonderful a sight as a man of nine.

⁵ My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading My soul will quickly sink. *METHUEN.*

⁶ My soul is like a ship. *INJURED LOVE.*

⁷ This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian Princess:—

To be your humblest and most faithful slave. ⁸ This doubt of the king puts me in mind of a passage in the Captives, where the noise of feet is mistaken for the rustling of leaves.

—Methinks I hear The sound of feet: No; 'twas the wind that shook yon cypress boughs.

Ob Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe! Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thum. I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those. I ask not money, money I've enough; For what I've done, and what I mean to do, For giants slain, and giants yet unborn, Which I will slay—if this be call'd a debt, Take my receipt in full: I ask but this,— To sun myself in Huncamuna's eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request. *Queen.* — Be still, my soul. *Aside.*

Thum. My heart is at the threshold of your mouth, And waits its answer there.—Oh! do not frown, I've try'd to reason's tune to tune my soul, But love did overwind and crack the string. Though Jove in thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T, I should have loved her still—for oh, strange fate. Then when I loved her least I loved her most!

King. It is resolv'd—the princess is your own.

Thum. Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb.

Queen. Consider, sir; reward your soldier's merit, But give not Huncamuna to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odoooks! my wide-extended Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb. Let Macedonio Alexander boast, Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show, Her Mæcenas France, let Holland boast Mynheers, Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast, Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Though greater yet his boasted merit was, He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'. *King.* Ha! sayst thou, Dollalolla!

Queen. I say he shan't.

King. Then by our royal self we swear you lie.

Queen. Who but a dog, who but a dog

Would see me as thou dost? Me, who have lain

* These twenty years so loving by thy side!

But I will be revenged. I'll hang myself.

Then tremble all who did this match persuade,

* For, riding on a cat, from high I'll fall,

And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.

Food. Her majesty the queen is in a passion.

King. Be she, or be she not, I'll to the girl

And pave thy way, oh Thumb—Now by myself,

¹ Mr. Dryden seems to have had this passage in his eye in the first page of *Love Triumphant*.

² Don Carlos, in the *Beverage*, sums himself in the charms of his mistress:

While in the lustre of her charms I lay.

³ A tragical phrase much in use.

⁴ This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical authors, who seem to have ruffled it, and share its beauties among them.

My soul waits at the portal of thy breast.

To ravish from thy lips the welcome news. *ANNA BULLEN.*

My soul stands list'ning at my ears. *CYRUS THE GREAT*

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring.

But reason overrules, and cracks the string. *D. OF GRUBB.*

—I should have loved.

Though Jove, in muttering thunder, had forbid it.

And when it (my heart) wild resolves to love no more,

Then is the triumph of excessive love. *IBID.*

* Maximian is one-fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy! *IBID.*

* Na by myself. *ANNA BULLEN.*

—Who caused

This dreadful revolution in my fate.

UCLAIR. Who but a dog—who but a dog? *LIZZETT AS*

—A bride,

Who twenty years lay loving by your side. *BANKS.*

* For, borne upon a cloud, from high I'll fall,

And rain down royal vengeance on you all. *ANNA BULLEN.*

⁵ An information very like this we have in the tragedy of *Love*, where, Cyrus having storm'd in the most violent manner, Cyrus observes very calmly,

Why, my dear Cyrus, you are moved.

⁶ 'Tis in your choice.

Love me, or love me not. *CONQUEST OF GALIADA*

We were indeed a pretty kind of clouts
To truckle to her will—For when by force
Or art the wife her husband over-reaches,
Giv' him the petticoat, and her the breeches.—[mine]
Thumb. 1 Whisper ye winds, that Huncamunca's
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful bus'ness of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty! crowns my toils!
I've thrown the bloody garment now aside
And hymeneal sweets invite my bride.

So when some chimney-sweeper all the day
Hath through dark paths pursued the sooty way,
At night to wash his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

SCENE IV.

Grizzle (solus). * Where art thou, Grizzle† where
are now thy glories?

Where are the drums that waken thee to honour!
Greatness is a laced coat from Monmouth-street,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola;
Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.—QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

Queen. 3 Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded
Mountain of treason, ugly as the devil, [Grizzle.
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
Words which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.

Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?

Queen. Wherefore! Oh! blood and thunder!
han't you heard

(What ev'ry corner of the court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made!

Griz. I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!
Can always stop his ears!—But would my teeth,
By grinding knives, had first been set on edge!

Queen. Would I had heard, at the still noon of
The hallaloo of fire in every street! [night,

Odshobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I should a grandmother be made

By such a rascal!—Sure the king forgets
When in a pudding, by his mother put,

The bastard, by a tinker, on a stile
Was dropp'd.—O, good lord Grizzle! can I bear

To see him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, Oh can, my Huncamunca bear

To take a pudding's offspring to her arms!

Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! e'en, my queen.

* Thy voice, like twenty screech-owls, wracks my
brain.

Queen. Then rouse thy spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match.

Griz. —We will; nor fate itself, [cause it.
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should

† There is not one leusny in this charming speech but what
hath been borrow'd by almost every tragic writer.

* Mr Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imi-
tated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Essex:

Where art thou Essex, &c.

‡ The countess of Nottingham, in the Earl of Essex, is appa-
rently acquainted with Dollalollois.

§ Grizzle was not probably possessed of that glue of which
Mr. Banks speaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glue my ears to every word.

* Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious monsters,
Are screaming in that voice. MARY Q. or SCORR.

¶ The reader may see all the beauties of this speech in a late
ode, called the Naval Lyric.

I'll swim through seas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll tear the earth; I'll blow out every fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the man whom smiling dolphins bore }
From the prosaic to poetic shore.

I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces. [not;

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him
For, though I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants!

Griz. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick;
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,

And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no giants? Are
there not

Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. * Indeed I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one. [away;

Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor, his
By all my stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.

Go, sirrah! go, † hie away! hie!—thou art
A setting-dog: be gone.

Griz. Madam, I go. [raised.

Tom Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have
So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,

With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

SCENE VI.

Queen (sola). And whither shall I go?—Alack a
day!

I love Tom Thumb—but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?

A coat without its laco; wig out of huckle;
A stocking with a hole in't—I can't live

Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.

† Then let me weigh them in two equal scales;
In this scale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.

Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold!—perhaps I may be left a widow:

This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine:
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.

So, when some wench to Tothill Brideswell's sent,
With beating hemp and flogging she's content;

She hopes in time to ease her present pain,
At length is free, and walks the streets again.

‡ This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one so clear an
idea as were to be w-hed; a smaling fish seeming a little
more difficult to be imagined than a flying fish. Mr. Dryden
is of opinion that smiling is the property of reason, and that
no irrational creature can smile:

Smiles not allow'd to beasts from reason none.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

* These lines are written in the same key with those in the
earl of Essex:

Why, say'st thou so? I love thee well, indeed

I do, and thou shalt find by this 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus:

The most heroic mind that ever was.

And with almost half of the modern tragedies.

† Aristotle, in that excellent work of his which is very
justly styled his master-piece, earnestly recommends using the
terms of art, however coarse or even inelegant they may be.
Mr. Tate is of the same opinion.

‡ *Haw.* Do not, like young hawks, fetch a course about.

Your game flies fair.

Fra. Do not fear it.

He answers you in your hawking phrase. *IN LOVE.*

I think these two great authorities are sufficient to justify Dol-
lallois in the use of the phrase, "Hie away, hie!" when in
the same line she says she is speaking to a setting-dog.

§ We meet with such another pair of scales in Dryden's
king Arthur:

Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the scales of heaven.

Also in Sebastian.

This hour my lot is weighing in the scales.

ACT II. SCENE I.—*The street.*—Bailliff, Follower.

Bail. Come on, my trusty fellow, come on ;
This day discharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer, and beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.

Fol. No more, no more, oh Bailliff ! every word
Inspires my soul with virtue. Oh ! I long
To meet the enemy in the street—and nab him :
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the sponging-house.

Bail. There when I have him, I will sponge upon him.

Oh ! glorious thought ! by the sun, moon, and stars,
I will enjoy it, though it be in thought !
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.

Fol. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II. TOM THUMB, NOODLE, Bailliff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wondrous
For, though I love the gentle Huncamunca, [sick ;
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale :
For, oh !—¹ but swear thou 't keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee stare.

Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.

Thumb. Then know—² my grandmamma hath
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage. [often said,

Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a warrior, great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma.
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms ?
Think of the joy that will your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast, dissolved in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss. [soul ;
Thumb. Oh ! Noodle, thou hast fired my eager
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine ;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with love :
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short
For our enjoyment ; every sun shall rise
³ Blushing to see us in our bed together.

Nood. Oh, sir ! this purpose of your soul pursue.

Bail. Oh ! sir ! I have an action against you.

Nood. At whose suit is it ?

Bail. At your tailor's, sir.

Your tailor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arrest you, sir, at his commands. [face !

Thumb. Ha ! dogs ! Arrest my friend before my
Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace !

¹ Mr. Rowe is generally imagined to have taken some hints
from this scene in his character of Bajazet ; but as he, of all
the tragic writers, bears the least resemblance to our author in
his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to
copy him in this particular.

² This method of surprising an audience, by raising their
expectation to the highest pitch, and then basing it, hath
been practised with great success by most of our tragic
authors.

³ Almeyda, in Sebastian, is in the same distress :
Sometimes methinks I hear the groans of ghosts,
Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams ;
Then, like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice that cries, We'd not, Almeyda ;
Forward'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

⁴ "As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him,"
says Mr. D—s. The author of *Bajazet* is extremely zealous to
prevent the son's blushing at any indecent object ; and there-
fore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and
desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun ! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene. *Bajazet.*
Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. *Ibid.*
Mr. Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen,
and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight :
The sun sets forth like a gay bridegroom with you.

MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumbs shall show his anger by his sword.

[*Kills Bailliff and Follower*

Bail. Ob, I am slain !

Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.

Nood. Go then to hell, like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiffs there.

Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III.—*The Princess HUNCAMUNCA'S Apartment.*—HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. Give me some music—see that it be sad.

CLEORA sings.

Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid ;
With equal ardour wound the wail
Beauty should never sigh in vain.
Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive the arrow through his heart :
When one you wound, you then destroy ;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Hunc. O Tom Thumb ! Tom Thumb ! where-
fore art thou Tom Thumb !

Why hast thou not been born of royal race ?
Why had not mighty Bautam been thy father !
Or else the king of Brentford, Old or New !

Must. I am surprised that your highness can give
yourself a moment's uneasiness about that little in-
significant fellow, ' Tom Thumb the Great—one
proper for a plaything than a husband. Were he
my husband his horns should be as long as his body.
If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should
not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in love
with something ; hut to fall in love with nothing !

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.

The apophy, when in flowery vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a hus-
band.—Alas ! Madam, there's not a beau about the
court looks so little like a man. He is a perfect
butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost
without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unsensational ; desist ;
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.—KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.

[*Exeunt CLEORA AND MUSTACHA.*

Daughter, I have observed of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance ; your eyes

¹ That, like two open windows, used to show

² Nourmahal sends the same message to heaven ;
For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. *ANASTASIA.*

We find another in hell, in the Persian Princess
Villain, get thee down

To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun,

³ Anthony gives the same command in the same words.

⁴ Oh ! Maria, Maria, wherefore art thou Maria ?

ORWAY'S MARIUS

⁵ Nothing is more common than these seeming contradic-
tions ; such as,

Haughty weakness, *VICTIM.*
Great small world. *NOAH'S PICCOL.*

⁶ Lee hath improved this metaphor :
Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee ?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumphant faun would see *GLORIAF.*

The lovely beauty of the rooms within, [cause?
Have now two blinds before them. What is the
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've given strict orders not to have you stunted.

Hunc. Alas! my lord, I value not myself
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
Small is that praise! but oh! a maid may want
What she neither can eat nor drink.

King. What's that?
Hunc. O spare my blushes; but I mean a husband.
King. If that be all, I have provided one, [band.
A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streama with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terra Incognita is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue make a noise
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.

Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?
King. Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone;
A country-dance of joy is in your face.

Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.
Hunc. O, there's a magic-music in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed!
Yes, I will own, wisdom, virtue make a noise
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.

For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my
sheets, [more.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no
A husband thou shalt have to mumble now. [tell

Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art. [brows;
Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy
Treasports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot through a hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.
King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride
Ourselves we hear the happy news to Thumb. [post,
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must still detain the hero from his arms;
Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiss, and now to fight,

¹ Almahide hath the same contempt for these appetites:
To eat and drink can no perfection be.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The earl of Essex is of a different opinion, and seems to
place the chief happiness of a general therein:

Were but commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat. *BANER'S EARL OF ESSEX.*

But, if we may believe one who knows more than either, the
devil himself, we shall find eating to be an affair of more
moment than is generally imagined:

ods are immortal only by their food.

LEOPOLD, IN THE STATE OF INNOCENCE.

"This expression is enough of itself," says Mr. D., "at-
tendency to destroy the character of Huncamunca!" Yet we find
a woman of no abandoned character in Dryden adventuring
farther, and thus excusing herself:

To speak our wishes first, forbid it pride,
Forbidden modesty; true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not. When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on? *CLORINDA.*

Clorinda speaks before she is asked: Huncamunca after-
wards. *Clorinda* speaks her wishes to her lover: Huncamunca
speaks to her father.

² Her eyes restless magic bear;
Aspiris, I see, and gods, are dancing there.

LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

⁴ Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy called *Liberty As-
sured*, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the
late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful
speech of King Arthur:

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thunder in his arm.
Joy light'ning in his eyes.
Joy like light'ning dart along my soul.

And now to kiss again. So, mighty Jove,
When with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a hit—and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

SCENE V.—GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

¹ *Griz.* Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting breasts, like kettle-drums of brass,
Beat everlasting loud alarms of joy;
As bright as brass they are, and oh, as hard.

Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. Ha! dost thou know me, princess as I am,
That thus of me you dare to make your game?

Griz. Oh! Huncamunca, well I know that you
A princess are, and a king's daughter, too;
But love no meanness scorns, no grandeur fears;
Love often lords into the cellar hears,
And hides the sturdy porter come up stairs.

For what's too high for love, or what's too low?
Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. But, granting all you say of love were true,
My love, alas! is to another due.

In vain to me a snoring you come,
For I'm already promised to Tom Thumb.

Griz. And can my princess such a durgan wed?
One fitter for your pocket than your bed!

Advised by me, the worthless baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man, by Jupiter! every inch.

² Then, while in joys together lost we lie,
I'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by.

Hunc. If, sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove;

For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is proved no man at all. [miss,

Griz. Oh! let him seek some dwarf, some fairy
Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss!

But, by the stars and glory! you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier;

One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts;

The milky way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind. [³ sound

Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the
From one pole to another pole rebound;

The earth and sky each be a battledore,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour:

To Doctors Commons for a licence I
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh, no! lest some disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be married at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princess should

¹ Jove, with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down for same, enjoys a symph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. *GLORIANA.*

² This beautiful line, which ought, says Mr. W., to be
written in gold, is imitated in the new Sophonisba:

Oh! Sophonisba! Sophonisba, oh!
Oh! Nerva; Nerva, oh!

The author of a song called *Duke upon Duke* hath improved it:
Alas! O Nick! O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little false spelling, you have two
meanings in the repeated words.

³ Edith, in the *Bloody Brother*, speaks to her lover in the
same familiar language:

Your grace is full of game.
⁴ Traverse the glit'ring chambers of the sky,
Borne on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.

HAMMILL.

⁵ Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edith's proud walls,
Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.

ALBION QUEEN.

Ry that vile place contaminate ner blood;
My quick return shall to my charmer prove
I travel on the ' post-horses of love.
Hunc. Those post-horses to me will seem too slow
Though they should fly swift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that post-boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.—TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Thumb. Where is my princess? where's my Huncamunca!

Where are those eyes, those cardmatches of love,
That ' light up all with love my waxen soul!
Where is that face which artful nature made
In the same moulds where Venus' self was cast?
Hunc. ' Oh! what is music to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pie to him that has no taste!
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promised to another!

Thumb. Too sure! Ha! promised!
Hunc. Too sure; 'tis written in the book of fate.
Thumb. ' Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ; or, if fate won't allow
So large a gap within its journal-book,
I'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII.—GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNC.

Glum. ' I need not ask if you are Huncamunca,
I do not remember any metaphors so frequent in the
tragic poets as those borrowed from riding post

The gods and opportunity ride post. *HANNIBAL.*
—Let's rush together,
For death rides post: *DUCE OF GUIN.*
Destruction gallops to thy murder post. *GLORIANA.*

' This image, too, very often occurs:
—Bright as when thy eye
First lighted up our loves. *AUGUSTINE.*
' This not a crown alone lights up my name. *RUSKINS.*

' There is great discussion among the poets concerning the
method of making man. One tells his mistress that the mould
she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another.
Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry description of his own
formation:

Whom heaven, neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for number to the rest. *SEATE or INROC.*
In one place the same poet supposes man to be made of metal:

I was form'd
Of that coarse metal which, when she was made,
The gods threw by for rubbish. *ALL FOR LOVE.*
In another of dough:

When the gods mould'd up the paste of man,
And some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And as they made Egyptians. *CLEOMAX.*

In another of clay:
—Rubbish of remaining clay. *SEBASTIAN.*
One makes the soul of wax;

Her waxen soul begins to melt apace. *ANNA BULLEN.*
Another of flint:

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former belags, or, struck out together,
One spark to Africa flew, and one to Portugal. *SEBASTIAN.*

To our, the great quantities of iron, brass, and leaden souls
which are so plenty in modern authors—I cannot omit the
dress of a soul as we find it in Dryden:

Souls shirtd hnt with air. *KING ARTHUR.*
Nor can I pass by a particular sort of soul in a particular
sort of description in the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious powers,
—Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, whose wisdom shades
Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

' This line Mr. Bauck has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen*.
' Good Heaven! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
(Or, if the order of the world below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
I'll blot that minute when she made her vow.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

' I know some of the commentators have imagined that Mr.
Dryden, in the alternative scene between Cleopatra and
Octavia, a scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with
great bitterness, is much beholden to our author. How just
this their observation is I will not presume to determine.

Your brandy-nose proclims—

Hunc. I am a princess;
Nor Need I ask who you are.

Glum. A giantess;
The queen of those who made and unmade queens

Hunc. The man whose chief ambition is to be
My sweetheart hath destroy'd these mighty giants.

Glum. Your sweetheart! Dost thou think the
man who once

Hath worn my easy chains will e'er wear thine!

Hunc. Well may your chains be easy, since, if fame
Says true, they have been tried on twenty husbands.

' The glove or boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the hand or foot.

Glum. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me see nearer what this beauty is
That captivates the heart of men by scores.

[Holds a candle to her face
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil. *[shog]*

Glum. You'd give the best of shoes within your
To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. Since you come
To that, I'll put my beauty to the test:

Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Carm. Oh! stay Tom Thumb, and you alone shall
That bed where twenty giants used to lie. *[all]*

Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage;

One half-a-crown does in his fingers hold,
The other shows a little piece of gold;

She the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser coin.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a chit as
' I feel the storm that's rising in my mind, *[this]*

Tempests and whirlwinds rise, and roll, and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if

' The world's four winds were pent within my carcass.
' Confusion, horror, murder, guts, and death!

SCENE VIII.—KING, GLUMDALCA.

King. ' Sure never was so sad a king as I!
' My life is worn as ragged as a coat

A beggar wears; a prince should put it off.
' To love a captive and a giantess!

Oh love! oh love! how great a king art thou!
My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpetest,

' A cobbling poet indeed," says Mr. D.; and yet I believe
we may find as monstrous images in the tragic authors: I'll
put down one:

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as
a bride's hair. *INFERO LOVE.*

Which line seems to have as much title to a milliner's shop as
our author's to a shoemaker's.

' Mr. L— takes occasion in this place to commend the
great care of our author to preserve the metre of blank verse,
in which Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, were so notoriously
negligent; and the modrina, in imitation of our author,
so laudably observant:

Then does
Your majesty believe that he can be
A traitor? *EAGLE OF EMEX.*

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of th excellence.
' Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind.

AUGUSTINE.
Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move. *CLEOW.*

' With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcass. *ANNA BULLEN.*

' Veritas Tragicus.
This speech has been terribly mangled by the poet.

' —My life is worn to rags,
Not worth a prince's wearing. *LOVE TRIUMPHANT.*

' Must I beg the pity of my slave?
Must a king beg? But love's a greater king,
A tyrant, nay, a devil, that possesses me.

He tunes the organ of my voice and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me. *SEBASTIAN.*

Unknown to me, within me. ¹ Oh, Glimdalca!
Heaven thee design'd a giontesse to make,
But an angelic soul was shuffled in.

* I am a multitude of walking griefs,
And only on her lips the balm is found
To spread a plaster that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?

King. What do I see?

Glum.

Ob!

King.

Ah!

* *Glum.* Ah! wretched queen!

King.

Oh! wretched king!

* *Glum.*

Ah

King.

Ob!

SCENE IX.—TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

Par. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;
For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.

Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.

Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:

* I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;

¹ I'm so transported, I have lost myself.

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost, you'd find yourself no more.

¹ When thou wert for m'd heaven did a man begin;

But a brute soul by chance was shuffled in. *ANTAGONISTS.*

* I am a multitude

Of walking griefs.

NEW SOPHOMORA.

* I will take thy scriptio blood,

And lay it to my grief till I have ease. *ANNA BULLEN.*

* Our author, who everywhere shows his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himself; where a less judicious poet would have raised a long scene of whining love, he, who understood the passions better, and that so violent an affection as this must be too big for utterance, chooses rather to send his characters off in this silent and dolorful manner, in which admirable conduct he is imitated by the author of the justly celebrated *Eurydice*. *Dr. Yuuog* seems to point at this violence of passion:

—Passion shakes

Their words, and they're the statures of despair.

And *Seneca* tells us, "Certe levis loquatur, longius stupet." The story of the Egyptian king in *Herodotus* is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent *Montaigne*, who hath written an essay on this subject.

* To part is death.

—The death to part.

Ah!

Oh! *Don Carlos.*

Not know I whether

What am I, who, or where,

I was I know not what, and am I know not how. *BUSBIR.*

GLORIANA.

* To understand sufficiently the beauty of this passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every man to contain two selfs. I shall not attempt to prove this from philosophy, which the poets make so plainly evident. One runs away from the other:

—Let me demand your majesty,

Why fly you from yourself?

Duke of Guise.

In a second, one self is a guardian to the other:

Leave me the care of me.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Again:

Myself am to myself less near.

Bidd.

In the same, the first self is proud of the second:

I myself am proud of me.

STATE OF ISROCKENOR.

In a third, distrustful of him:

Pain I would tell, but whisper it in my ear,

That none besides might hear, say, out myself.

EARL OF ENNER.

In a fourth, honours him:

I honour Rome,

And honour too myself.

SOPHOMORA.

In a fifth, at variance with him:

Leave me not thus at variance with myself.

BUSBIR.

Again, in a sixth:

I find myself divided from myself.

MEDRA.

She seemed the sad effigies of herself

BANKS.

So the unhappy sempstress once, they say,
Her needle in a pottle, lost, of bay;
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan.
For ah, the needle was for ever gone.

Par. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs!

* So, when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds;

By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

SCENE X.—NOODLE, and then GRIZZLE.

Nood. * Sure, Nature means to break her solid
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage [chain,
To hurl it from its axletree and hinges;
All things are so confused, the king's in love,
The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh, Noodle! Hast thou Huncamunca seen?
Nood. I've seen a thousand sights this day, where
Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone. [none
The king, the queen, and all the court, are sights.

Griz. * D—n your delay, you trifler! are you drunk,
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca. [ha!
Nood. By this time she is married to Tom Thumb.

Griz. * My Huncamunca!

Nood. Your Huncamunca, [munca.
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.

Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.

Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthroned.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here.
The licensee in my hand!

Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.

Griz. Why dost thou mention him?

Hunc. Ah, me! Tom Thumb.

Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Oh! speak.

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:

* You force me still to answer you, Tom Thumb.

Tom Thumb—I'm on the rack—I'm in a flame.

* Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb—you love
the name;

So pleasing is that sound, that, were you dumb,

You still would find a voice to cry Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Oh! be not hasty to proclaim my doom!

My ample heart for more than one has room:

A maid like me Heaven form'd at least for two.

* I married him, and now I'll marry you.

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be

The friend thou seem'st, assist me against me. *ALB. Q.*

From all which it appears that there are two selfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself is as such solism as it hath been represented by men rather ambitious of criticising than qualified to criticize.

* Mr. P.—imagines this parson to have been a Welsh one from his simile.

* Our author hath been plundered here, according to custom Great nature, break thy chain that links together
The fabric of the world, and make a chaos
Like that within my soul. *LOVE TRIUMPHANT.*

—Startle Nature, unfix the globe,
And hurl it from its axletree and hinges. *ALMON QUEENS*
The tot'ring earth seems sliding off its props.

* D—o your delay, ye torturers, proceed;
I will not hear one word but Almshouse. *CONQ. OF GRAN.*

* Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in *All for Love*.

* This Miltonic style abounds in the *New Sophomora*—

—And on her ample brow

Sat majesty.

* Your every answer still to ends in that.

You force me still to answer you *MORAT.* *AUSPOFFAL.*

* *MORAT, MORAT, MORAT!* you love the name. *Bidd.*

* "Here is a sentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca!" says

Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy falsehood to my face!
 Think'st thou that I will share thy husband's place?
 Since to that office one cannot suffice,
 And since you scorn to dine one single dish on,
 Go, get your husband put into commission.
 Commissioners to discharge (ye gods! it fine is)
 The duty of a husband to your highness.
 Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
 Or unrevenge the slighted willow wear;
 The gloomy, brooding tempest, now confined
 Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
 In dreadful whirl shall roll along the coasts,
 Shall thin the land of all the men it boasts,
 And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghosts.
 So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
 A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
 Sweep through the streets with terrible ding-dong,
 Gash through the spouts, and wash whole clouds
 along.

The crowded shops the thronging vermin screen,
 Together cram the dirty and the clean,
 And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen.

Hume. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay
 My hapless bridegroom on his wedding-day,
 I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
 May go again this night alone to bed.

So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,
 Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool,
 To give the preference to either loth,
 And fondly coveting to sit on both,
 While the two stools her sitting-part confound,
 Between 'em both fall squab upon the ground.

ACT III. SCENE I.—KING ARTHUR'S Palace.

**Ghost (solus).* Hail! ye black horrors of mid-
 night's midnight!

*Mr. D.—*a. And yet, with the leave of this great man, the
 virtuous Panthea, in Cyrus, hath a heart every whit as ample:

For two I must confess are gods to me,

Which is my Abradatus first, and thee.

Cyrus the Gr.
 Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reserved, though not
 an intelligible:

I am so divided,

That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

1 A ridiculous supposition to any one who considers the
 great and extensive largeness of hell, says a commentator; but
 not so to those who consider the great expansion of immaterial
 substance. Mr. Banks makes one soul to be so expanded, that
 heaven could not contain it!

The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.

VIRGIL BETRAYED.

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author
 of this:

We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,

Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell, even though it was empty: lord
 Grizzle, only to fill up the chinks, supposing the rest already full.

2 Mr. Addison is generally thought to have had this simile
 in his eye when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the
 third act of his *Cato*.

3 This beautiful simile is founded on a proverb which does
 honour to the English language:

Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written remains of the
 ancients as with those little aphorisms which verbal tradition
 hath delivered down to us under the title of proverbs. It were
 to be wished that, instead of filling their pages with the fabu-
 lous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would thank it
 worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial
 sayings of their ancestors. Mr. Dryden hath chronicled one
 in heroic:

Two life scarce make one possibility. *CONQ. OF GRANADA.*

My lord Bacon is of opinion that whatever is known of arts
 and sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of
 Solomon. I am of the same opinion in relation to those above-
 mentioned; at least I am confident that a more perfect system
 of ethics, as well as metaphysics, might be compiled out of them
 than is at present extant, either in the works of the ancient
 philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous ones
 of the modern divines.

4 Of all the particulars in which the modern stage falls short

Ye fairies, goblins, bats, and screech-owls, hail!
 And, oh! ye mortal watchmen, whose hoarse throats
 Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
 All hail!—Ye dancing phantoms, who, by day,
 Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire,
 Now play in churchyards, skipping o'er the graves,
 To the loud music of the silent hell,
 All hail!

SCENE II.—KING, GHOST.

King. What noise is this? What villain dares,
 At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
 Disturb our royal walls?

Ghost. One who defies
 Thy empty power to hurt him; * one who dares
 Walk in thy hedchamber.

King. Presumptuous slave!
 Thou diest.

Ghost. Threaten others with that word:

* I am a ghost, and am already dead. [*come,*

King. Ye stars! 'tis well. Were thy last hour to
 This moment had been it; † yet by thy shroud
 I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a bladder,
 Till thou dost groan thy nothingness away.

Thou fly'st! 'Tis well. [*Ghost retires.*

† I thought what was the courage of a ghost!

Yet, dare not, on thy life—Why say I that,
 Since life thou hast not!—Dare not walk again
 Within these walls, on pain of the Red sea.

For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
 As sure, sure as a gun, I'll have thee laid—

Ghost. Were the Red sea a sea of Hollands gin,

The liquor (when alive) whose very smell

I did detest, did loathe—yet, for the sake

Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,

of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the
 great scarcity of ghosts. Whence this proceeds I will not pre-
 sume to determine. Some are of opinion that the moderns are
 unequal to that sublime language which a ghost ought to
 speak. One says, ludicrously, that ghosts are out of fashion;
 another, that they are proper for comedy; forgetting, I suppose,
 that Aristotle hath told us that a ghost is the soul of
 tragedy; for so I render the $\psi\alpha\lambda\acute{o}\varsigma\ \tau\omicron\ \mu\omicron\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma\ \epsilon\upsilon\tau\iota\ \epsilon\pi\alpha\gamma\gamma\epsilon\lambda\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$,
 which M. Dacier, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose
 misled by not understanding the Fable of the Latins, which
 signifies a ghost as well as fable.

"Te premet nox, fabulæque manes."

Hor.

Of all the ghosts that have ever appeared on the stage, a very
 learned and judicious foreign critic gives the preference to this
 of our author. These are his words, speaking of this tragedy:
 —"Nec quidquam in illi admirabilis quæ phasma quoddam
 horrendum, quod omnibus aliis spectris, quibuscumq; ætæ
 Angelorum tragedia, longè (pæce D—y) V. Doctior, dixerim
 præstare."

1 We have already given instances of this figure.

2 Almanzor reasons in the same manner:

A ghost I'll be;

And from a ghost, you know, no place is free. *CONQ. OF GA.*

3 "The man who writ this wretched pun," says Mr. D.,
 would have picked your pocket! which he proceeds to show
 not only bad in itself, but doubly so on so solemn an occasion.
 And yet, in that excellent play of Liberty Asserted, we find
 something very much resembling a pun in the mouth of a mil-
 lion, who is parting with the lover she is fond of:

Oh, mortal woe! one kiss, and then farewell.

Irene. The gods have given to others to fare well.

O! miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most

solemn occasion—that of sacrificing his daughter:

Yes, daughter, yes; you will assist the priest;

Yes, you must offer up your—vows for Greece.

4 I'll pull thee backwards by thy shroud to light.

Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there.

And make thee groan thyself away to air. *CONQ. OF GRAN.*

Search me, ye gods, this moment into nothing.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

5 So, art thou gone? Then must no conquest boast.

I thought what was the courage of a ghost. *CONQ. OF GA.*

King Arthur seems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who

says most heroically, In spite of ghosts I'll on.

Whose father's ghost I am—once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 'tis true,
The dearest friend, when dead, we all forget.

King. 'Tis he—it is the honest Gaffer Thumh.
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of ghosts! thou something more than ghost!
Ghost. Would I were something more, that we
Might feel each other in the warm embrace. [again
But now I have th' advantage of my king,
'For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

King. But say, 'thou dearest air, Oh! say what
Important business sends thee back to earth? [dread,
Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear—which but
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence. [to hear

Thy subjects up in arms, hy Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope
The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread.
'So have I seen the bees in elsters swarm
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghost on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,
So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. D—n all thou hast seen!—dost thou, be-
neath the shape

Of Gaffer Thumh, come hither to abuse me
With similes, to keep me on the rack!
Hence—or, by all the torments of thy hell,
'I'll run thee through the body, though thou 'st none.

Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frightened by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For, if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

SCENE III.—KING, solus.

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And, whilst thou tellest me what 's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
Cur'd he the man who first a simile made!
Cur'd ev'ry hard who writes!—So have I seen
Those whose comparisons are just and true,
And those who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy that the whole creation
Can furnish out no simile to his fortune.

SCENE IV.—KING, QUEEN.

Queen. What is the cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollalolla's breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the 'dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of sprites?

King. Oh, Dollalolla! do not blame my love!
I hoped the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eyelids fast.—But, oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wivres;
Each morn, as the returning sun, they wake,
And shine upon their husbands.

¹ The ghost of Læmaria, lo Cyrrus, is a plain copy of this,
and is therefore worth reading:

Ah, Cyrrus!
Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,
As think of touching my immortal shade. CYR. THE GA.

² Thy better part of heavenly air. COME, OR GRAMADA.
³ "A string of similes," says one, "proper to be hung up to
the cabinet of a prince."

⁴ This passage hath been understood several different ways
by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to order
stand it at all. Mr. Dryden says—

I've heard something how two bodies meet,
But how two souls join I know not.

So that, till the body of a spirit, or better understood, it will be
difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

⁵ Cyrrus is of the same fearful temper with Dollalolla.
I never durst be darkness to a soul. LEO. EUP.

Queen.

Think, Oh think!

What a surprise it must be to the sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.
What less can be the wretched wife's surprise
When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
She found her useless holster in her arms. [that!
'Think, think, on that.—Oh! think, think well on
I do remember also to have read
'In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphoses,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With heauteous Danaë: and, trust me, love,
'I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.

King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex!
Oh, Dollalolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunes of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumh indeed were blest.—Oh, fatal name
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldst thou know—Alas! what thou wouldst
know! [speak

Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou
Like men who carry rareshows about?
'Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see."
O, tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V.—KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Nood. Long life attend your majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollalolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumh, without his pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate. }

SCENE VI.—KING, QUEEN, HUNC., NOODLE.

King. See where the princess comes! Where is
Tom Thumh!

Hunc. Oh! sir, about an hour and half ago
He sallied out t' encounter with the foe,
And swore, unless his fate had him maled,
From Grizzle's shoulders to cut off his head,
And serve 't up with your chocolate in bed. }

King. 'Tis well, I found one devil told us both.
Come, Dollalolla, Huncamuna, come;
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumh;
In peace and safety we secure may stay,
While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
Though men and giants should conspire with gods,
'He is alone equal to all these odds.

Queen. He is, indeed, 'a helmet to us all;
While he supports we need not fear to fall;

¹ Think well of this, think that, think every way. SCORSE,
² These quotations are more usual in the comic than in the
tragic writers.

³ "This distem," says Mr. D.—, "I must allow to be ex-
tremely beautiful, and tends to lighten the virtuous character
of Dollalolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the
highest appreciation from the inanimate embrace of a bolster.
An example worthy of imitation for all our writers of tragedy."

⁴ "Credet Judæus Appella,
Non ego."

says Mr. D.—, "For, passing over the absurdity of being equal
to odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant fellow—
I say again, a little insignificant fellow—able to vie with a
strength which all the Samsons and Herculeses of antiquity
would be unable to encounter?" I shall refer this incredulous
critic to Mr. Dryden's defence of his Almanzor; and, lest that
should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few lines from the
speech of a much braver fellow than Almanzor, Mr. Judæus's
Achilles:

Though human race rise in embattled hosts,
To force her from my arms—Oh! son of Atreus!
By that immortal pow'r, whose deathless spirit
Informs this earth, I was oppose them all. VICTOR.

⁵ "I have heard of being supported by a staff," says Mr. D.,
"but never of being supported by a helmet." I believe he
never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no
less a poet than Mr. Dryden:

I bless we borrow wings, and sail through air.

What will he say to a kneeling vassal?
LORD TREMPANT.

His arm despatches all things to our wish,
And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
Void is the mistress of the house of care,
While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
No fears the number of her guests afford,
But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

SCENE VII.—*Plain*.—GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels.

Gria. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For, though we have not fought, yet we have found
No enemy to fight withal.

Food. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
This first of April, to engage our foes.

Gria. This day, of all the days of th' year, I'd choose,
For on this day my grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,
And send it post to the Elysian shades.

Food. I'm glad to find our army is so stout,
Nor does it move my wonder less than joy.

Gria. What friends we have, and how we came
I'll softly tell you as we march along. [so strong,

SCENE VIII.—*Thunder and Lightning*.—TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum suis*.

Thumb. Oh, Noodle! hast thou seen a day like this!
The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,
As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl;
Yet will I holdly tread the tottering ball.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. What voice is this I hear!

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art; I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear—I am thy friend,

Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Thumb. How! [Thumb.

Merl. Hear, then, the mystic getting of Tom
His father was a ploughman
plain.

His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son
This couple knew not how,
Until such time the good old
man

To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great dis-
tress,
In secret manner shows

—I'll stand
Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain.

INJURED LOVE.
I am ashamed of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that
an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive.
Do not we read in the New Sophomacha of "grinding chains,
blue plaques, white occasions, and blue serenity?" Nay, it is
not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by
way of expletive, as, "Beauty pointed high with spirit," in the
same play; and, "In the lap of blessing, to be most curs'd," in
the *Kernage*.

1 A victory like that of Almansor:
Almansor is victorious without fight. *CONQ. OF GRAY.*

2 Well have we chose a happy day for fight;
For every man, in course of time, has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate. *K. ARTHUR.*

3 We read of such another in Lee:
Teach his rude wit a flight he never made,
And send her post to the Elysian shade. *GLORIANA.*

4 These lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.

5 Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud. *CONQ. OF GRANADA.*

6 Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash gods unhinge the rolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tottering ball,
Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful fall.
FEMALE WARRIOR.

7 See the History of Tom Thumb: page 3.

Thou'st heard the past—look up and see the future.

Thumb. Lost in amazement's gulf, my senses sink;
See there, Glumdalca, see another me!

Glum. O, sight of horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

Merl. Let not these sights deter thy noble mind,
For, lo! a sight more glorious courts thy eyes.

See from afar a theatre arise;

There ages, yet unborn, shall tribute pay
To the heroic actions of this day;

Then huskin tragedy at length shall choose
Thy name the best supporter of her muse.

Thumb. Enough; let every warlike music sound.
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.—*LORD GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels, on one side; TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, on the other.*

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,

I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

Gria. Draw all your swords: for liberty we fight,

And liberty the mustard is of life. [name!

Thumb. Are you the man whom men famed *Grizzle*!

Gria. Are you the much more famed Tom Thumb!

Thumb. The same. [prove;

Gria. Come on; our worth upon ourselves we'll

For liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for love.

[A bloody engagement between the two armies; drums

beating, trumpets sounding, thunder, lightning.

They fight off and on several times. Some

fall. *GRIZZLE* and *GLUM* remain.

Glum. Turn, toward, turn; nor from a woman fly.

Gria. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Gria. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well; you've run me through

And I am dead. [the gus-

Gria. Then there's an end of one.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end

of two. [of two,

Villain.

Gria. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Rebel!

Gria. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Hell!

Gria. Huncamenus!

1 Amazement swallows up my senses.

And is the impetuous whirl of circling fate

Drinks down my reason. *PERSIAN PRINCE.*

2 I have outaced myself.

What! am I two? Is there another me? *K. ARTHUR.*

3 The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout; but

most so in this prophetic part. We find several of these pro-

phesies in the tragic authors, who frequently take this op-

portunity to pay a compliment to their country, and sometimes to

their prince. None but our author (who seems to have de-

tested the least appearance of flattery) would have passed by

such an opportunity of being a political prophet.

4 I saw the villain, Myron; with these eyes I saw him.

In both which places it is intimated that it is sometimes pos-

sible to see with other eyes than your own.

5 "This mustard," says Mr. D., "is enough to turn one's

stomach. I would be glad to know what idea the author had

in his head when he wrote it." This will be, I believe, best

explained by a line of Mr. Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the salt of life. *LIE. ASSESSOR.*

The understanding that can digest the one will not rise at the

other.

6 *Hec*. Are you the chief whom men famed Scipio call

Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal? *HANNIBAL.*

7 Dr. Young seems to have copied this engagement in his

Basilis:

Myr. Villain!

Mem. Myroo!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane!

Thumb. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I feel it.

Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my service to the rebels there. [enjoy]

Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd; I'll send

1 My ghost to fetch her to the other world;

* It shall hut bait at heaven, and then return.

* But, ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains:

* Some kinder sprite knocks softly at my soul,

And gently whispers it to haste away.

I come, I come, most willingly I come.

So when some city wif, for country air,

To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair,

Her to make haste her husband does implore,

And cries, "My dear, the coach is at the door!"

With equal wish, desirous to be gone, [on!]

She gets into the coach, and then she cries—"Drive

Thumb. With those last words * he vomited his soul,

Which, * like whipt cream, the devil will swallow

Bear off the body, and cut off the head, [down.]

Which I will to the king in triumph lug.

Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfast.

SCENE X.—KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, Courtiers.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds

To pay their debts.—Let no one weep to-day.

Come, Dollalolla; * curse that odious name!

It is so long, it asks an hour to speak it.

By heavens! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,

Or any other civil monosyllable,

That will not tire my tongue.—Come, sit thee down.

Here seated let us view the dancers' sports;

Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day

Of princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;

Tom Thumb! who wins two victories * to-day,

And this way marches, hearing Grizzle's head.

A dance here.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!

Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!

Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!

1 This last speech of my lord Grizzle hath been of great service to our poets:

I'll hold it fast

As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this last;

Aud if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,

I'll send my ghost, and fetch it back again. *Conv. of GR.*

2 My soul should with such speed obey,

It should not bait at heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his eye:

* 'Twas not my purpose, sir, to tarry there;

I would but go to heaven to take the air. *GLORIANA.*

3 A rising vapour rumbling in my brains. *CLEOMENES.*

4 Some kind sprite knocks softly at my soul,

To tell me fate's at hand.

5 Mr. Dryden seems to have had this simile in his eye, when he says,

My soul is packing up, and just on wing. *Conv. of GR.*

6 And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul. *CLEOMENES.*

7 The devil swallows vulgar souls

Like whipt cream. *SEBASTIAN.*

8 How I could curse my name of Ptolemy!

It is so long, it asks an hour to write it.

By heavens! I'll change it into Jove or Mars!

Or any other civil monosyllable,

That will not tire my hand. *CLEOMENES.*

9 There is a visible conjunction of two days in one, by which our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to insinuate that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time shorter than it is. It brings into my mind a passage in the comedy called the Coffee-House Politician:

We will celebrate this day at my house to-morrow.

1 Howl, wolves, grunt, bears, hiss, snakes, shriek, all ye

King. What does the blockhead mean! [ghosts!]

Nood. I mean, my liege,

* Only to grace my tale with decent horror.

Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,

I look'd abroad into the streets below,

I saw Tom Thumb attended by the mob;

Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,

Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;

Aloft he bore the grisly head of Grizzle;

When of a sudden through the streets there came

A cow, of larger than the usual size,

And in a moment—guess, Oh! guess the rest!—

And in a moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

King. Shut up again the prisons, bid my treasurer

Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,

Guilty or not—no matter.—Ravish virgins:

Go hid the schoolmasters whip all their boys!

Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose,

To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon but I have still

Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.

[Kills NOODLE.

Nood. O! I am slain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the QUEEN.

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess, beware

[Kills CLEORA.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.

[Kills HUNCAMUNCA.

Must. And this

I drive to thine, O Doodle! for a new one.

[Kills DOODLE.

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that. [Kills MUST.

* And take thou this. [Kills himself, and falls.

So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,

Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,

Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,

Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;

So all our pack upon the floor is cast,

And all I honest is—that I fall the last. [Dies.

1 These beautiful phrases are all to be found in one single

speech of King Arthur, or the British Worthy.

2 I was not teaching him to grace his tale

With decent horror. *CLEOMENES.*

3 We may say with Dryden,

Death did at length so many slain forget,

And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and

bloody catastrophe than *Cleomenes*, where the certain covers

five principal characters dead on the stage. These lines too—

I sak'd no questions then, of who kill'd who?

The bodies tell the story as they lie—

seem to have belonged more properly to this scene of our

author; nor can I help imagining they were originally his.

The *Rival Ladies*, too, seem beholden to this scene:

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;

Julia goes first, Gonzalvo hangs on her,

And Angelina hangs upon Gonzalvo,

As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this.

It was applauded by several encores, a word very unusual in

tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to escape

without a second slaughter. This I take to be a lively assurance

of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us,

and which Mr. Dryden, in his essay on Dramatic Poetry, has

observed: "Whether custom," says he, "hath so insinuated

itself into our countrymen, or nature hath so formed them to

searceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and

other objects of horror to be taken from them." And indeed

I am for having them encouraged in this martial disposition:

nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing

to anything more than to those bloody spectacles daily exhib-

ited in our tragedies, of which the French stage is so extremely

clear.

THE LETTER WRITERS; OR, A NEW WAY TO KEEP A WIFE AT HOME.

A FARCE, IN THREE ACTS, FIRST ACTED IN 1731.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Rakel*, Mr. Lacy; *Commons*, Mr. Mollart; *Mr. Wisdom*, Mr. Jones; *Mr. Softly*, Mr. Hallam; *Risque*, Mr. Reynolds; *John*, Mr. Wathan; *Sarah*, Mr. Davenport; *Mrs. Wisdom*, Mrs. Lacy; *Mrs. Softly*, Mrs. Mollart; *Betty*, Mrs. Stokes; *Constables*, *Fiddlers*, *Servants*, &c. &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*The Street*.—*RAKEL*, *RISQUE*.
RAKEL. [*reading a letter*].

"Sir—Your late behaviour hath determined me never to see you more: if you get entrance into this house for the future it will not be by my consent: for I desire you would henceforth imagine there never was any acquaintance between you and
LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

So! the letter was thrown out of the window, was it! *Risque*. Ay, sir, I am sure there is no good news in it by the face of that jade Susan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the mistress is in good humour.

Rak. Well, may you meet with better success in the next expedition! Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Wisdom, I'll wait here till you return with an
Risque. But, sir— [answer.

Rak. Well, sir!
Risque. This affair, sir, may end in a blanketing, and that is a danger I never love to run with an empty stomach.

Rak. Sirrah! if I were to be tossed myself I would wish to be as empty as possible; but thou art such an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Risque. The reason of that is very plain, sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilst I followed your honour's heels as a soldier I expected no better fare; but since I have been promoted to the office of pimp I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a starved skeleton, and see every day so many plump brethren of the same profession riding in their coaches? [then—

Rak. Bring me but an answer to my wish, and
Risque. Don't promise me, sir—for then I shall be sure of having nothing. If you were but as like a great man in your riches as you are in your promises, I should dine oftener by two or three days a week than I do now.

Rak. To your business. It is happy for the nation that this fellow ran away from his master; for had he become an authorised attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on than our whole regiment.

SCENE II.—*RAKEL*, *COMMONS*.

Com. Captain Rakel, your servant.

Rak. Jack Commons!—My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters!

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parsons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr. Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honest fellow, and hath not, I believe, been sober since he was in the chair; he encourages that virtue as a magistrate which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine, faith! and, if the master was a

glazier, I suppose he would encourage breaking windows too.

Rak. But prithee, what hath brought thee to Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I resolved to take one swing in the charming plains of idleness; so I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance—to spend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then sneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha! And bast thou the impudence to pretend to a call!

Com. Ay, sir, the usual call—I have the promise of a good living. Looker, captain, my call of piety is much the same as yours of honour. You will fight, and I shall pray, for the same reasons, I assure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of sincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at least.

Com. Ay, ay, sincerity is all that can be expected—that is the chief difference among men. All men have sins, but some hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our skins, and both would equally appear if we had neither clothes nor hypocrisy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promising holder forth, faith, and dost begin to preach in a most orthodox manner.

Com. Fox of preaching!—will you go steal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I—I go to no tragedy—but the tragedy of Tom Thumb. [is that!

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil *Rak.* Why, sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh; and if your sermons will do as much, I shall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged; then it must be to a bawdy-house, and I'll along with you.

Rak. Indeed you cannot, my young Levite; for mine is a private bawdy-house, and you will not be admitted, even though you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not pressing, thou shalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

Rak. Dost thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modest woman! Hast thou a mind to marry me to her?

Com. No, sir, she is married already. There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have seen, and both married to old husbands.

Rak. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and some other time thou shalt introduce me to them.

Com. Nay, thou shalt go drink tea with one of them now—it is but just by—I dined there to-day—and my uncle is now gone abroad. Come, 'tis but two steps into the square here, at the first two lamps.

Rak. The first two lamps! [Wisdom.

Com. Ay, no farther—Her husband's name is

Rak. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have sent Risque to! [Aside.

Com. Come, we'll go make her a visit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

Rak. Another mistress of mine, by Lucifer! [*Aside.* Hast thou no more female relations in town?

Com. No more! Won't two serve your unreasonable appetite?

Rak. But thou seemest to be so free of them, I could wish thee, for the sake of the public, related to all the beauties in Christendom. But, Jack, I hope these two aunts of thine are not rigidly virtuous.

Com. Ha, ha, ha! Do not I tell thee they are young and handsome, and that their husbands are old?

Rak. And thou wouldst not take it amiss if one were to dub an uncle of thine a cuckold.

Com. Hearken, Tom, if thou hadst read as much as I, thou wouldst know that cuckold is no such term of reproach as it is imagined; half the great men in history are cuckolds on record. Take it amiss! ha, ha, ha! Why, my uncle himself will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

Rak. How!

Com. Ay, sir, when an old man goes publicly to church with a young woman he proclaims that title loud enough. But come, will you to my aunt?

Rak. You must excuse me now.

Com. When I make you such another offer you shan't refuse it: I thought you would have postponed any business for a mistress.

Rak. But I am in pursuit of another mistress—one I am pre-engaged to. Afterwards, sir, I am at the service of your whole family.

Com. Success attend your iniquity. I'll inquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your servant.

Rak. Yours. A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he should discover my amours, he is not likely to be any obstacle to them.

SCENE III.—RAKEL, RISQUE.

Rak. So, sir.

Risq. Sir, I have with great dexterity delivered your honour's letter, and with equal pleasure have brought you an answer.

Rak. [*reads.*]

"Be here at the time you mention. My husband is luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be (as you say) entirely in the power of"
"ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Ay, now thou hast performed well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odo! I have but sixpence about me. Here, take, take this and be diligent.

Risq. Very fine encouragement: truly! This it is to serve a poor, beggarly, lousy—If half this dexterity had been employed in the service of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middlesex justice long ago—but I must tug along the empty portmanteau of this shabby no-pay ensign. Pox on't! what can a man expect who is hut the rag-carrier of a rag-carrier!

SCENE IV.—MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Mrs. W. Sure never anything was so lucky for us as this threatening letter; while my husband imagined I should go abroad, he was almost continually at home; but now he thinks himself secure of my not venturing out, he is scarce ever with me.

Rak. How shall I requite this goodness, which can make such a confinement easy for my sake!

Mrs. W. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herself for her gallant thinks herself sufficiently requited by his company.

Betty [*entering*]. Oh! madam, here's my master come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What shall I do!

Mrs. W. Step into this closet—quick—quick! What can have sent him home so soon!

SCENE V.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind indeed, to return so much earlier than your promise.

Wisd. Mr. Mortengeland hath disappointed me: I'm afraid somebody else hath taken him off my hands: so let some of the servants get me my nightgown and slippers, for I intend to stay at home all the evening.

Mrs. W. Was ever such ill-luck!—they are both in my closet. Lord, child, why will you put on that odious nightgown! indeed it doth not become you—you don't look pretty in it, lovey, indeed you don't.

Wisd. Pshaw! it doth not become a wife to dislike her husband in any dress whatsoever.

Mrs. W. Well, my dear, if you command, I will be always ready to obey. Betty, go fetch your master's nightgown out of my closet. Take care you don't open the door too wide, lest you throw down a China basin that is just within it.

Wisd. Come, give me a kiss; you look very pretty to-night, you little wanton rogue. Adod! I shall, I shall make thee amends for the pleasures you miss abroad.

Mrs. W. So, you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murdered to save twenty guineas.

Wisd. If you stay at home, you will not be murdered, and I shall save many a twenty guinea.

Mrs. W. But then I shall lose all my acquaintance by not returning their visits.

Wisd. Then I shall lose all my torments: and truly, if I lose this loss to the letter-writer, I am very much obliged to him. I would have tied a much larger purse to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thundered at it.

SCENE VI.—SOFTLY, WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Soft. Mr. Wisdom, your servant; madam, I am your humble servant: a friend of yours, Mr. Wisdom, expects you at Tom's.

Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I must leave thee for one hour, my dear. So take the key of my closet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs. W. I will, my dear.—This is extremely lucky. [*Aside.*]

SCENE VII.—WISDOM, SOFTLY.

Soft. Well, doth the plot succeed notably!

Wisd. To my wish. She hath not ventured to stir abroad since. This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pound will be of more service to me than a draft on the bank for so many hundreds.

Soft. I wish your threatening letter to my wife had met with the same success: but alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She swears she'll go abroad the more now to show her courage; but, that she may not appear too rash, she hath put me to the expense of an additional footman; and, instead of staying at home, she carries all my plunder hussies abroad. Her coach, when she goes a visiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

Wisd. But if it come to that extremity I would lock up my doors, and shut her in, on pretence of shutting rogues out.

Soft. But I cannot shut her companions out: I should have a regiment of women on my hack for

ill-using my wife, and have a sentence of euckoldom pronounced against me at all the assemblies and visiting-days in town. If I could prevail by stratagem, well; but I am too certain of the enemy's strength to attempt the subduing her by force.

Wisd. Thank my stars, my wife is of another temper.

Soft. You will not take it ill, brother Wisdom, but your wife is not a woman of that spirit as mine is.

Wisd. No, Heaven be praised! for, of all evil spirits, that of a woman is surely the worst.

Soft. Truly, it is a perfection that costs a man as much as it is worth.

Wisd. But what do you intend to do?

Soft. I know not. Something I must; for my house at present is like a garrison; I have continually guards mounting and dismounting, while I know no enemy but my wife, and she's within.

SCENE VIII.—*Softly, Wisdom, Mrs. Wisdom.*

Mrs. W. Here are the parchments, my dear.

Wisd. You know the necessity of my engagement, and will excuse me.

Soft. No ceremony with me, brother.

Wisd. If you will stay with my wife till my return, she will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at piquet; you are no high player any more than she.

Mrs. W. I shall be too hard for him: for I fancy he is a player much about your piteb, and you know I always get the better of you.

Wisd. Well, well; to it, to it. I leave you together.

SCENE IX.—*Softly, Mrs. Wisdom.*

Soft. I am but a bad player, madam; but to divert you—

Mrs. W. How shall I get rid of him? I am not much inclined to piquet at present, Mr. Softly.

Soft. Hum! very likely; any other game that you please—if I can play at it.

Mrs. W. No, you can't play at it—for, to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you'll excuse me.

Soft. Oh! dear sister! I will divert the time with one of these newspapers: ay, here's the Grubstreet Journal—an exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

Mrs. W. But—I am the worst person in the world at writing: the least noise disturbs me.

Soft. I am as mute as a fish.

Mrs. W. I know not how to express it, I am so ashamed of the humour.—But I cannot write whilst any one is in the room.

Soft. Hum! very probable: there is no accounting for some humours. Well—you may trust me in the closet. This closet and I have been acquainted before now. [*Offers to go in.*]

Mrs. W. By no means: I have a thing in that closet you must not see.

SCENE X.—*Softly, Mrs. Wisdom, Commons.*

Com. What, is not my uncle Wisdom returned yet?

Mrs. W. I am surprised you should return, sir, unless you have learnt more civility than you showed at dinner to-day; your behaviour then seemed very unfit for one who intends to put on that sacred habit you are designed for.

Com. You may be as scurrilous as you please, aunt: it hath been always my resolution to see my relations as seldom as I can; and when I do see them never to mind what they say.—I have been at your house, too, uncle Softly, and have met with just such

another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honest bottle together—I have not cracked a bottle with you since I came to town.

Mrs. W. For Heaven's sake, dear brother, do anything to get him hence.

Soft. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

Com. Ay, ay, a pint is the best introduction to a bottle.—Aunt, will you go with us?

Mrs. W. Fudge! brute!

Com. If you won't, you may let it alone.

Soft. Sister, your humble servant.

Mrs. W. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a surprise [*looks the door*].—There, Captain, captain, you may come out, the coast is clear.

SCENE XI.—*Mrs. Wisdom, Rakel.*

Rak. These husbands make the most confounded long visits.

Mrs. W. Husbands! why I have had half a dozen visitants since he went away; I thought you had overheard us.

Rak. Not I, truly; I have been entertaining myself with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the closet.

Mrs. W. You are very unconcerned in danger, captain.

Rak. Yes, madam, danger is my profession; and these sort of dangers are so common to me, that they give me no surprise. I have declared war with the whole commonwealth of husbands ever since I arrived at years of discretion.

Mrs. W. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

Rak. No, madam; I always consider the wife as the town, and the husband as the enemy in possession of it. I am not for burning nor razing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortress, I march in in the most gentle peaceable manner imaginable. So, madam, if you please, we will walk into the closet together.

Mrs. W. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? [*Ha, ha, ha!*]

Rak. Ay, my angel! and you shall say I practise what I read.—[*Takes her in his arms, Wisdom knocks, she starts from him.*]

Wisd. [*without.*] What, have you shut yourselves in? [*I am here!*]

Rak. Ourselves! oh, the devil! doth he know I

Mrs. W. No, no, no; to your hole, quick, quick, quick.

Wisd. Why, child! Mr. Softly! don't you hear? what, have you played yourselves asleep?

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, are you there?

SCENE XII.—*Wisdom, Mrs. Wisdom.*

Wisd. [*entering.*] If we were not so nearly related, I should not like this locking up together. Heyday! where is my brother Softly?

Mrs. W. Alas! my dear, my ungracious nephew hath been here and taken him away to the tavern.

Wisd. Why will you suffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is against my will?

Mrs. W. Alas, child, I don't know how to shut your doors against your own relations.

Wisd. And what were you doing, hey, that you were locked in so close by yourself?

Mrs. W. I was only saying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed, these incendiaries run so in my head, I never think myself safe enough.

Wisd. Heaven bless the hour I first thought of putting them there! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. W. Well, child, this is very good in you to come home so soon.

Wind. I only call on you in my way to the city; for I must speak to alderman Longhorns before I sleep. I am sorry you lost brother Softly; he might have diverted you a little. [closet for that matter.]

Mrs. W. I can divert myself well enough in my *Wind.* Ay, do so. Reading is an innocent and instructive diversion. I will be back with the utmost expedition. Is your closet locked, child? there are some papers in it which I must take with me.—

Mrs. W. What shall I do!—Lud, my dear, I—I—have lost the key, I think.

Wind. Then it must be broke open; for they are of the utmost consequence. Nay, if you can't tell me where you have laid it, I can't stay, the lock must be broke open; I'll call up one of the servants.

Mrs. W. Nay, then, confidence assist me! Here, here it is, child—I have nothing but assurance to trust to; and I am resolved to exert the utmost.

[*Opens the door; RAKEL runs against him, throws him down; he looks on Mrs. W., she points to the door, and he runs out. Mrs. W. shrieks.*]

Wind. Oh! I am murder'd.

Mrs. W. The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

Wind. My horns are out.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, sure never anything was so lucky as this stay of yours! Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

Wind. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

Mrs. W. I hope you will be advised, and put the money where you are desired before anything worse happens.

Wind. I shall put you out of doors before anything worse happens.

Mrs. W. My dear!

Wind. My devil! Come, come, confess, it is done already; am I one or no?

Mrs. W. Are you what, my love?

Wind. Am I a beast, a monster! a husband!

Mrs. W. Defend me!—Sure the fright hath turned your brain. Are you a husband? yes, I hope so, or what am I!

Wind. Ah! eroeodile! I know very well what sort of robber was here. Nay, perhaps, he was a robber, and you may have conspired together to rob me: I don't doubt but you was concerned in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife. [sigh!]

Mrs. W. Oh! barbarons, cruel, inhuman sapper!

Wind. Is he a conjurer as well as a thief, and could he go through the key-hole? How came he into that closet? How came he into that closet, madam, without your knowledge? Answer me that. Did he go through the door?

Mrs. W. I swear by—

Wind. Hold, hold. I don't question but you will swear through a thousand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

John. Oh! sir, this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I spied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's closet-window.

Mrs. W. How!

John. Dear sir, step but into the closet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

Wind. The villains!—John, take the candle and go in before me.

Mrs. W. Miraculous fortune! Now will I stand it out that Rakel got in the same way. Sure it must have been the devil that hath broke these windows to encourage us to sin—by this delivery.—Oh! here comes my husband; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to ask pardon.

Wind. John, do you watch carefully in the yard

this night. I protest a man will shortly be safe nowhere.

Mrs. W. Not when thieves get through key-holes.

Wind. Come, I ask thy pardon; I am sorry I suspected thee: I will make thee amends, I will—I will stay at home this week with thee in spite of business: thou shalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus; I will buy thy forgiveness. Here, here is a purse to put thy money in; and it shall no be long before I give thee some money to put in th, purse: you shall take the air every day in Hyde Park, and I'll go with you for a guard: I vow you shall forgive me. I'll kiss you till you do.

Mrs. W. You know the way to mollify me.

Wind. Why, I was hut in jest: I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

Mrs. W. Did you not indeed? [if I did!]

Wind. No, indeed; may I be worse than robbed

Mrs. W. Well, hut don't jest so any more.

Wind. I promise you:—hut I must not lose a moment before I go into the city—

Mrs. W. And will you leave me again to-night?

Wind. You must excuse necessity, my dear.

Mrs. W. My dear, I shall always obey your commands without any farther reason.

Wind. What a happy man am I in a wife! If all women were but such blessings to their husbands as thou art, what a heaven would matrimony be!

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Street.—RAKEL, and afterwards RISQUE.*

Rak. Love and war I find still require the same talents; to be unconcerned in danger is absolutely necessary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this stratagem, or that I found Risque on the spot to execute it. I dare swear she will soon take the hint: nor do I see any other way she could possibly have come off.—So, rasal, what success!

Risq. I have broke the windows with a vengeance; I have made room enough for your honour to march in at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the least noise. But I hope the lady did not use your honour very ill, that her windows must be broken.

Rak. No, Mr. Inquisitive, I have done it for the lady's sake, to give her an opportunity of saying I broke in there; for when I was taken in the closet, I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myself a robber.

Risq. But, if he should take you at your word and prosecute you, who would bring your honour off?

Rak. No matter; it were better fifty such as I were hanged than one woman should lose her reputation. But, as the closet was full of things of value, my touching none would sufficiently preserve me from any villanous imputation, should the worst happen.

Risq. I fancy, indeed, it would be no disgrace to be thought to have stolen all you have in your pocket.

Rak. What's that you are muttering! Hearer, rasal, he sure not to go to bed; I shall not be at home till early in the morning. Now for my unkind mistress; I may have better success there than I found with my kind one.

How bless'd is a soldier while licens'd to range!

How pleasant this whore for that to exchange!

Risq. Go thy ways, young Satan; the old gentleman himself cannot be much worse. Let me consider a little. My master doth not come home till morning, the closet is full of things of value, and I can very easily get into it.—Agud, and I'll have a

trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; so, if I bring off a good handsome booty, my master stands fair for being hanged for it. Hey-day! what the devil have we here?

SCENE II.—COMMONS, with *WAs* and *Music*,
Risque.

Com. [*Sings.*] Tol lol de rol lol! Now am I Alexander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxanna.—You sons of whores play me Alexander the Great's march.

1 *Fid.* We don't know it, an't please your worship.

Com. Don't you! Why then, play me the Black Joke.

2 *WAs.* Play the White Joke, that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, ay, Black or White, they are all alike to me.

[*Music plays.*]

2 *WAs.* We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the justices of peace are so severe against us, we shall be taken up and sent to Bridewell.

Com. The justices be hanged! they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they know me to be a lord they would let us all go again.

1 *WAs.* Nay, my dear, I ask your pardon; I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my lord Kilfob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Risq. [*advancing.*] My lord Kilfob, I'm glad to see your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Risque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honest Risque, thou shalt go to the tavern with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine.—But hearkee.

[*Whispers.*]

1 *WAs.* A lord, and so familiar with this fellow! This is some clerk or apprentice strutting about with his master's sword on.

[*coming-down cull.*]

2 *WAs.* I fancy, Snkey, this is a sharper, and no

1 *WAs.* Ay, damn him, he'll make us pop our unders for the reckoning; we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canst lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Risq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not one soue, I assure you.—I am on business for my master, and in a great hurry.

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, sirrah, play on to the tavern.

2 *WAs.* I don't know what you mean, sir; we are no company for such as you.

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord;—but no matter, several lords keep such company; and since I stoop to you—

1 *WAs.* You stoop to us, scurvy!

2 *WAs.* You a lord! You are some attorney's clerk, or haberdasher's 'prentice.

[*a compter?*]

1 *WAs.* Do you sit behind a desk, or stand behind

2 *WAs.* We're not for such as you, we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for such as you—and that I'll make you know with a vengeance. Whores, strumpets!

WAs. Murder, murder, robbery, murder!

Com. I'll scour you with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*]

2 *Fid.* I wish we were well rid of this chap, I wish we get anything by him.

[*whole fiddle.*]

1 *Fid.* I wish we get off with a whole skin and a

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 *Fid.* I wish your honour would pay us off too; for we are obliged to play to some country-dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to ask anything for such music! I'll not give you a soue; you are a couple of wretched rascals, and play ten degrees worse than the university waits. If you had your

merit, you would have your fiddles hroko about your heads.

1 *Fid.* Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, sir! Why then I'll act like a gentleman. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guts to make fiddle-strings of. A couple of cowardly dogs; run away from one. Blood! I have routed the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is such a brave fellow as I am should be made a parson of! [*Linkboy crosses.*] Here, you son of a whore, come here. Are you the sun, or the moon, or one of the seven stars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, sir!

Com. Want a light, sir, ay, sir. Do you take me for a Dissenter, you rascal! Do you think I carry my light within, sirrah! I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkness.

A wof, he is immortal,

And never can decay;

For how should he return to dust

Who daily wets his clay?

SCENE III.—*RAKEL* and *Mrs.* *SOFTLY.*

Mrs. S. Forget that letter; it was the effect of a sudden short-lived anger which arose from a lasting love; jealousy is surely the strongest proof of that passion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wish to be without, if all my mistresses were as forward to believe my sincerity.

Mrs. S. All your mistresses!—Bravo!

Rak. I speak of you, madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another mistress upon earth, may I be—

Mrs. S. Married to her—which would be curse enough on both. But do not think, captain, that should I once discover my rival, it would give me any uneasiness; the suspicion of the falsehood raised my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be assured I have not love enough to make me uneasy, if I knew you were false; so bang jealousy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the transports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witnessed to my passion.— [*SOFTLY hears without.*]

Mrs. S. Ob heaven! My husband is upon the stairs.

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had forewarned myself. Have you no closet? no chimney?

Mrs. S. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he must see you. Say nothing, but bow, and observe me.

SCENE IV.—*SOFTLY, Mrs. SOFTLY, RAKEL.*

Soft. Sure never man was so put to it to get rid of a troublesome companion. Heyday, what's here!

Mrs. S. Sir, I assure you I am infinitely obliged to you, and so is my husband; I am sorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[*She curtsies all this time to him, who bows to her.*]

Soft. What's the matter, child! what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs. S. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come. The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely obliged to the gentleman.

Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely obliged to him. Sir, I am your humble servant: I give you a great many thanks, sir, for the civility you have conferred on my wife. I assure you, sir, you never did a favour to any one who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me if ever I did; I have been as civil to several wives; but thou art the first husband that ever thanked me for it.

[*Aside.*]

Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a small collation we have within, we shall think ourselves much honoured in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my side; but I am unhappily engaged to sup with the duke of Fleet-street. [Other opportunity to thank you.]

Soft. I hope, sir, you will shortly give us some Mrs. S. Pray, sir, do not let it be long.

Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you. *Rak.* All these acknowledgments for so small a gallantry make me ashamed: I was only fortunate in the occasion of doing what no young gentleman could have refused. However, sir, I shall take the first opportunity to kiss your hands, and am your most obedient humble servant.—Not a step, sir.

Soft. Sir, your most humble servant.

SCENE V.—SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.

Soft. I protest one of the vilest gentlemen I Mrs. S. Most infinitely well-hred. [ever saw.]

Soft. I have been making a visit to my neighbour Wisdom, where whom should I meet with but that unlucky rogue, my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and, I protest, almost flustered me.

Mrs. S. He was here just as you went out, and as rude as ever; but I gave him a sufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll scarce venture here again. And indeed, my dear, he is so very scandalous, I wish you would not suffer him.

Soft. He will be settled in the country soon, and so we shall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have some news to tell you: my sister Wisdom hath received just such another letter as yours, threatening to murder her in her chair the first time she goes abroad, unless she lays twenty guineas under a stone. Indeed, she shows abundance of prudence on this occasion by keeping at home: she doth not go abroad and frighten her poor husband as you do.

Mrs. S. My sister Wisdom received such a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a visit, and on this occasion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment. Who's there? Order my chair this instant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms. [o' night.]

Soft. Why, you would not visit her at this time Mrs. S. Oh! my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when she will be sure too that I know it. My dear, your servant: I'll make but a short visit, and be back again before you can be set down to supper.

Soft. Was ever so unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home do but send her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife, however; and truly virtuous women are so rare in this age, one cannot pay too dear for them. Oh! a virtuous wife is a most prodigious blessing.

SCENE VI.—WISDOM'S HOUSE.—RAKEL, MRS. WISDOM.

Rak. To rally again the same night after such a rebuff is, I think, madam, a sign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs. W. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I must share the chief part of the danger too!

Rak. Why indeed, madam, to send me word of this second retreat of your husband was a kindness I know but one way how to thank you for; and I will thank thee so heartily, my dear, dear, lovely angel. [Softly just coming up.]

Betty. [entering.] Oh! madam! here's Mrs. Rakel. Mrs. Softly!

Mrs. W. How came she to be let in! Were not

Bet. She said she knew you were at home, and would see you. She will be here this instant.

Rak. [Offers to go into the closet.] The door is locked, [nifies not much if she sees you.]

Mrs. W. And my husband hath the key. It is—

Rak. Oh! madam, I am tender of your reputation. This table will hide me. [Gets under it.]

SCENE VII.—MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. S. Oh! my dear, I am exceedingly concerned to hear of your misfortune; I ran away the very minute Mr. Softly brought me the news.

Mrs. W. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs. S. But I hope you are not frightened, my dear. [on such an occasion.]

Mrs. W. It is impossible to avoid a little surprise Mrs. S. Oh yes! a little surprise at first; but

when one hath sufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have you not heard that I received just such another letter about three days ago!

Mrs. W. And venture abroad so late!

Mrs. S. Ha, ha, ha! Have I not a vast deal of courage! [slept one wink these three nights.]

Mrs. W. Indeed, I think so; I am sure I have not

Mrs. S. I have not slept much—for I was up two of them at a hall.

Mrs. W. Why, you venture abroad as fearless as if no such thing had happened.

Mrs. S. It is only the expense of a footman or two the more; no one would stay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourself any longer on this account. I would not stay at home three days if I had received as many letters as go by the post in that time.

Mrs. W. You have more courage than I; the apprehension of the danger with me would quite extinguish the pleasure.

Mrs. S. Oh! you cowardly creature! there is no pleasure without danger; but, I thank Heaven, my thoughts are always so full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter.

SCENE VIII.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, Constable, Servants.

John. I'll take my oath I saw him go in.

Mrs. W. Bless me, my dear, what's the matter! *Wisd.* Don't be frightened, child; this fellow hath seen the rogue that was here to-day get into the house again. Mr. Constable, that is the closet-door; you have the key: therefore do you enter first, and we'll all follow you.

John. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

Mrs. S. Lud, sister, how you tremble! Take example by me, and don't be frightened.—Here, John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbusses.

Mrs. W. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.—RAKEL discovered.

Const. You may as well submit, sir, for we are too strong for you. [there of you!]

John. Confess, sirrah! confess. How many are *Wisd.* Search his pockets, Mr. Constable

Mrs. W. What do I see!

Mrs. S. Captain Rakel's man! } [Aside.]

Wisd. It is sufficient! the goods are found upon him. Sirrah! confess your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to save your life than by becoming evidence against your gang.

John. Learn to betray your friends, sirrah, if you would rob like a gentleman and not be hanged for it.

Wisd. And so, sir, I suppose it was you that writ the threatening letter to my wife. Why don't you speak! You may as well confess; for you will be hanged whether you confess or no.

Const. Would it not be your wisest way to impeach your companions! so you may not only save your life, but get rewarded for your roguery.

Wisd. Is the rascal dumb! We'll find ways to make him speak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.—*To them COMMONS, drunk and singing.*

Com. Hey! unele, what a pox, do you keep open house at this time of night! Oons, I thought you used to sneak to hed at soherer hours.

Wisd. How often must I forbid you my house!

Com. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you please; when your door is open I shall never be able to pass by.

Wisd. You shall find a very warm reception.

Com. As warm as you please, for it is damned cold without. But come, where's your liquor! You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope. Why, what a pox are all these!—the militia!

Wisd. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this instant you shall be forced out.

Com. Damn your doors, sir, and your tables too! I'll turn your house out o'doors, sir.

[Overturns the table, and discovers RAKEL.]

SCENE XI.—*WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, RAKEL, RISQUE, Constable, Servants.*
John. More rogues! more rogues!

Const. I have him secure enough.

Wisd. This second visit, sir, is exceeding kind. I suppose, sir, this is the bonest gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have stopped the goods, and shall convey you both to a proper habitation.

Rak. Damnation!

Mrs. W. Ruined, beyond retrieval.

Mrs. S. May I believe my eyes! *[Aside.]*

Wisd. *[To RUSQUE.]* You will have but a short time to consider on't; so it were good for you to resolve on being an evidence, and save your own neck at the expense of his.

Risq. Well, sir, if I must peach, I must, I think.

Wisd. *[To RAKEL.]* Do you know this gentleman, sir?

Rak. *[Aside.]* Confusion! What shall I do?

Const. How the rogues stare at one another! What, did you never see one another before?

Risq. Pox take him, I wish I had never seen him; I'm sure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance.

Wisd. You have no other way to prevent it than

Risq. Ay, ay, sir, I'll swear against him; he brought me to this shame, so let him look to it: I never took these courses till I became acquainted with that highwayman there, who hath robbed on all

Rak. Ha! *[the roads of England.]*

Const. And will you swear that this fellow wrote the letter to my master, to threaten to murder my lady whenever she went abroad? *[my own eyes.]*

Risq. Ay, that I will; I saw him write it with

Wisd. You saw him write it?

Risq. Yes, an't please your honour.

Wisd. I find this fellow will do our business without any other evidence.

Mrs. S. Can this be possible?

Wisd. And so, if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your design into execution!

Risq. She would have been murdered the very first time, an't please your honour.

Wisd. See there, now; did I not advise you like a friend!—In short, I know not when it will be safe for you to stir without your own doors.

Mrs. W. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman!

Risq. Yes, madam; he was to have murdered your ladyship, and I was to have robbed you.

Rak. Dog! villain!

Risq. Don't give ill language, Tom; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be assured I will be revenged on thee

Risq. I desire of your worship that we may not be put together; I do not care for such company.

Wisd. Mr. Constable, convey them to the round-house; let them be kept separately, and in the morning you shall hear from me.

Rak. *[To WISD.]* Sir, shall I beg to speak one word with you? *[Mr. Constable!]*

Wisd. You are sure he has no arms about him,

Const. No, sir, he bath no arms about him, nor anything else.

Rak. This prosecution will end in nothing but your own shame *[apart to WISD.]*; so you had best set me at liberty. Be assured that I am not the person you take me for; my character will make it evident that my design was neither to rob nor to murder you; my crime, sir, will appear to be such as *[Heaven be praised!]* our laws do not bang a man for. —As for that fellow there, he is my servant; but bow or with what design he came here, I cannot tell.

Wisd. And is this what you have to say, sir!

Risq. Don't believe a word he says, sir; for he is one of the damnedst liars that ever was hanged; he'll tell you be kept a justice of peace for a servant, if you will believe him.

Wisd. He says he kept you as such.

Risq. Ay, there it is now! Art thou not a sad dog, Tom!—But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries shortly. *[WISD. points to the Constable.]*

Const. Come, bring them along; march, you beggarly rascal! you a rogue, and be damned to you, without a penny in your pocket!

SCENE XII.—*WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.*

Wisd. Don't be frightened, my dear; while you are at home you are in no danger. Sister Softly, I am sorry you find my family in such disorder.

Mrs. S. I am heartily sorry for your sake, dear brother; but heaven knows how soon it may be our own fate; for I suppose you know we have received a letter too.

Wisd. We must find some way to break the neck of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to stir abroad this winter.

Mrs. S. Not stir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; she bath staid at home longer already than I would have done, had the danger been ten times greater: I would rather lose my life than my liberty. Where's the difference whether one be locked up in one's own grave or one's own house! My soul is such an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confined it would not stay in it.

Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife! May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven! *[Aside.]* But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have some for your husband.

Mrs. S. Oh! dear sir, the wife who loves her husband as well as herself is an exceeding good christian. That man must be a most unreasonable creature who expects a woman to abstain from pleasures for his sake.

Wisd. Holty-toity! I hope you'll allow that a woman ought to avoid some pleasures for the sake of her husband.

Mrs. S. Oh, certainly! ought, no doubt on't. But, to speak freely, I am afraid, when once a woman's pleasures run counter to the interest of her husband, when once she finds greater pleasures abroad than at

home, I am afraid all the threatening letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud.

Mrs. S. But to show you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the most agreeable company in the world to go home to my husband.—No ceremony.

Wisd. I will see you into the chair.

Mrs. S. Sister, your servant.

Mrs. W. My dear, I am yours. What shall I think? Rakel cannot be guilty of such villany. But then how came his servant here? He sent him to break the windows—and he exceeded his commission. It must be so—and what he hath said was only forged to excuse himself.

SCENE XIII.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Wisd. I wish you well home, madam; and may you never come abroad again! My dear, I am afraid she hath quite struck you dumb with surprise. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's house. She is able to raise a universal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs. W. Alas! my dear, I wish this affair had not happened. I vow I feel a sort of pity for these poor wretches, whom necessity hath driven to such courses. One of them seems so young, too, that if he were forgiven perhaps he might amend—

Wisd. His method of robbing, perhaps, and the next time cut our throats.

Mrs. W. Strict justice seems too rigorous in my opinion; and, though it may be a womanish weakness, I could wish you would forgive them.

Wisd. Be assured, my love, it is a womanish weakness which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the women's consent we should have no rogues hanged till after they are forty.

Mrs. W. In one so young, vice hath not so strong a root.

Wisd. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the strongest root in a young fellow. No, say no more; I am determined he shall be hanged; I will go take my mess of sugar-sops and to bed. In the morning early I will go to a justice of the peace.

Mrs. W. But consider, my dear, will you not provoke the rest of the gang to revenge?

Wisd. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your husband's arms you keep your
You're free from fear of hurt. [treasure,

Mrs. W. ————Or hope of pleasure.

ACT III. SCENE I.—An inner Room in the Round-House.—COMMONS, RAKEL.

Com. Prithce, Tom, forgive me.

Rak. Forgive thee? Death and damnation! dost thou insult my misfortunes? Dost thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good christian, and forgive all my enemies. If thou wilt bear my last prayer, damn thee heartily, heartily.

Com. Amen, if I designed thee any mischief.

Rak. Rat your designs; it is equal to me whether you designed it or not; and I will forgive you and that rascal Risqua at the same time.

Com. Nay, but, dear Tom—why the danger is not so great as thou apprehendest: it will never be believed that thou didst intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

Rak. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather sacrifice the world than my mistress—Oons! I believe thou didst intend to discover me, to save the virtue of thy aunt.

Com. To save the devil! You should lie with all

my aunts, or with my mother and sisters; nay, will carry a letter for you to any of them.

Rak. Carry a letter! If thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was searched, I will forgive thee. It is in vain to keep it a secret. Your uncle Wisdom hath in his possession a letter from each of your aunts, which unless we get back must ruin them both.

Com. But I suppose he hath read them already.

Rak. Then they are ruined already.

Com. Prithce, what are the letters?

Rak. I believe, sir, you may guess what business is between them and me.

Com. Harkee, Tom. There is no smut in them.

Rak. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and see her, and from the other a very civil message that she will never see my face again.

Const. [Enters.] Captain, you must go before the justice. As for you, sir, you have your liberty to go where you please. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your stockings at my shop; for, if I had not persuaded the gentleman to make up the affair, you might have gone before the justice too.

Com. Mr. Constable, I am obliged to you; and the next time you take me up, I hope I shall have more money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll stand by thee, whatever be the consequence. Mr. Constable, we'll wait on you immediately. Harkee, I have a thought just risen may bring the ladies off in the easiest manner imaginable.

Rak. What bath the devil inspired thee with!

Com. Suppose now I should swear that I forged their hands. Luckily for the purpose I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wisdom, and another with my aunt Softly: so that we may persuade the old gentlemen that I sent the letters to you, in order to be revenged on them. Now, if we could persuade them to this.

Rak. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe anything as thou art to swear anything; but, as the case happeneth to be quite contrary, thy stratagem is good for nothing: so fare you well. Nothing will prosper with me whilst I keep such a wicked fellow company.

Com. The invitation must be from my aunt Wisdom by his being there. Odd, if there be no direction, it may do. Thou art such a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

SCENE II.—WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Wisd. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good-natured thing, truly, to save one rogne's throat, that he may eat twenty honest people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill-nature; they would save or destroy, without distinction. But by this time, I suppose, my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

Mrs. W. Nay, my dear, I dare not trust myself even in my own house without you, now you have provoked the gang. So, if you are determined to go, you shall carry me to return my sister's visit.

Wisd. Indeed, my dear, I will carry you to a masquerade as soon. No, no; no more visiting there. If my sister's husband's brother marries a mad woman, she shall not spoil my wife; I'll carry you to no such lectures. She will teach you more naughtiness in half an hour than half a dozen modern comedies! nay, than the lewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

Mrs. W. Which you never suffer me to go to, though you seldom miss yourself.

Wisd. Well, I must not lose a moment; good-morrow.

Mrs. W. So you leave me behind to be murdered.

Wisd. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. W. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature should have honour enough to preserve my reputation, shall I suffer him to preserve it at the expense of a life which was dearer to me than fame before, and by such an instance of honour will become still more precious? No, should it come to that, I will give up my honour to preserve my lover, and will be myself the witness to his innocence. Who's there?

SCENE III.—*Mrs. WISDOM, BETTY.*

Mrs. W. Call a chair.

Bet. Madam!

Mrs. W. Call a chair.

Bet. And is your ladyship resolved to venture abroad?

Mrs. W. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuss with him; and, d'ye hear? order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muskets. I am resolved to pluck up a spirit, Betty, and show my husband that I am like other women.

Bet. I am heartily glad to see your ladyship hath so much courage; I always liked those families the best where the ladies governed the most. Where adies govern there are secrets, and where there are secrets there are valls. I lived with a lady once who used to give her clothes away every month, and her husband durst not oppose it.

Mrs. W. Go, do as I bid you in a moment; I have no time to lose; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

SCENE IV.—*SOFTLY'S House.—Mrs. SOFTLY alone.*

Mrs. S. That he should convey himself under her table without her knowledge is something difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any necessities capable of driving him to so abandoned a course. Her concern seemed to have another cause than fear. Besides, I remember, when we were at the masquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and, if I mistake not, she was so pleased with his conversation, that she gave him encouragements which he was unlikely to have mistaken. It must be so—whatever was his design, she was privy to it. He is false, and so adieu, good captain.

SCENE V.—*Mr. SOFTLY, Mrs. SOFTLY.*

Soft. My dear, your servant: no news of my brother Wisdom yet? I have been considering how lucky it is that ours was not the house attacked—we might not so happily have discovered it. (Poor fool, how little she suspects who the incendiaries were!)

Mrs. S. Heaven send the gang be quite broke; I shall be obliged to make more servants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

Soft. It would be much more advisable for you to stay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your husband.

Mrs. S. Never name it; I am no more safe at home than abroad; for, if the rogues should set our house on fire, I am sure no one would wish to be in it.

Soft. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the disease, not the cure. Well, my dear, take your swing; I'll give you no more of my advice—and I heartily wish you may never stay at home.

Mrs. S. Why do you wish so?

Soft. Because I am sure you must be harmed first.

Mrs. S. Why indeed, my dear, I think no one would stay at home who had legs to go abroad.

Soft. Truly, my dear, if I was sure she would have staid at home, I would have chosen a wife without legs, before the finest legged woman in the universe; but she who can't walk will be carried. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they seldom carry you farther than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

Servant. [*Enters.*] Sir, Mr. Wisdom to wait on your worship.

Soft. Show him up:—Will you stay and hear the trial?

Mrs. S. No, I have other business; by that time I am dressed, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial; I mean the rehearsal of the new opera.

SCENE VI.—*WISDOM, SOFTLY.*

Soft. Brother Wisdom, your servant: my wife tells me you have made a discovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! she little thinks who wrote the letters.

Wisd. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

Soft. I hope we shall not appear to have written them.

Wisd. No, no. One of the fellows I have in custody offers to swear it on the other.

Soft. How! but you know we cannot admit of such a testimony, whereof we know the falsehood.

Wisd. And what then? you don't take the false oath, do you? Are you to answer for the sins of another?

Soft. But will not the other circumstances do without that of the letter?

Wisd. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the same terror on our wives.

Soft. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am sure I have severely paid for all the terrors I have given my wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as she was before, I should think myself entirely happy. In short, brother, I have found, by woful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our constitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former state.

Wisd. Well, brother, if it be so, I have no reason to repent having been a valetudinarian. But let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

Soft. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of spirit to govern.

Wisd. A fig for her spirit! I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

Soft. Brother, do not fright me with my wife's going abroad: if she doth, it is in the best company. And for virtue—for that, sir, my wife's name is Lucretia—Lucretia the second; and I don't question but she's as chaste as the first was.

Wisd. Ay, ay, and I believe so too. But don't let the squeamishness of your conscience put a stop to my success: and let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the stratagem, you will be disadvantaged by the discovery; for, if you put such a secret into your wife's bosom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the second.

SCENE VII.—*WISDOM, SOFTLY, Constable, RAKEL, RISQUE, Clerk, Servants.*

Serv. Sir, here is a constable with some prisoners.

Soft. Bring them in. Brother Wisdom, I will

stretch both law and conscience as wide as possible to serve you.

Const. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your places.
Soft. Are these the two fellows, Mr. Constable, that you found last night broke into Mr. Wisdom's house?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship.

Risq. We are the two rogues, an't please your worship.

Wisd. This fellow is to be admitted evidence against the other.

Risq. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

Soft. Where is my clerk? Mr. Sneaksby, let that fellow be sworn.

Risq. May it please your worship, I have a sort of scruple of conscience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to swear against one another than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, supposing it to be all the same case with your worship, I should be glad to be paid beforehand.

Soft. What does the simple fellow mean?

Wisd. Perhaps we shall not want his evidence; here are some papers which were found in the uther's pocket. I have opened one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conspiracy.

Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read these papers.

Sneaks. [reads.] "To enjoin Rakel. Parole Plunder."

Wisd. Plunder's the word, egad!

Sneaks. "For the guard to-morrow, enjoin Rakel, two sergeants, two corporals, one drum, and six and thirty men."

Soft. Why, the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented—we shall shortly have a standing army of rogues as well as of soldiers.

Wisd. Six-and-thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr. Softly, we must look to our houses; I expect to hear of several fires and murders before night.

Soft. Truly, brother Wisdom, I fear it will be necessary to keep the city train-bands continually under arms.

Wisd. They won't do, sir, they won't do. Six-and-thirty of these bloody fellows would beat them all. Sir, six-and-thirty of these rogues would require at least one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them. [Further discoveries, I'll engage.]

Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read on, we shall make Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it please your worship.

Soft. Read it, read it; there are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks. [reads.] "Be here at the time you mention; my husband is luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be, as you say, entirely in the power of—" ELIZABETH WISDOM."

Wisd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wisdom.

Wisd. [Snatches the letter.] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too!

Soft. I always thought she would be discovered, one time or other, to be no better than she should be. [Aside.]

Wisd. I am confounded, amazed, speechless.

Soft. What's the matter, brother Wisdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correspondence with these people; your wife! that durst not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife in town that her husband can keep at home.

Wisd. Blood and furies! I shall become the jest of the town.

Sneaks. May it please your worship, here is one letter more in a woman's hand too.

Soft. The same woman's hand I warrant you.

Sneaks. [reads.] "Sir, your late behaviour hath determined me never to see you more: if you get entrance into this house for the future it will not be by my consent, for I desire you would henceforth imagine there never was any acquaintance between you and—" LUCRETIA SOFTLY."

Wisd. Ha!

Soft. Lucretia Softly!—Give me the letter.—Brother Wisdom, this is some counterfeit.

Wisd. It must be so. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the second; she that is as chaste as the first Lucretia was—She correspond with such as these, who never goes out of doors but to the best company in town!

Soft. 'Tis impossible!

Wisd. You may think so; but I, who understand women better, will not be so easily satisfied.—I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if she doth not acquit herself in the plainest manner, brother Softly, you shall commit her and her rogues together.—Ha! what do I see!—an apparition!

SCENE VIII.—To them, Mrs. Wisdom, guarded.

Mrs. W. Let the rest of my guards stay without. My dear, your servant.

Wisd. This must be some delusion; this can't be real.

Mrs. W. I see you are surprised at my courage, my dear; but don't think I have ventured hither alone—I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

Wisd. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

Mrs. W. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IX.—To them, Mrs. Softly.

Mrs. S. Joy of your coming abroad, sister Wisdom! I flew to meet you the moment my servants brought me the agreeable news you were here.

Mrs. W. I am extremely obliged to you, madam; but I wish this surprise may have no ill effect on poor Mr. Wisdom—he looks as if he had seen an apparition.

Mrs. S. Nay, it will be a great surprise to all your acquaintance; you must have made an hundred visits before it will be believed.

Mrs. W. Oh! my dear, I intend to make almost as many before I go home again.

Wisd. Plagues and furies!

Soft. I fancy, brother Wisdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter-project as myself.

Wisd. Harkee, you crocodile! devil! come here; do you know this hand? [Softly shows]

Mrs. S. her letter at the same time.

Mrs. W. —Ha!

[Starts.]

Wisd. You counterfeited your fear bravely; you were much terrified with the thoughts of the enemy, while you kept a private correspondence with him.

SCENE the last.—To them, Commons.

Com. So, uncles, I see you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wisdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I said last night. When a man is drunk you know his reason is not sober; and when his reason is not sober a man that acts according to his reason cannot act soberly. There's logic for you, uncle; you see I have not forgotten all my university learning.

Wisd. I shall take another opportunity, sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wisdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me; I should have waited on you last night according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engaged. I received your letter, too, madam.

Mrs. S. My letter, brute!

Com. Yes, madam; did you not send me a letter last night that you would never see my face again, desiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaintance with you? Nay, I think you may be ashamed to own it; here's a good-natured woman that tries to make up all differences between relations.—Ha! what do I see? Captain Rakel!

Rak. You see a man who is justly punished by the shame he now suffereth for the injury he hath done you. Those two letters you mention I took last night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and, fired with the praises which you have so often and so justly bestowed on this lady, I took that opportunity, when she told me her husband would be absent, to convey myself through the window into the closet. What followed I need not mention any more than what I designed.

Com. Rob my bureau, sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; these ladies have the greatest reason to be offended, since the letters, being found in my pockets, had like to have caused some suspicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs. W. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you please to look at these letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs. W. They have no direction at all.

Soft. I told you, brother, my wife could not be guilty.

Wisd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not.—You see, madam, what your disobedience to my orders had like to have occasioned. How often have I strictly commanded you never to write to that fellow!

Mrs. W. His carelessness hath cured me for the future.

Wisd. And so, sir, you keep company with high-waysmen, do you?

Com. What do you mean, sir!

Wisd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is sent to Newgate. Brother Softly, I desire you would order a mittimus for these fellows instantly.

Com. A mittimus! for whom?

Wisd. For these honest gentlemen, your acquaintance, who were broke into my house.

Com. Do you know, sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Wisd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very shortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

Com. Why, sir, you will make yourselves ridiculous—that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witness, he had no ill design on your house.

Wisd. And I suppose, sir, you will be his witness that he did not write the letter threatening to murder my wife.

Mrs. S. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two.—I overheard your fine plot. Sister Wisdom, do you know this hand?—This is the threatening letter. [*Showing a letter.*]

Mrs. W. Sure it cannot be my husband's!

Mrs. S. As surely as that which you received was written by mine.

Mrs. W. Amusement! What can it mean?

Mrs. S. Only a new way to keep a wife at home; which, I dare swear, mine heartily repents of.

Soft. Ay, that I do indeed.

Mrs. W. And is it possible that these terrible threatening letters can have come from our own dear husbands? [*fend us against all our enemies.*]

Mrs. S. From those very hands which should de-

Soft. Come, brother Wisdom,—I see we are

fairly detected; we had as good plead guilty, and sue for mercy. I assure you, my dear, I shall think myself very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad just as you did before this happened.

Wisd. Truly I believe it would have been soon my interest to have made the same bargain.

Mrs. S. Lookee, my dear, as for the blunderbusses, I agree to leave them at home; but I am resolved not to part with the additional footman; he must remain as a sort of monument of my victory.

Soft. Well, brother Wisdom, what shall be done with the prisoner? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of justice.

Wisd. Do just what you will; I am so glad and sorry, pleased and displeased, that I am almost out of my senses.

Rak. I told you how the prosecution would end. Upon my honour, sir, I had no design upon anything that belongs to you, but your wife.

Wisd. Your very humble servant, sir. I do believe you by the emptiness of your pockets; but this gentleman seemed to have some other design by the fulness of his.

Soft. With what conscience, airrah, did you presume to take a false oath?

Risp. With the same, Mr. Justice, that you would have received it when you knew it to be false. Lookee, gentlemen; you had best hold your tongues, or I shall become evidence for the king against you both. As for my master, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have sworn all back again. Sir, if your honour doth not forgive me, I'll confess that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and spoil all yet.

Rak. By your amendment I know not what I may be brought to do—till I get you to the regiment.

Com. Well, uncle Wisdom, you are not angry, are you?

Mrs. W. Let me intercede, my dear,

Wisd. You are always interceding for him; I wish his own good behaviour would. I think, for the sake of religion, I will buy him what he desires, a commission in the army; and then the sooner he is knocked on the head the better.

Rak. Well, brother, if thou dost come among us, it may be, some time or other, in my power to make thee reparation. But to you, madam, I never shall be able to give any satisfaction for my bold design against your virtue.

Mrs. W. Unless by desisting for the future.

Mrs. S. Be assured, if my sister forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

Soft. Come, come, my dear, you must be of a more forgiving temper; and, since matters are like to be amicably adjusted, you shall entertain the company at breakfast, and we will laugh away the frolic.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice: if you ever should write a love-letter, never sign your name to it. And, gentlemen, that you may prevent it, think not by any force or sinister stratagem to imprison your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other. But let this be your maxim:—

Those wives for pleasures very seldom roam

Whose husbands bring substantial pleasures home.

THE GRUB-STREET OPERA,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN THE RAY-MARKET.

BY SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

Sings. Nom. Hic, hæc, hoc. Gen. Hujus. Dat. Hic. Accus. Hunc, hæc, hoc. Voc. Caret.—Lil. Gram. quod vid

INTRODUCTION.—SCENE I. Player.

Player. I very much approve the alteration of your title from the *Welsh* to the *Grub-street Opera*.

Scrib. I hope, sir, it will recommend me to that learned society: for they like nothing but what is most indisputably their own.

Play. I assure you it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

Scrib. It would be impolitic in you, who are a young beginner, to oppose that society, which the established theatres so professedly favour. Besides, you see the town are ever on its side: for I would not have you think, sir, all the members of that august body confined to the street they take their name from. No, no; the rules of Grub-street are as extensive as the rules of the King's Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to see our members in raiments than to see them in rags.

Play. May the whose society unite in your favour!

Scrib. Nay, sir, I think no man can set out with greater assurance of success. It was the favour which the town hath already shown to the *Welsh Opera* which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former. You will find several additions to the first act, and the second and third, except in one scene, entirely new.

Play. You have made additions. Indeed, to the alteration or scolding scenes, as you are pleased to call them.

Scrib. Oh, sir! they cannot be heightened. Too much alteration is the particular property of Grub-street. With what spirit do Robin and Will rap out the lie at one another for half a page together—You lie, and you lie. Ah! ah! the whole wit of Grub-street consists in these two little words—you lie.

Play. That is esteemed so unusu-able a reparter, that it is, among gentlemen, generally the last word that is spoken.

Scrib. Ay, sir, and it is the first and last among ours. I believe I am the first that hath attempted to introduce this sort of wit upon the stage; but it hath flourished among our political members a long while. Nay, in short, it is the only wit that outshines among them.

Play. And you may get as much by it as they do. But pray, sir, what is the plot or design of this opera? for I could not well discover at the rehearsals.

Scrib. As for plot, sir—I had writ an admirable one; but, having observed that the plot of our English operas have had no good effect on our audiences; so I have s'en left it out. For the design, it is deep—very deep. This opera was writ, sir, with a design to instruct the life in economy. It is a sort of family opera—the husband's code *moræ*; and it is very necessary for all married men to have in their houses. So, if you please, I will communicate a word or two of my design to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the scenes.

Play. I shall expect you there, sir.

The author does, in humble scenes, produce

Examples fitted to your private use:

Teaches each man to regulate his life,

To govern well his servants and his wife:

Teaches that servants well their masters chouse;

That wives will ride their husbands round the house:

Teaches that jealousy does oft arise,

Because men's sense is dimmer than their eyes:

Teaches young gentlemen do oft pursue

More women than they well know how to—woo:

Teaches that parasites teach us the right way;

And when we err we mind not what they say:

Teaches that pious women often grieve,

For sake of their religion—when they have none:

Teaches that virtue is the maid's best store;

Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.

DRAMATIS PRÆFATIO.—*Sir Owen Aphinken*, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco. *Mr. FURNIVALL*, *Master Owen Aphinken*, his son, in love with woman-kind. *Mr. SPOONER*, *Mr. Aphinken*, his tenant. *Mr. WYTHAM*, *Puzzletext*, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and backgammon. *Mr. REVYHOLDS*, *Robin*, his butler, in love with Sweetness. *Mr. MULLART*, *William*, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan. *Mr. JONES*, *Jock*, his groom, in love with Margery. *Mr. DOVE*, *Thomas*, the gardener. *Mr. HICKS*, *Lady Aphinken*, wife to Sir Owen, a great housewife, governante to her husband, a zealous advocate for the church. *Mr. FURNIVALL*, *Molly Aphinken*, daughter to Mr. Aphinken, a woman of strict virtue. *Miss PATTY VANDERAW*, *Scretian*,

waiting woman. *Susan*, cook. *Margery*, housemaid—women of strict virtue, in love with Robin. *William*, *John*—*Mrs. NOKES*, *Mrs. MULLART*, *Mrs. LACY*.—SCENE, WALES (North on South).

ACT I. SCENE I.—SIR OWEN APHINKEN'S House. SIR OWEN and PUZZLETTEXT smoking.

Sir O. Come, Mr. Puzzlettext, it is your glass. Let us make an end of our breakfast before madam is up. Oh, Puzzlettext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as—once a day, without being called to an account for it.

Puz. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed. But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life Leads a husband's life, While for each small fault he's corrected; One bottle makes a sot, One girl is never forgot, And duty is always neglected.	But! nothing can be worse Than this fell domestic curse. Some comfort this may do you So vast are the hen peck's hands, (shake hands, That each neighbour may With my humble service to you.
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Sir O. Oh, Puzzlettext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturbed, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure but in tobacco.

Puz. Tobacco is a very good thing indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE. II.—SIR OWEN and LADY APHINKEN, PUZZLETTEXT.

Lady Ap. At your morning-draught, sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble myself with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzlettext, should not encourage drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drank your health this morning—and wine, while it contributeth only to the cheering of the spirits, is not forbidden us. I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, to some constitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowable; and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even after a fourth. [no excess?]

Lady Ap. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles

Puz. To some it may, to others it may not. Excess dependeth not on the quantity that is drunk, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

Lady Ap. I do not understand this sophistry—though I think I have some skill in divinity.

Puz. Oh, madam! no one more. Your ladyship is the honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed, "The great Welsh lamp of divinity."

Lady Ap. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish; and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess; but at present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids.

Puz. Which of the maids, madam! Not one of my mistress's, I hope. [Aside.]

Lady Ap. Truly, with all of them; and, unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage not much to our liking; and you know, Mr. Puz-

aletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himself away.

Puz. What methods shall we take in order thereto?

Lady Ap. I know but one—we must prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others. We have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another; for, whilst there is one unmarried wench in the house, I shall think him in danger. Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, she hath left his head unfurnished.

Puz. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

AIR II. *Lads of Deuce.*

If love gets into a soldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow, and his dart:
Achilles, charm'd with a nymph's fair eye,
A distaff took, and his arms laid in;
The gay gods of old their heav'n would quit,
And leave their ambrosia for a mortal tit-bit;
The first of that tribe, that whore-master Jove,
Preferred to all heav'n's the heaven of love.

Lady Ap. I think you have already asked them all in the church, so that you have only to baste the match—this I assure you, I shall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a short airing in the Park, in my own chaise, and would have you remember we have no time to lose.

Puz. Well, sir, you heard what my lady says—what shall I do?

Sir O. E'en what she commands. If she interferes not with my pipe, I am resolved not to interfere with her family. Let her govern while I smoke.

Puz. Upon my word, sir Owen is a thorough epicurean philosopher. I must now seek the young squire, who is a philosopher of another kind.

SCENE III.—OWEN *solo*, with two letters.

This is the day wherein Robin and Sweetiss propose to be married, which unless I can prevent, I lose all my hopes of her; for, when once a woman knows what's what, she knows too much for me. Sure never man was so put to it in his amours—for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

AIR III. *Let the dravver bring clean glasses.*

How curst the puny lover,
How exquisite the pain,
When love is fumbled over,
To view the fair's disdain!

But oh! how vast the blessing,
Whom, to her bosom pressing,
She whispers, while carousing,
Oh! when shall we again?

Here are two letters which I have forged; one as from Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetiss: these must be dropped where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealousy whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetiss's maidenhead may be yet my own.

SCENE IV.—PUZZLETEXT, OWEN.

Puz. Mr. Owen! I have been searching for you. I am come, child, to give you some good instructions. I am sorry to hear you have an intention to disgrace your family by a marriage inferior to your birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parson. When I marry it will be to please myself, not you.

Puz. But let it not be such a marriage as may reflect upon your understanding. Consider, sir,—consider who you are.

AIR IV. *March in Scipio.*

Think, mighty sir, are you are undone,
Think who you are, Aphincken's only son;
At Oxford you have been, at London she also;
You're almost half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh, do not then disgrace the great actions of your life,
Nor let Aphincken's son be buried in his wife!

You must govern your passions, master Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall very little regard you. There is nothing so ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

Puz. It is like a young fellow's railing at age.

Owen. Or a courtier out of place at court.

AIR V. *Sir Thomas, I cannot.*

The worn-out rake at pleasure rolls,
And cries 'tis all idle and fleeting;
At court the man whose int'rest fails
Cries all is corruption and cheating.

But would you know
Whence both these flows?
Tho' so much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's sport.

Because they are neither fit for 'em,
fit for 'em,
Because they are neither fit for 'em.

Besides, doctor, I fancy you have not always governed your own passions, though you are so fond of correcting others: as a poet burlesques the nonsense of others, while he writes greater nonsense himself—

Puz. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while she is more vicious herself.

Owen. Or as a parson preaches against drinking, and then goes to the alehouse.

Puz. Very true—if you mean a presbyterian parson.

AIR VI. *One evening having lost my way.*

I've heard a noncon parson preach
Gain't whoring with just disdain;
Whilst he himself to be sought did teach
Or female as large a train
As stars in the sky, or lamps in the street,
Or beauties in the mall we meet,
Or as—or as—or as—
Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

Owen. Thy similes are all froth, like bottled ale—and it is as difficult to get thee out of a simile as out of an alehouse.

AIR VII. *Dutch skipper.*

Puz. The gaudy sun adorning
With brightest rays the morning,
Shines o'er the eastern hill;
And I will go a sporting.
Owen. And I will go a courting,
There lies my pleasure still.
In Gaffer Woodford's ground
A brushing haze is found,
A course which even kings themselves might see;
Owen. And in another place
There lies a brushing lass,
Which will give one ten times more sport than she.

Puz. What pleasure to see, while the greyhounds are run-
[sing.]
Poor puss's cunning, and shifting, and slunning!
To see with what art she plays still her part,
And leaves her pursuers afar;
First this way, then that;
First a stretch, then a squat;
Till, quite out of breath,
She yields her to death.

Owen. What joys with the sportsman's compare?
How sweet to behold the soft blooming lass,
With blushing face, clasp'd close in embrace?
To feel her breasts rise, see joy fill her eyes,
And glut on her heart's view of charms!
While sighing and whining,
And twisting and twining,
With kissing and pressing,
And footest carousing,
With raptures she dies in your arms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Sweet. If ever you had known what it was to love, Margery, you would not have wondered how I could prefer a man to his master.

Marg. I should not have wondered, indeed, if our young squire had been like most young country squires; but he is a fine gentleman, Sweetiss.

Sweet. From such fine gentlemen may my stars deliver me, Margery!

Marg. What, I suppose you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women?

Sweet. Pshaw! I should not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he sees; and yet, I believe, scarce knows what a woman is. Either he has more affection than desire, or more desire than capacity. Oh, Margery! when I was in London with madam, I have seen several such sparks as these; some of them would attempt making love too. Nay, I have had such lovers! But I could never find one of them that would stand it out.

AIR VIII. *Berry Bell and Mary Gray.*

In long pig-tails and shining lace,
Our beaux set out a wooing;
Ye widows, never show them grace,
But laugh at their pursuing.
But let the daw, that shines so bright,
Of borrow'd plumes herself be;
Alas! poor dame, how naked the sight!
You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh, Margery! there is more in Robin's little finger than in a beau's whole body.

Marg. Yes, and more roguery in him than—

Sweet. I know you are prejudiced against him from what William says; but be assured that is all malice; he is desirous of getting his place.

Marg. I rather think that a prejudice of yours against William.

Sweet. O, Margery, Margery! an upper servant's honesty is never so conspicuous as when he is abused by the under-servants. They must rail at some one, and, if they abuse him, he preserves his master and mistress from abuse.

Marg. Well, I would not have such a sweetheart.

Sweet. Pugh! if all you say were true, what is it to me! If women were to consider the roguery of their lovers, we should have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. *Mad Moll.*

Why should not I love Robin?
And why should not Bob love me?
While ev'ry one else he is fobbing,
He still may be honest to me.
For tho' his master he cheats,
His mistress shares what he gains;

And, whilst I am tasting the sweets,
The devil take her who complains.

Marg. But should he be taken indeed;
Ah! think what a shame it would be
To have your love dragg'd out of bed,
And thence in a cart to the tree.

Sweet. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
Who only deserves to be hang'd;
The wile who can get an estate
Hath still too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't speak this on Robin's account; for, if all my master's ancestors had met with as good servants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better estate than he hath now.

SCENE VI.—ROBIN, SWEETISSA.

AIR X. *Masquerade music.*

Rob.	Oh, my Sweetiss!	My eyes with gas and
	Give me a kiss!	Are set a blazing.
Oh, what a bliss!	<i>Sweet.</i>	Come then and quench
To behold your charms!		them within my arms.

Rob. Oh, my Sweetiss! thou art straighter than the straightest tree—sweeter than the sweetest flower—thy hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breast is as white as snow, and as cold. Thou art, to sum thee up at once, an olio of perfections; or, in other words, a garden of bliss which my soul delights to walk in. Oh! I will take such strides about thy form, such vast, such mighty strides—

Sweet. Oh, Robin! it is as impossible to tell thee

how much I love thee as it is to tell—how much water there is in the sea.

Rob. My dear Sweetiss! had I the learning of the author of that opera-book in the parlour-window, I could not make a simile to my love.

Sweet. Be assured there shall be no love lost between us.

AIR XI. *Young Dams once the happiest swans.*

When mutual passion hath possess'd,
With equal flame, each amorous breast,
How sweet's the rapt'rous kiss!
While each with soft contention strive
Which highest ecstasies shall give,
Or be more mad with bliss!

Rob. Oh, my Sweetiss! how impatient am I till the parson hath stitched us together! then, my dear, nothing but the scissors of the Fates should ever cut us asunder.

Sweet. How charming is thy voice! sweeter than bagpipes to my ear: I could listen ever.

Rob. And I could view thee ever: thy face is brighter than the brightest silver. Oh! could I rub my silver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

Sweet. Oh, Robin! there is no rubbing on my face: the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for, on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my mistress, out of all the pots of paint which I have plastered on her face, I never stoic a hit to plaster on my own.

Rob. Adieu, my dear; I must go whet my knives; by that time the parson will be returned from courting, and we will be married this morning. Oh, Sweetiss! it is easier to fathom the depth of the bottomless sea than my love.

Sweet. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomless conscience than to tell thee mine.

Rob. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of physicians.

Sweet. Mine as the projects of statesmen.

Rob. Mine as the virtue of whores.

Sweet. Mine as the honesty of lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the piety of priests.

Sweet. Mine as—I know not what.

Rob. Mine as—as—I gad I don't know what.

AIR XII. *All in the Deans.*

Would you my love in words	Nothing, oh! nothing's like
display'd.	my love for you!
A language must be coin'd	And so my dearest, and so
to tell;	made, and my dear,
No word for such a passion's	alien.
For no one ever lov'd so well.	

SCENE VII.—SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Sweet. Oh, my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy shall I be!

Marg. Ay, it will continue the usual time, I warrant you—during the honey-moon.

Sweet. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age. Oh, Margery! sure never woman loved as I do! Though I am to be married this morning, still it seems long to me. To a mind in love, sure an hour before marriage seems a month.

Marg. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage seems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two states agree; for we generally wish ourselves into it, and wish ourselves out of it.

Sweet. And then into it again; which makes one poet say, love is like the wind.

Marg. Another, that it is like the sea.

Sweet. A third, a weather-cock.

Marg. A fourth, a Jack with a lantern.

Sweet. In short, it is like everything.

Marg. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. *Ye symphs and syrens gods.*

How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets vain would
prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what,
like all things below and
above.

But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the 'cades
its mysteries to explain:
'Tis a gentle dart,
That tickles the heart,
And, tho' it gives us smart,
Does joys impart, [pause]
Which largely requite all the

Marg. Oh, my dear! whilst you have been sing-
ing, see what I have discovered!

Sweet. It is a woman's hand, and not my own.
[*Reads.*] Oh, my Margery! now I am undone in-
deed. Robin is false; he has lain with and left our

Marg. How! [Susan]

Sweet. This letter comes from her, to upbraid him
with it.

Marg. Then you have reason to thank fate for this
timely discovery. What would it avail you to have
found it out when you were married to him? When
you had been his wife, what would it have profited
you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true, Margery; when once a woman
is married, 'tis too late to discover faults.

AIR XIV. *Red house.*

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you choose, be wary;
If you'd not mis-err;
Be loath'd to do nothing;
Examine well your lover,
His vices to discover;
With caution run him over,
And turn quite inside out him:

But wedding past,
The stocking mat,
The guests all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

Sweet. Oh Margery! I am resolved never to see
Robin more. [happy.]

Marg. Keep that resolution, and you will be

SCENE VIII.

Robin. How truly does the book say—hours to
men in love are like years. Oh for a shower of rain
to send the parson home from courting before the
canonical hours are over! Ha! what paper is this?
The hand of our William is on the superscription.

To MRS. SWEETISSA.

"MADAM,—Hoping that you are not quite de-ter-min-
ed, determined to marry our Robin, this comes for to let you
know."

—[I'll read no more: can there be such falsehood
in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as
their masters; and henceforth I'll look for no more
honesty under a livery than an embroidered coat—
but let me see again!—]

"To let you know I am ready to fulfil my promise to you."

Ha! she too is guilty. Chambermaids are as bad as
their ladies, and the whole world is one nest of rogues.

AIR XV. *Black joke.*

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
In every land as well as Wales;
For, would you see no roguesy thrive,
Upon the mountains you must live,
For rogues abound in all the vales.
The master and the man will nolk,
The mistress and the maid will trick;
For rich and poor
Are rogues and whores,
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.—ROBIN, JOHN.

Rob. Oh, John! thou best of friends! come to
my arms. For thy sake I will still believe there is
one honest—one honest man in the world.

John. What means our Robin?

Rob. O, my friend! Sweetissa is false, and I'm
undone: let this letter explain the rest.

John. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all?
—Our William, who used to rail against women and
matrimony! Oh! 'tis too true what our parson says,
—there's no belief in man. [friend]

Rob. Nor woman neither.—John, art thou my
John. When did Robin ask me what I have not
done?—Have I not left my horses undressed, to what
thy knives?—Have not left my stable uncleaned,

to clean thy spoons? And even the bay stone-horse
unwatered, to wash thy glasses! [William]

Rob. Then thou shalt carry a challenge for me to
John. Oh, Robin! consider what our parson says
—We must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our parson say what he will.—When did
he himself forgive? Did he forgive Gaffar Jobson
having wronged him of two cocks of hay in five load?
—Did he forgive Gammar Sowgrunt for having
wronged him of a tithe-pig?—Did he forgive Susan
Foulmouth for telling him he loved the cellar better
than his pulpit? No, no, let him preach up forgive-
ness; he forgives nobody. So I will follow his ex-
ample, not his precepts. Had he hit me a slap in
the face I could have put up with it. Had he stole
a silver-spoon, and laid the blame on me, though I
had been turned away, I could have forgiven him.
But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, our
John, I never can forgive him.

AIR XVI. *Tippling John.*

The dog his bit Will often quit, A battle to censure; The cock his corn Will leave in barn. Another cock in view. One man will eat Another's meat, And no contention seen; Since all agree The best to be, Tho' hungry, in a whole skin.	But should each spy, His mistress by, A rival move his suit, He quits his fears, And by the ears They fall together to't. A rival shucks Men, dogs, and cocks, And makes the gentlest fir- He who won't fight [ward]; For mistre-a-bright [and] Is something worse than coals.
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John. Nay, to say the truth, thou hast reason on
thy side. Fare thee well. I'll go deliver thy mes-
sage, and thou shalt find I will behave myself like a
Welshman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

Robin. Now, were it not for the sin of self-murder,
would I go hang myself at the next tree. Yes, Sweet-
issa, I would hang myself, and haunt thee.—Oh, wo-
man, woman! is this the return you make true love!
No man is sure of his mistress till he has gotten her
with child. A lover should act like a boy at school,
who sits in his porridge that no one may take it
from him. Should William have been beforehand
with me—Oh!

SCENE XI.—ROBIN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams
do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last
night that I saw our Robin married to another.

[A long silence, and, walking by one another, she takes
out her handkerchief, and bursts out a crying.]

Rob. Your crying won't do, madam: I can tell you
that. I have been your fool long enough. I have
been cheated by your tears too often to believe them
any longer. [Oh! I shall break my heart—Oh!]

Sweet. Oh, harsharons, perfidious, cruel wretch!—

Rob. No, no, your heart is like a green stick—you
may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like
a willow, and twist round any one.

Sweet. Monster! monster!

Rob. Better language would show better breeding.

AIR XVII. *Hedge-lane.*

<i>Rob.</i> Indeed, my dear, With sigh and tear, Your point you will not carry; I'd rather eat The offal meat Than other's leavings marry.	<i>Well you know What I might do Would I but, with your master. Pray be still, Since by our Will You're now with child of bastard.</i>
<i>Sweet.</i> Villain, well You would conceal Your falsehood by such cutesies; Alas! too true I've been to you, Thou every wretch of wretches.	<i>Sweet. I with child? Rob. Yes, you with child Sneet. I with child, you vil- lain? Rob. Yes, you, Madam, yes, And now with child by William.</i>

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks; and I'd as lieve he my master's cuckold as my fellow-servant"—nay, I had rather, nor I could make him pay for it.

Sweet. Oh, most inhuman! dost thou not expect the ceiling to fall down on thy head for so notorious a lie! Dost thou believe in the Bible! Dost thou believe there is such a thing as the devil! Dost thou believe there is such a place as hell!

Rob. Yes, I do, madam; and you will find there is such a place to your cost. Oh, Sweetness, Sweetness! that a woman could hear herself asked in church to one man, when she knew she had to do

Sweet. I had to do with another! [with another]

Rob. You, madam, you.

Sweet. I had to do with Will!

Rob. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII.—*Lord Biron's Magnet*

Sweet. Sure nought so disastrous can woman befall,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had less'd me
To hear a forsaken man bawl.
But from you this abuse,
For whose sakes and whose use
I have safe cork'd my maidenhead up;
How must it shock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard.
Before she has swallow'd a cup?

Rob. O Sweetness, Sweetness! well thou knowest that, wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful woman, who is not only false, but triumphs in her falsehood—her falsehood to one who hath been too true to her! Since you can be so base, I shall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London I might have had an affair with a lady, and slighted her for you.

Sweet. A lady! I might have had three lords in one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refused a man with a thing over his shoulder like a scarf at a hurrying, for you; and these men, they say, are the greatest men in the kingdom.

Rob. O Sweetness! the very hand-irons thou didst rub before thou wast preferred to wait on thy lady have not more brass in them than thy forehead.

Sweet. O Rohin, Rohin! the great silver candlesticks in thy custody are not more hollow than thou art.

Rob. O Sweetness! the paint, nay, the eyebrows that thou putt'st on thy mistress, are not more false than thou. [glances on thy sideboard.]

Sweet. Thou hast as many mistresses as there are

Rob. And thou lovers as thy mistress has patches.

Sweet. If I have, you will have but a small share.

Rob. The better my fortune. To lose a wife when you have had her, is to get out of misfortune—to lose one before you get her, is to escape it; especially if it be one that somebody has had before you. He that marries pays the price of virtue. Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX.—*Do not ask me.*

A woman's ware like china, Once flaw'd is good for nought;	A woman at St. James's With guineas you obtain; But stay till lost her fame is— She'll be cheap in Drury- lane.
When whole tho' worth a guinea, [great]	
When broke's not worth a	

SCENE XII.—SWEETNESS, MARGERY.

Sweet. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch!

Marg. What is the matter!

Sweet. Oh, Margery! Rohin—

Marg. What more of him!

Sweet. O! worse than you can imagine—worse than

I could have dreaded: Oh, he has sullied my virtue.

Marg. How! your virtue!

Sweet. Yes, Margery; that virtue which I kept locked up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abused—he has barbarously insinuated to be no virtue at all. Oh, I could have borne any fate but this. I, that would have carried a knapsack through the world, so that my virtue had been safe within it—I that would have rather been the poorest man's wife than the richest man's whore—to he called the miss of a footman, that would not be the miss of a king!

Marg. It is a melancholy thing indeed.

Sweet. O, Margery! men do not sufficiently understand the value of virtue. Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their masters, and virtue will shortly be of no use but to stop hotties.

AIR XX.—*Twice-side.*

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought by her virtue she gains?
While she lulls her soft passions asleep,
She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords' wit,
Our virtue a bauble can call.
Why should we our ladies' steps quit,
Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Fields.*—ARTHUR, MOLLY.

Arts. I tell you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his designs be honourable; there is no trusting these fluttering fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl as a soldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman. [made of a gentler nature.]

Molly. Do not, dear sir, suspect my Owen; he is

Arts. And yet I have heard that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rummaged all the playhouses for mistresses: nay, you yourself have heard of his pranks in the parish; did he not seduce the fiddler's daughter!

Molly. That was the fiddler's fault; you know he sold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

Arts. Hath he not made mischief between several men and their wives! And do you not know that he lulls after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet. [their looks than he.]

Molly. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in

Arts. Angels! ha! ha! these are the creatures that resemble our heaux the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer heaux among us! In that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more I will acquaint his mother.

Molly. Be first assured that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

Arts. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will show them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter—let them preserve their son.

Molly. O, sir, would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

AIR XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart	Thus, when unto the soldier's breast
Her Owen's image lies.	The arrow flies too sure,
That, if with Owen she must part, [dies]	When thence its fatal point
Your wretched daughter	Death is his only cure.

Asps. Pugh, pugh! you must cure one love by another: I have a new sweetheart for you, and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain,—which, I can tell you, is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

Molly. Nothing can recompense the loss of my Owen; and, as to what he loses by me, my behaviour shall make him amends.

Asps. Poor girl! how ignorant she is of the world! but little she knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes sufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

Molly. My dear Owen, I am sure, will think otherwise.

AIR XXII. *Let ambition fire the mind.*

Happy with the man I love,	Dames, by proud titles
I'll obsequious watch his	known,
will:	Shall desire what we pos-
Hotter pleasures I shall	sess;
prove,	And while they'd less happy
While his pleasures I	own
fall in	Grandeur is not happiness.

Asps. I will hear no more—remember what I have said, and study to be dutiful, or you are no child of mine.

Molly. Oh! unhappy wretch that I am! I must have no husband, or no father.—What shall I do— or whither shall I turn? Love pleads strong for a husband, duty for a father—yes, and duty for a husband too: but, then, what is one who is already so?—Well, then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my husband before he is so. But should he then prove false—and when I've lost my father, should I lose my husband too; that is impossible—falsehood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. *Sweet are the charms.*

Benches shall quit their darling town,
Lovers shall leave the fragrant shades,
Doctors open the fee shall frown,
Parsons shall hate the masquerades;
Nay, ere I think of Owro ill,
Women shall leave their dear quadrille

SCENE II.—OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my past gaieties give thee any uneasiness; be assured I have long been tired with variety, and I find after all the changes I have run through both of women and clothes—a man hath need of no more than one woman and one suit at a time.

AIR XXIV.—*Under the greenwood-tree.*

To wanton pleasures, roving charms,
I bid a long adieu;
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough to you.
By houses thin, by houses thick,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides, the second ride,
The third can wear but one.

Molly. My dear, I will believe thee, and am resolved from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee. Let thy rich parents or my poor parents say what they will, let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another partners.

Owen. With all my heart, my dear: and the sooner we begin to love, the sooner we shall be so.

Molly. Begin to love! Alas, my dear, is it now to begin?

Owen. Not the theory of love, my angel—to that I have long been an apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my trade.

Molly. Let us then to the parson—I am as willing to be married as thou art.

Owen. Why the parson, my dear?

Molly. We can't be married without him.

Owen. No, but we can love without him: and what have we to do with marriage while we can love? Marriage is but a dirty road to love, and those are happiest who arrive at love without travelling through it.

AIR XXV. *Dearest charmer.*

Will you still bid me tell	Look thro' th' instructive grove,
What you discern so well	Each object prompts to love:
By my expiring sighs,	Hear how the turtles coo,
My doating eyes!	All nature tells you what to do.

Molly. Too well I understand you now—No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be—I will to love no other way—Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—none travel through it without sullying their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning.

Owen. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would desire to be clean? And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on yours?

Molly. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admired in both—but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

Owen. You judge too severely. Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not Nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allowed to every beast but man. But why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou art sufficiently certain? Why should I refute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it?

AIR XXVI. *Giddy boatman.*

How can I trust your words	Your tongue may cheat,
precise,	And with deceit
My soft desires deny—O,	Your softer wishes cover;
When, Oh! I read within	But, Oh! your eyes
your eyes	Know no disguise,
Your tender heart com-	Not ever cheat your lover.
plying?	

Molly. Away, false, perjured, barbarous wretch! Is this the love you have for me, to undo me—to ruin me!

Owen. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly; I would sooner ruin myself than thee.

Molly. Ay, so it appears. Oh! fool that I was to think thou couldst be constant who hast ruined so many women—to think that thou ever didst intend to marry me, who hast long been practised in the arts of seducing our sex. Henceforth I will sooner think it possible for hutter to come when the witch is in the churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Christmas—for cheese to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry-orchard to be free from blackbirds—or, for a church-yard to be free from ghosts, as for a young man to be free from falsehood.

Owen. Be not enraged, my sweetest dear—Let me kiss away thy passion.

Molly. Away! a hight is in thy kiss—thy breath is the wind of wantonness—and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. *I'll range abroad.*

Since you so base and faithless be,
And would—without marrying me,
A maid I'll go to Pluto's shore,
Nor think of men or marriage more.

Owen. You'll repent that resolution before you get half way.—She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herself, then relapse into a fit of fondness, and be all my own.

AIR XXVIII. *Chloe is false.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason awhile may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows;
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Or pride disarms her,
Down she goes.

SCENE III.—A Field.—ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

Will. Here's no proper a place as can be for our Rob. The sooner the better. [business.]
John. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.
Tho. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. *Brutus strike home.*

Will. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As soon as you please.
Rob. Will, I will hit thee a slap in the—
Slap in the—slap in the face.
Will. Would, would I could see it,
I would with both feet
Give thee such a kick by the by.
Rob. If you dare, sir, do.
Will. Why do not, sir, you?
Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready.
Will. And so am I too.

Tho. You must fight to some other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE IV.—ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals!—do you consider my master will be at home within these two hours, and find nothing ready for his supper!

Will. Let master come when he will—if he keeps Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; Robin and I will not live in one house together.

Sus. Why, what's the matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my mistress from me.

Will. You lie, sirrah, you lie. [that's all.]

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead! I say,

Will. And I say you lie. [you lie.]

Rob. And you lie.

Will. And I say you lie again.

Rob. The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

AIR XXX. *Mother, quoth Hodge.*

Sus. Oh, se upon 't, Robin, Oh, se upon 't, Will!
What language like this, what scallion defames?
'Twere better your tongues should ever be still
Than always be scolding and calling vile
[That's all.]
Will. 'Twas he that lies
Did first devise.
The first words were his, and the last shall be mine.
Rob. You kiss my dog.
Will. You're a sly dog.
Rob. Loggerhead.
Will. Blockhead.
Rob. Fool.
Will. Fox.
Rob. Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quarrelled with me. I will tell my master of two silver spoons you stole. I'll discover your tricks—your selling of glasses, and pretending the frost broke them—making master brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; especially to feed the great swollen belly of that fat-gutted brother of yours—who gets drunk twice a-day at master's expense.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! And is this all?

Will. No, sirrah, it is not all—then there's your filting the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretended that it wasted in cleaning; and your hills for tatty and rotten stone, when you used nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been such a rogue,

that you have stole above half my master's plate, and spoiled the rest.

Sus. Fie upon 't! William, what have we to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it.—Don't let us quarrel among ourselves—let us stand by one another; for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all. Wise servants always stick close to one another, like plums in a pudding that's overwetted, says Susan the cook.

John. Or horse in a stable that is on fire, says John the groom.

Tho. Or grapes upon a wall, says Thomas the Sae. Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant: as sauce disguises the faults of a dish, so should he theirs. O, William! were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed.

AIR XXXI. *Dance of hum-ur.*

A wise man others' faults commends,
His own to get more clear of;
While folly all she knows reveals,
Sure what she does to hear of.
The parson and the lawyer's blind,
Each to his brother's erring;
For should you search, he knows you'd find
No barrel the better herring.

AIR XXXII. *He's have cheated the parson.*

Rob. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of fiction and strife;
But, Oh, what can
Appaise the man
Who would rob me of both my place and my wife?
Will. If you prove it, I will be hang'd, and that's a fear.
Rob. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.
Will. Pr' thee what?
Rob. Ask you that.

When you know you have written against me so flat?
Here is your hand, though there is not your name to it—is not this your hand, sir? [whether it is or no.]

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you
Rob. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in my place, but you must try to get my mistress?

Will. Your mistress! Any man may have your mistress that can outbid you, for it is very well known, you never had a mistress without paying for her.

Rob. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my place, you may lose your own.

AIR XXXIII. *Harsh, harsh, the cock crows.*

Will. When master thinks fit
I am ready to quit
A place I so little regard, sir;
For, while thou art here,
No need must e'er
Expect to find any reward, sir.
The groom that is able
To manage his stable
Of places enough need not doubt, sir;
But you, my good brother,
Will scarce find another,
If master should e'er turn you out, sir.

Sus. If you can't be friends without it you had best fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay—so say I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting; it is bot a world and a blow with William—he would set the whole parish together by the ears if he could; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to to keep peace in it.

Will. I suppose peace-making is one of the secret services you have done master—for they are such secrets that your friend the devil can hardly discover—and whence does your peace-making arise but from your fears of getting a black eye or bloody nose in the squabble? for if you could set the whole parish a boxing without boxing yourself it is well known you would do it. Sirrah, sirrah! had your love for the tenants been the occasion of your peace-

making, as you call it, you would not be always making master so hard upon them in every court, and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Christmas on pretence of good husbandry.

Rob. Yours you have a great love for, master,—we know by your driving to inch as you do, sirrah. You are such a headstrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both master and mistress's necks; it is always neck or nothing with you. [between you.

Sus. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator
Rob. Ay, ay, let Susan be the mediator; I'll refer my cause to any one—it is equal to me.

Will. No, no, I shall not refer an affair wherein my honour is so concerned to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. Of a noble rare one Shaken.

Good madam cook, the greasy	With men as wise as Robin,
Pray leave your saucy bowl	A female judge may pass, ay;
Let all your toll	For where the grey mare
Be to make the pot boil,	Is the better horse, there
For that's your proper calling.	The horse is but an ass, sir.

SCENE V.—ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. Sancy fellow. [you.

Tho. I suppose he is gone to inform master against *Rob.* Let him go; I am too well with madam to fear any mischief he can make with master. And hearkee, between you and I, madam won't suffer me to be turned out. You heard William upbraid me with stealing the beer for my own family; but she knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where she and the parson sit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the parish—

Sus. Don't speak against madam, Robin; she is an exceeding good woman to her own servants.

Rob. Ay, ay, to us npper servants—we that keep the keys fare well enough—and for the rest, let them starve for Robin. It's the way of the world, Susan; the heads of all professions thrive while the others starve.

AIR XXXV. Fierc's tune.

Great courtiers palaces contain,	Smaller misers.
While small ones fear the	For their kins.
great,	Are in bride-well hang'd;
Great persons riot in cham-	While in vogue
paget,	Lives the great rogue,
Small persons act on ale;	Small rogues are by dozens
Great whores in coaches gang.	hang'd.

SCENE VI.—SUSAN, SWEETIESS.

Sweet. Oh hrrave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. Country garden.

Virtue within a woman's heart	But the dam once broken,
By nature's hand is rann'd	Past all revoking.
in,	Virtue flies off in a minute;
There must be kept by steady	Like a river left,
art,	Of waters hereof,
Like water when it's damm'd	Each man may venture in it.
in.	

Sus. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, madam, but I don't know what you mean.

Sweet. Your capacity is too capacious, madam.

Sus. Your method of talking, madam, is something dark.

Sweet. Your method of acting is darker, madam.

Sus. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates, madam.

Sweet. Your pots you mean, madam; if you are like any plates, it is soup-plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

Sus. Mc, madam!

Sweet. Yoo, madam.

AIR XXXVII. Dainty Dany.

Sus. What the devil mean you thus
Scandal scattering,
Me be-pattering?
Dirty slut, and ugly puss.
What can be your meaning?
Sweet. Had you, madam, not forgot?
When with Bob you—you know what,
Surely, madam, you would not
Twice inquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how hase you have been to a woman to whom you have professed a friendship. [read! when you know—

Sus. What do you mean by offering me a letter to *Sweet.* When I know you writ it, madam.

Sus. When you know I can neither write nor read, madam. It was my parents' fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myself—though you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my fault.

Sweet. How!—and is it possible you can neither read nor write?

Sus. Possible!—why should it be impossible for a servant not to be able to write, when so many gentlemen can't spell?

Sweet. Here is your name to a love-letter which is directed to Robin, wherein you complain of his having left you after he had enjoyed you.

Sus. Enjoyed me!

Sweet. It is so I assure you.

Sus. If ever I had anything to say to Robin, but as one fellow-servant might say to another fellow-servant, may my pot ne'er boil again!

Sweet. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might see the truth of what I say—that you might read Susan Roastmeat in plain letters; and, if you did not write it yourself, sure the devil must have writ it for you.

Sus. I think I have said enough to satisfy you, and as much as is consistent with my honour.

Sweet. You have, indeed, to satisfy me of your innocence—nor do I think it inconsistent with my honour to assure you I am sorry I said what I said, I do, and humbly ask your pardon, madam.

Sus. Dear madam, this acknowledgment from you is sufficient. Oh! Sweetieass, had I been one of those, I might have had to do with my young master.

Sweet. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence; but this I am assured of—if you cannot write at all, you did not write the letter.

AIR XXXVIII. Palestine's day.

A woman must her honour	On horseback he who cannot
save	ride
While she's a virgin found;	On horseback did not rob;
And he can hardly be a knave	And, since a pen you cannot
Who is not worth a pound.	guide,
	You never write to Bob.

SCENE VII.—OWEN, APHONES.

Ap. I desire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree. I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

Owen. Pshaw, pshaw, master Aphones! these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world if they go five miles from them, and had rather see them walk a foot at home than ride in a coach abroad.

Ap. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in an hearse the next. [sirs.

Owen. You may never arrive to that honour, good

Ap. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us—that may not be so safe as you Owen. So safe? [imagine.]

Ap. No, not so safe, sir. I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave. Though you have ruined many poor girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so; for, let me tell you, sir, whoever brings dishonour on me shall bring ruin on himself.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha!

Ap. I believe both sir Owen and her ladyship are good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them. Sir Owen hath still behaved as the heat of landlords; he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on, his tenants—should be the shepherd, not the wolf, to his flock—but one would have thought you imagined we lived under that barbarous custom I have read of, when the landlord was entitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants' daughters.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha! thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith.

Ap. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another. Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plastering upon your wig? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads. [don't.]

Owen. Your daughter likes our dress, if you

Ap. I desire you would spare my daughter, sir. I shall take as much care of her as I can; and if you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge. You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

Owen. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha! Thou art not the first father or husband that hath blustered in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb. He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopped in the pursuit of his mistress by the threatenings of her relations! Not that I should care to venture if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. *My Chloe, why do you slight me?*

The whore of fame is jealous.
The coward would seem
to leave;
For we are still most zealous.
What most we want to have.

The madman boasts his
scenes,
And he whose chief pre-
ference is
The liberty's defence, is
Too oft the greatest slave.

SCENE VIII.—OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. She here!

Mol. Cruel, dost thou fly me! am I become hateful in thy sight? are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for sure, if thou didst even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

Owen. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in shunning you? Sure you have forgotten your last vows, never to see me more.

Mol. Alas! you know too well that I am as insincere in every repulse to you as you have been in your advances to me. How unjustly do men accuse us of using a lover ill, when we are no sooner in his power than he uses us so!

AIR XL. *Sylvia my dearest.*

Cruellest creature, why have
you woo'd me,
Why thus pursued me
into love's snare?
While I was cruel
I was your jewel;
Now I am kind, you bid me
despair.

Nature's sweet flowers
Warm seasons nourish,
In summer flourish,
Winter's their name:
Love, against nature
Check'd, grows the greater,
And best is nourish'd with cold
disdain.

Owen. How canst thou wrong me so, my dear Molly! Your father hath been here, and insulted me in the rudest manner; but, notwithstanding that I am resolved—

Mol. To fulfil your promise, and marry me.

Owen. Why dost thou mention that hateful word! That, that is the cruel frost which nips the flower of love. Politeness is not a greater enemy to honesty, nor quadrille to common sense, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou shouldst ask that I would not grant. [else.]

Mol. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing

Owen. It is for your sake I would not marry you; for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy's the swain,
Whom beauty brings,
All admiring,
All desiring,
Never desiring in vain.
How happy to rove
Thro' sweetest bowers
And cull the flowers,
In the delicious garden of love!

How wretched the soul,
Under control,
To one poor choice confin'd a
while,
Whom it exerts the lass.
No, no, let the joys of my life
Like the years in circles roll,
But since you are so ungrateful,
Since my service is so hateful,
Willing I my place forsake.

Mol. He's gone! he's lost for ever! Irrevocably lost. Oh, virtue! where's thy force! are those thousand charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot see them? Should Owen e'er return, should he renew his entreaties, I fear his success; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR XL. *Midsummer wish.*

When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
The tongue in thunder takes its part,
And darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with posted grace
In vain she keeps out charming him,
For love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—SIR OWEN'S HOUSE.

Sir O. (smoking.) What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco! The industrious retires from business—the voluptuous from pleasure—the lover from a cruel mistress—the husband from a cursed wife—and I from all the world to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. *Freemason's Tune.*

Let the learn'd talk of books,
The glutton of oaks,
The lover of Celia's soft
smack-o;
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a pipe of accepted tobacco.
Let the soldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack-o;
Let who will have most,
Who will rule the roast,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.
Tobacco gives us
To the dustiest old cit,
And makes him of politics
smack-o;
The lawyers! th' hall
Were not able to hawl, [ro.]
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.
The man whose chief glory
is telling a story [knack-o],
Had never arriv'd at the

Between ev'ry heying
And "as I was saying,"
Did he not take a whiff of
tobacco.
The doctor who places
Much skill in grinders,
And feels your pulse running
tick tack-o;
Would you know his chi-
f skill?
It is only to fill
And smoke a good pipe of
tobacco.
The courtiers ston-
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis
makes them so slack-o?
'Twas because it lur'd
To be honest the mind,
And therefore they banish'd
tobacco.

SCENE II.—SIR OWEN and LADY APSHINKEN.

Lady Ap. It is very hard, my dear, that I must be an eternal slave to my family; that the moment my back is turned everything goes to rack and mangle; that you will take no care upon yourself, like a sleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

Sir O. My wife is a very good wife, only a little

inclined to talking. If she had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Lady Ap. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! It is very well known what offers I refused when I married you.

Sir O. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough, in conscience. But of this I am confident—if you had ever had a better offer, you knew your own interest too well to have refused it.

Lady Ap. Ungrateful man!—If I have shown that I know the value of money, it has been for your interest as well as mine; and let me tell you, sir, whenever my conscience hath struggled with my interest, she hath always got the better.

Sir O. Why, possibly it may be so, for I am sure whichever side your tongue is of will get the better. And heark ye, my dear; I fancy your conscience and your tongue lie very near together. As for your interest, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourse with your tongue.

Lady Ap. Methinks, sir Owen, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding your servants.

Sir O. So I would, if you would not scold at me. Vent your ill-nature on all the parish, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a scolding wife to me is a walking bass-viol out of tune.

Lady Ap. Sir, sir, a drunken husband is a bad fiddlestick to that bass-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

Sir O. A scolding wife is rosin to that fiddlestick, continually rubbing it up to play till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. *Tenour of my own.*

Of all bad sorts of wines The scolds are sure the worst.	With your hum, drum, &c. Would he have curs'd men- kind (If Juno's drawn to life) When Jupiter Pandora sent, He should have sent his wife, With her hum drum, &c.
With a hum, drum, scum, hurry scurry scum.	
Would I'd a cuckold been Ere I had been accus'd	

SCENE III.—LADY ATSHINKEN, SUSAN.

Lady Ap. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Susan, what brings you?

Sus. The bill of fare, madam.

Lady Ap. The bill of fare! this looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

Sus. Master bath invited several of the tenants to—

Lady Ap. Yes, I am acquainted with your master's generosity—he would keep a tenant's table by his consent. On my conscience, he would suffer some of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

Sus. Heaven bless him for such goodness!

Lady Ap. This sirloin of beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow; it is too big for one dish.

Sus. O dear, madam! it is a thousand pities to cut it.

Lady Ap. Pshaw! I tell you no polite people suffer a large dish to come to their table. I have seen an entertainment of three courses, where the substance of the whole would not have made half a sirloin of beef.

Sus. The devil take such politeness, I say! [beef.]

Lady Ap. A goose roasted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll leave out one of them. An apple-pie with quinces—why quinces, when you know quinces are so dear! There; and for the rest, do you keep it, and let me have two dishes a-day till it is out.

Sus. Why, madam, half the provision will stink at that rate.

Lady Ap. Then they will eat the less of it. I know some good housewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

Sus. So, as the smell of the old English hospi-

talities used to invite people in, that of the present is to keep them away.

Lady Ap. Old English hospitality! Oh, don't name it; I am sick at the sound.

Sus. Would I had lived in those days!—I wish I had been born a cook in an age when there was some business for one, before we had learned this French politeness, and been taught to dress our meat by nations that have no meat to dress!

AIR XLV. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood;

Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.

Oh the roast beef of England,

And old England's roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all conquering France

To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,

Oh, what a fine figure we make in romance!

Oh the roast beef of England,

And old England's roast beef!

Lady Ap. Servants are continually jealous of the least thrift of a master or mistress; they are never easy but when they observe extravagance.

SCENE IV.—LADY ATSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. *Oh, Jenny, Oh, Jenny.*

Lady Ap. Oh, doctor, Oh, doctor, where hast thou been?

Sure woman was never like me perplex'd!

I have been chiding:

I have been riding,

And meditating upon my text.

Lady Ap. I wish you would give us a sermon on charity, that my servants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

Puz. There is, madam, as your ladyship very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity. Now, the religious charity teaches us rather to starve the belly of our friend than feed it. Verily, starving is voluptuous food for a sinful constitution.

Lady Ap. I wish, doctor, when you go next to London, you would buy me up, at the cheapest rates, all the books upon charity that have been published.

Puz. I have a treatise, madam, which I shall shortly publish, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyship.

Lady Ap. Anything for the encouragement of religion. I am a great admirer of the Latin language. I believe, doctor, I now understand Latin as well as English. But, oh, doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that, notwithstanding all our endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked people in our parish. One of the tenants, the other day, abused his wife in the most terrible manner. Shall I never make them use their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

Lady Ap. Ah, doctor! I long much as misers for pelf

To see the whole parish as good as myself.

Puz. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not so doat

But that by my sermons will be soon brought about.

Lady Ap. Ah, man! can your sermons put them in the right way.

Puz. When not one in ten e'er hears what you say?

Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to fear,

If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.—To them, ROBIN.

AIR XLVIII. *Is Puz.*

Rob. Some confounded planet
reigning, [planning,
Surely hath, beyond ex-
Your sex beguiled,
Sense defied,
Sense away led
To mistake:

I should wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.
But if your almighty w
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you take.

Lady Ap. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your ladyship a stranger to it then!—Madam, don't you know that I am to be turned away, and William made butler?

Lady Ap. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true.

just now received a message from master, to give an account of the plate—and perhaps I shall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have.

Lady Ap. I am out of all patience; I'll to sir Owen this moment. I will see whether I am a cipher in this house or no.

Fuz. Henrkye, Mr. Robin; you are safe enough—*her ladyship is your friend.* So go you and send me a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of yours.

SCENE VI.

Robin (solus). It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turned away. I would give warning myself, and, if this storm blows over, I will. Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of my days. I'll purchase some little snug farm in Wales of about a hundred a year, and retire with—ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetiss's false? What avails it to me that I can purchase an estate, when I cannot purchase happiness?

AIR XLIX. *Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.*

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure,
But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whose worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
He must sigh for still in vain.

SCENE VII.—ROBIN, SWEETISSA.

Rob. Where is my health, when the enchainet it was locked up in is broke open and plundered?

Sweet. He's here!—love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the string of honour pull me back—honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

Rob. See where she stands! the false, the perjured she. Yet, guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my soul than light, did not my honour interpose—my honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a whore. I must part with honour, or with her—and a servant without honour is a wretch indeed! How happy are men of quality, who cannot lose their honour, do what they will! Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out still the same.

AIR L. *Dame of honour.*

Nice honour by a private man	But once right honourable grown.
With seal must be maintain'd!	He's then its rightful owner;
For soon 'tis lost, and never can	For, though the worst of rogues
It any be regain'd.	he's known,
	He's still a man of honour.

Sweet. I wish I could impute this blindness of yours to love. But, alas! love would see me, not my faults. You see my faults, not me.

Rob. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—but, alas! you are so hemmed in with faults, one must see through them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

Sweet. Oh, Robin! if thou art resolved to be false, do not, I beseech thee, do not let thy malice conspire to ruin my reputation.

Rob. There, madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can—though women have always the boldest claims to reputation when they have the least pretensions to it; for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noise till it goes off—when you hear the report, you may be sure it's gone.

Sweet. This is some conspiracy against me; for may the devil fetch me this instant if ever I saw this letter before!

Rob. What! and drop it from your pocket?

Sweet. Oh base man! If ever I suffered William to kiss me in my life, unless when we have been at questions and commands, may I never—be kissed while I live again. And if I am not a maid now, may I die as good a maid as I am now. But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive letters, and drop them from their pockets too. There, if thou art guilty, that letter will shock thee—while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. *Why will Florella.*

When guilt within the bosom lies,	But innocence, disdaining fear,
A thousand ways it speaks,	Adorns the injur'd face,
It stares affrighted thro' the eyes,	And, while the black accuser's near,
And blazes thro' the cheeks,	Shines forth with brighter grace.

Rob. Surprising!—sure some little witling devil lurks in the house. Ha! a thought hath just shot through my brain. Sweetiss, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, answer me one question. Did the parson ever make love?

Sweet. Why do you ask me that! [to you?]

Rob. These two letters are writ by the same hand; and, if they were not writ by William, they must have been by the parson—for no one else, I believe, can write or read in the house.

Sweet. I can't say he bath, nor I can't say he hath not. Once he told me that if I was worth a hundred pounds he'd marry me.

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he bath as great an aversion to marriage as any priest in Rome hath.

Sweet. O fie! what, beat the parson?

Rob. Never tell me of the parson. If he will have my meat, I'll give him some sauce to it.

Sweet. Consider, good Robin; for, though thou hast been a base man to me, I would not have thee damned.

Rob. The parson would send me to heaven, I thank him. I'd rather be damned than go to heaven as the parson's cuckold. Shud! I'll souse him till he shall have as little appetite for woman's flesh as horse-flesh.

AIR LII. *Hunt the squirrel.*

Sweet. Oh, for goodness sake forbear!
Think he's a parson, think he's a parson;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

Rob. Cease you chattering, I will hatter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drag him, scrub him down,
As jockeys do a colt.

Sweet. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parson in the head. What can he then expect but to be hanged by the neck? Oh! that he were hanged once safe about my neck. Ye powers preserve him from the hangman's noose, and tie him fast in Hymen's.

SCENE VIII.—SWEETISSA, JOHN.

Sweet. Oh, John! fly! if thou wilt save thy friend—fly up into the parson's closet.

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One moment's delay, and Robin's lost. He is gone in a mighty passion to beat the parson. run and prevent him, for if he should kill the parson, he will be hanged.

John. Kill him! if he lifts up his hand against him he will be put into the spiritual court, and that's worse than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly, dear John. What torments attend a mind in love?

AIR LIII. *The play of love.*

What vast delights must virgin prove,
Who taste the dear excess of love!
Since while so many ways undone,
And all our joys must fly from one,
Eager to love's embrace we run.

So when in some small island lies
The sager merchant's brilliant prize,
That dear, that darling spot to gain,
He views black tempests with disdain,
And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.—OWEN, SWEETISSA.

Owen. Sweetissa in tears:—so looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

AIR LIV. *Se cari.*

Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile;
Repining banish,
Let sorrow vanish,
Grief does the complexion spoil.
Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile:
Lift up your charming, cha-a-arming,
Charming, charming eyes,
As the sun's brightest rays in summer skies.

What is the matter, my dear Sweetissa?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter, it is no matter of yours, master Owen.

Owen. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee, if thou wouldst let me. Give me a buss, do.

AIR LV. *Sleepy body.*

Sweet.	Little master, Pretty master, Your pursuit give over; Surely nature Such a creature Never meant for a lover. A bean and lagoon, In a dull afternoon,	May ladies divert by their capers; But weak is her head [bed Who takes to her Such a remedy for the vapours. Little master, &c.
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SCENE X.—OWEN *solo*.

AIR LVI.

Go, and like a slubbing Bess howl,
Whilst at your griefs I'm quaffing,
For the more you cry, the less you'll—
Tol, lol, do rol.

Be inclined to laughing.

SCENE XI.—OWEN, SUSAN.

Owen. So, Mrs. Susan, which way are you going?
Susan. Going!—why, I am going to find madam out; if she will have no victuals, she shall have no cook for Susan. If I ent the sirloin of beef may the devil eat me!

AIR LVII. *South-sea tune.*

An Irishman loves potatoes; A Frenchman chews Rolls and capotes; A Dutchman, watercruze; The Italian, macaroni; The Scotchman loves sheep's heads, sir;	The Welsh with cheese are fed, sir; An Englishman's chief Delight is roast beef; And if I divide the ox' sirloin, May the devil eat of mine.
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Owen. Oh! do not spoil thy pretty face with passion. Give me a kiss, my dear pretty little cook.

Sus. Give you a kiss!—give you a slap in the face, or a rod for your backside. When I am kissed, it shall be by another guise sort of spark than you. Sbud! your head looks like the scrag-end of a neck of mutton just floured for basting. A kiss!—a fart!

SCENE XII.—OWEN, MARGERY.

Owen. Go thy ways, greasy face. Oh, here's my little Margery now.

Marg. Not so little neither, Master Owen. I am big enough for you still.

Owen. And so thou art, my dear and my dove. Come, let us—let us—let us—

Marg. Let us what! [kiss like anything.

Owen. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what—Let us

Marg. Not so fast, squire—your mamma must give you a larger allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Look'ee, sir, when you can pro-

duce that fine apron you promised me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to. But I am resolved, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have something to show for it besides a great belly.

Owen. Pox on 'em all!—I shall not compass one out of the whole family. I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make sure of her if possible, or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet; for the devil take me if I ha'n't a shrewd suspicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly new what a fine woman was. I fancy it often happens so among us fine gentlemen.

AIR LVIII.

The idle bean of pleasure
Oft breeds a false amour,
As breaking rit his treasure.

Most gaudy, when most poor;

But the rich miser hides the stores he does amass,
And the true lover still conceals his happy lass.

SCENE XIII.—PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, JOHN.

Puz. I will have satisfaction. Speak not to me, master John, of anything but satisfaction. I will box him.—I will show him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.—Splutter! I will show him my head is good for something else besides preaching.

[Butts at him.

Rob. You would have armed my head better for butting, I thank you.

[Teeth.

Puz. You are a lying rascal, and a liar in your

Rob. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and that's worse.

Puz. The lie to me, sirrah! I will cut your brains out if you have any brains. Let me go, John—let faster than he came.

Rob. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again

Puz. Sbud! sbud! sbud!

John. Fie, doctor! be not in such a passion: consider who you are—you must forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive.—Forgiveness is sometimes a sin, ay, and a damned sin. No, I will not forgive him. Sirrah, I will make such an example of you, as shall deter all such vagabonds for the future how they affront the church.

AIR LIX. *Bag-cant.*

Paz.	In spiritual court I'll show you such sport, Shall make your own folly curse, sir. But you shall be hit, For I'll stand in the sheet,
Rob.	And keep you from handling my purse, sir.
Paz.	In this you'll be sham'd, In the other world dam'd,
Rob.	Here a priest, there a devil you'll find, sir. I shall know then if priest Or devil be best

At the art of tormenting mankind, sir.

Puz. Let me go, John—I will—splutter!

SCENE XIV.—SIR OWEN AND LADY ARSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Lady Ar. Heyday! what's the meaning of this! Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad, I hope!

Puz. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been abused—I have been beaten.

Lady Ar. It cannot be by Robin, I am sure; he's peaceably enough inclined.

Will. He'll not strike a blow unless he's forced to it, I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abused me for writing to his mistress, when I have not had a pen in my hand, save for half a sermon, these six months.

Will. Sure letters run strangely in his head!—he hath quarrelled with me once to-day, and now he hath quarrelled with Mr. Puzzletext, for writing to his mistress—He knows his own demerits, and therefore is jealous of every man he sees for a rival.

Rob. I have not so bad an opinion of myself as to be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of your own merits.

Lady Ap. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray. I thought you had more sense than to quarrel with the church.

[*Aside to Robin.*]

Will. Master may keep you, if he pleases—when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll swear to your stealing the two silver spoons.

Sweet. You have reason to talk, good Mr. William. I'll swear to your having robbed one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourself a waistcoat; and your having stole a pair of buckles out of the harness, and sold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his shoes.

Sus. If you come to that, madam, who stole a short silk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

John. Not so fast, good Susan saucybox—Who basted away dozens of butter more than she need that she may sell the grease! Who brings in false hills of fure, and puts the forged articles in her own pocket! Who wants wine and brandy for sauces and sweetmeats, and drinks it herself!

Will. And who wants strong beer for his horses, which he drinks himself!

Mary. I think you should forget that, lest you should be put in mind of the same practice with the coach-horses.

Sus. I suppose, when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyship's bottle every time you make her bed.

Lady Ap. I can excuse you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

Sus. But I suppose your ladyship will not excuse her from a false key, the which I will take my oath she hath now in her pocket.

Lady Ap. Very fine, indeed!

Puz. Verily, I am concerned to find my sermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be banged most; and if Robin, the butler, hath cheated more than other people, I see no other reason for it but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well said, parson!—once in thy life thou hast spoken truth.

Will. We are none of us so bad as Robin, though—there's cheating in his very name.—Robin is as much as to say robbing.

Puz. That is none of the best puns, Master Will.

Rob. Well said, parson, again!

AIR LX. *Ye madcaps of England.*

In this little family plainly we find

A little epitome of human kind.

Where, down from the beggar, up to the great man,

Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.

Sing tantarara, rogues all,

For if you will be such a husband of self

To be serv'd by so cheats, you must e'en serve yourself;

The world is so cram'd with brimful of deceit,

That if Robin be a name for a cheat,

Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,

Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

Lady Ap. And have I been raking, and rending, and scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be plundered by my servants!

Sir O. Why truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had some excuse for your saving, to save fortunes for your younger children. But as we have but one son to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the servants keep what they have stole, and much good may it do them!

Lady Ap. This is such notorious extravagance!

Omnus. Heavens bless your good honour!

AIR LXI. *My name is old Henson.*

Rob. I once as your butler did cheat you
For myself I will set up now;
If you come to my house I will treat you
With a pig of your own sow.

Sweet. I once did your ladyship choose,
And rob you of trinkets good store;
But when I am gone from your house
I promise to cheat you no more.

Will. Your lining I own, like a blockhead,
I stole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you sell off your horses and coach.

Sus. My regueries all are confound'd,
And for a new maid you may look;
For, where there's no meat to be dress'd,
There is little need of a cook.

Chorus. And so we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off to-morrow morning,
And may better servants ensue.

SCENE XV.—*To them, OWEN, MOLLY.*

Owen and Molly.—Your blessing, sir.

Sir O. and **Lady Ap.** How!

Owen and Molly. We are your son and daughter.

Sir O. My son married to the daughter of a tenant!

Owen. Oh, sir! she is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. *First Echo.*

Molly. Oh, think not the maid whom you scorn
With riches delighted can be!

Had I a great princess been born!

My Owen had dear been to me.

On others your treasures bestow,

Give Owen alone to these arms;

In grandeur and wealth we find woe.

But in love there is nothing but charms.

Owen. In title and wealth what is lost

In tenderness oft is repaid;

Too much a great fortune may cost.

Well purchased may be the poor maid.

While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,

We pleasure will equally prove;

While they in their palaces hate,

We in our poor cottage may love.

Sir O. She sings delightfully, that's the truth

on't. [songs till he forgives us.]

Owen. T'other song—t'other song—ply him with

AIR LXIII. *Laws of Paris's Mill.*

Molly. If I too high aspire,

This love that plumes my wings:

Love makes a clown a squire,

Would make a squire a king.

What maid that Owen spies

From love can e'er be free?

Love in his laced coat lies,

And peeps from his toes.

Sir O. I can bold out no longer.

Lady Ap. Nor I: let me see you embrace me

another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. *Cere vix.*

Molly. With joy my heart's o'erflowing:

Owen. With joy my heart's jolly.

Molly. Oh, my dearest sweet Owen!

Owen. Oh, my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myself, I will make others so.—

These letters, Robin, which caused all the jealousy

between you and Sweetiss, I wrote out of a frolic

Rob. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetiss falsely!

Sweet. And did I suspect my Robin!

Rob. Oh, my Sweetiss! my sweet!

Sweet. Oh, my Robin! my Bob!

Rob. This hour shall make us one.—Doctor, lead

to church.

Will. What say'st thou, Susan! Shall we follow

our leaders!

Sus. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know,

and speak my mind. I say, yes.

John. And thou, Margery!

Mary. I do not say no.

Puz. I am ready to do your business whenever

you please.

Owen. Look ye; as I have married first, I desire my wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one dance, for which I have prepared the fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepared my fiddle too; for I am always in *utrumque paratus*.

Owen. This shall be a day of hospitality, I am resolved.

Lady Ap. And I am resolved not to see it; and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

[*A dance here.*]

AIR LXV. *Little Jack Horner.*
Pez. Couples united,
 Ever delighted,
 May they ne'er disagree!
Women. First we will wed,
 Then we'll be led;
Men. What happy rogues are we!
Chorus. Couples united,
 Ever delighted,
 May we ne'er disagree!
 First we will wed,
 Then we'll be led;
 What happy rogues are we!

THE LOTTERY.

A FARCE, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE IN 1731.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. CIBBER, JUN.

As Tragedy prescribes to passion rules,
 So Comedy delights to punish fools;
 And, while at noisier games she boldly flies,
 Farce challenges the vulgar as her prize.
 Some follies scarce perceptible appear
 In that just glass, which shows you as you are.
 But Farce still claims a magnifying right,
 To raise the object larger to the sight,
 And show her insect fools in stronger light.
 Implicit faith is to her roots due.
 And all her laughing legends still are true.
 Thus, when some conquer does wives transmute,
 What dull affected critic damns the cheat?
 Or should we see credulity profound
 Give to ten thousand fools ten thousand pound;
 Should we behold poor wretches horse away
 The labour of a twelvemonth in a day;
 Nay should our poet, with his muse agog,
 Show you an Alley-breaker for a rogue,
 'Tis a most impossible suggestion,
 Faith! I think it all but farce, and grant the question.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.—*Mr. Stocks, Mr. HARRY; Jack Stocks, Mr. CIBBER, JUN.; First Buyer, Mr. BARRY; Second Buyer, (a Hackney Coachman), Mr. MULLART; Lawrence, Mr. STOPPELAK; Fiddler, Mr. R. WETHERLY; Chloe, Miss RAYTOR; Mrs. Stocks (sister-in-law to Stocks), Mrs. WETHERLY; Jenny, Miss WILLIAMS; Lady, Mrs. OATES; Servants, &c.*—SCENE, LONDON.

SCENE I.—STOCKS alone.

AIR I.

A Lottery is a taxation
 Upon all the fools in creation;
 And, Heaven be prais'd,
 It is easily rais'd,
 Credulity's always in fashion;
 For folly's a fund
 Will never low ground,
 While fools are so rare in the nation.
 [Knocking without.]

Enter 1 Buyer.

1 Buyer. Is not this a house where people buy lottery-tickets?

Stocks. Yes, sir. I believe I can furnish you with as good tickets as any one.

1 Buyer. I suppose, sir, 'tis all one to you what number a man fixes on.

Stocks. Any of my numbers.

1 Buyer. Because I would be glad to have it, sir, the number of my own years, or my wife's; or, if I could not have either of those, I would be glad to have it the number of my mother's.

Stocks. Ay, or suppose, now, it was the number of your grandmother's.

1 Buyer. No, no! she has no luck in lotteries: she had a whole ticket once, and got but fifty pounds by it.

Stocks. A very unfortunate person, truly! Sir, my clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 10,000! got.—What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one month reduce to their former poverty! [Knocking without.] Come in.

Enter 2 Buyer.

2 Buyer. Does not you worship let horses, sir?

Stocks. Ay, friend.

2 Buyer. I have got a little money by driving a hackney-coach, and I intend to ride it out in the lottery.

Stocks. You are in the right; it is the way to drive your own coach.

2 Buyer. I don't know, sir, that; but I am willing to be in Fortune's way, as the saying is.

Stocks. You are a wise man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one. 'Tis not above—no matter how many to one, but that you are this night worth ten thousand pounds.

AIR II. *Freemason's tune.*

Here are the best horses That ever ran courses, Here is the best pad for your wife, sir; Who rides one a day, If luck's in his way, May ride in a coach all his life, sir.	The sportsman esteems The horse more than gems That bring o'er a pitiful gale, sir; But here is the hack, If you sit but his back, Will keep you into an estate, sir.
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2 Buyer. How long a man may labour to get that work, which he can get in a minute at play!

AIR III. *Black Joke.*

The soldier in a hard campaign
 Gets less than the gamester by throwing a main,
 Or dealing to bubbles, and all, all that:
 The stoutest sailor, every one knows,
 Gets less than the courier, with cringing bows,
 And sir, I'm your vassal, and all, all that:
 And town-bred ladies too, they say,
 Gets less by virtue than by play:
 And dandy Joss
 Had ne'er been known,
 Nor coach had been her ladyship's lot,
 But for the black ace, and all, all that.

And belike you, sir, I would willingly ride upon the number of my coach.

Stocks. Mr. Trick, let that gentleman have the number of his coach—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it or no. As the gentleman is riding to a castle in the air, an airy horse is the properest to carry him. [Knocking hard without.] Heyday! this is some person of quality, by the impudence of the footman.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Your servant, Mr. Stocks.

Stocks. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some tickets, and hire some horses, Mr. Stocks. I intend to have twenty tickets and ten horses every day.

Stocks. By which, if your ladyship has any luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40,000!

Lady. Please to look at these jewels, sir—they cost my lord upwards of 6000*l.* I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

Stocks. If your ladyship pleases to walk up into the dining-room, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Enter Porter.

Well, friend, what's your business?

Porter. Here's a letter for you, an't please you.

Stocks. [Reading.]

"*BROTHER STOCKS.*—Here is a young lady come to lodge at my house from the country has desired me to find out some one who may instruct her how to dispose of 10,000*l.* to the best advantage. I believe you will find her worth your acquaintance. She seems a mere novice, and I suppose has just received her fortune; which is all that's needful from your affectionate brother.

"*TIM, STOCKS.*"

Very well.—It requires no other answer than that I will come. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! more people of quality. [*Opens the door.*]

Enter JACK STOCKS.

Ha!

J. St. Your servant, brother.

Stocks. Your servant, brother. Why, I have not seen you this age.

J. St. I have been a man of great business lately.

Stocks. I hope your business has turned to a good account.—I hope you have cleared handsomely.

J. St. Ay, it has turned to a very good account.—I have cleared my pockets, faith!

Stocks. I am sorry for that—but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear brother. Here is a lady of quality stays for me; but as soon as this flurry of business is over I should be very glad to—drink a dish with you at any coffee-house you will appoint.

J. St. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so, to cut the affair as short as possible, I desire you would lend me a brace of hundred*l.*

Stocks. Brother!

J. St. A brace of hundred*l.*; two hundred pounds in your own language.

Stocks. Dear Jack, you know I would as soon lend you two hundred pounds as one; but I am at present so out of cash, that—

J. St. Come, come, brother, no equivocation: two hundred pounds I must have, and will.

Stocks. Must have, and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. St. 'Sdeath, you fat rascal! what title had you to come into the world before me!

Stocks. You need not mention that, brother; you know my riches, if I have any, are owing to my industry, as your poverty is to your laziness and extravagance; and I have raised myself by the multiplication-table, as you have undone yourself at the hazard-table.

J. St. That is as much as to say, I have undone myself like a gentleman, and you have raised yourself like a pickpocket. Sirrah, you are a scandal to the family; you are the first tradesman that has been in it.

Stocks. Ay, and the first that has been worth a great in it. And, though you don't deserve it, I have thought of a method to put you in a way to make you the second. There, read that letter. [*J. Stocks reads it to himself.*] Well, sir, what say you to 10,000*l.* and a wife!

J. St. Say!—that I only want to know how to get

Stocks. Nothing so easy. As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it she will be very fond of a laced coat and a lord.—Now, I will make over both those to you in an instant. My lord Lace hath pawned his last suit of birth-night clothes to me; and, as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em, the clothes and the title are both at your service. So, if your lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just despatch my lady, and be with you.

J. St. If I can but nick this time, am*en*'s-ace, I defy thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter LOVEMORE. What a chase has this girl led me! However, I have tracked her all the way till within a few miles of this town. If I start her again, let her look to't. I am mistaken, or she began to

find her passion growing too violent before she attempted this flight; and when once a woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the arrow still sticks in her side.

AIR IV. Choe is false, but still she is charming.

Women in vain love's powerful torrent

With unequal strength oppose;

Reason awhile may stem the strong current

Love still at last her soul o'erflows.

Pleasures leaving,

Passions exciting,

Her loves charms her;

Of pride disarms her;

Down, down she goes.

Enter WHISK.

So, Whisk, have you heard any news?

Whisk. News, sir! ay, I have heard news, and such as will surprise you.

Love. What! no rival, I hope!

Whisk. You will have rivals enough now, I suppose.—Why, your mistress is got into fine lodgings in Pall-mall. I found her out by meeting that baggage her maid in the street, who would scarce speak to me. I followed her to the door, where, in a very few minutes, came out such a procession of milliners, mantua-makers, dancing-masters, fiddlers, and the devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping of a parliament-man's country lady, to pay her first visit.

Love. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in keeping already; some bawd has made prize of her as she alighted from the stage-coach. While she has been tithing from my arms, she has fallen into the colonel's.

AIR V.

How hapless is the virgin's fate, So the poor hare, when out o' breath,

Whom all mankind's pursuing; From bound to man is

For, while she flies this treach'rous bait, Then she encounters certain

From that she meets her ruin. And 'scapes the gentler

best. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHLOE and JENNY.

Chloe. Ob, Jenny! mention not the country, I faint at the sound of it: there is more pleasure in the rattling of one hackney-coach than in all the music that romances tell us of in singing birds and falling waters.

AIR VI.

Farewell, ye hills and valleys; With joy, for town I haster

Farewell, ye verdant shades: Those banks where flowers

I'll make more pleasant sods grow;

To plays and masquerades. What are roses to a garter?

What filices to a leen?

Jenny. Ay, madam—would the 10,000*l.* prize

were once come up!

Chloe. Ob, Jenny! be under no apprehension. It is not only from what the fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every night these three weeks. Indeed, I am so sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jenny. Ob, madam! there is nothing so easy in nature, in this town, as laying it out.

Chloe. First of all, Jenny, I will buy one of the best houses in town, and furnish it. Then I intend to set up my coach and six, and have six fine tall footmen. Then I will buy me as many jewels as I can wear. All sorts of fine clothes I'll have too.—These I intend to purchase immediately; and then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in housekeeping, cards, plays, masquerades, and other diversions.

Jenny. It is possible you may.—She has laid out twenty thousand of her ten, already.

Chloe. Well, I shall be a happy creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

AIR VII. *In Person and Andromeda.*

Oh, what pleasures will abound
When I've got ten thousand
pound!
Oh, how courted I shall be!
Oh, what lords will kneel to me!
Who'll dispute my
Wit and beauty,

When my golden charms are
found!
O what flattery,
In the lottery.
When I've got ten thousand
pound!

An't I strangely altered in one week, Jenny! Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in London already! Eh! does not the nasty red colour go down out of my face! An't I a good deal of pale quality in me!

Jenny. Oh, madam, you come on gloriously.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam! here's one Mr. Spadille at the door.

Chloe. Mr. Spadille! who is that? [madam.]

Jenny. It is your ladyship's quadrille master.

Chloe. Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn anything more this morning.—I'll take two lessons to-morrow though; for they tell me one is not qualified for any company till one can play at quadrille.

Serv. Mr. Stocks the broker too, madam, is below.

Chloe. Oh! that's the gentleman who is to dispose of my ten thousand pound for me: desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many visitants! Is not this better than staying at home for whole weeks, and seeing none but the curate and his wife, or the squire!

Jenny. It may be better for you than seeing the squire; for, if I mistake not, had you staid many weeks longer, he had been a dangerous visitant.

Chloe. I am afraid so too—for I began to be in love with him, and when once a woman's in love, Jenny—

Jenny. Lud have mercy upon her!

AIR VIII.

Chloe. When love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor virtue to the outworks flies;
The tongue in thunder takes her part,
She darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with gifted grace,
In vain we keep our charming sin;
For love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

Enter Stocks.

Stocks. I had the honour of receiving your commands, madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble servant—your name is Mr. Stocks, I suppose!

Stocks. So I am called in the Alley, madam; a name, though I say it, which would be as well received at the bottom of a piece of paper as any he's in the kingdom. But if I mistake not, madam, you would be instructed how to dispose of 10,000*l*.

Chloe. I would so, sir.

Stocks. Why, madam, you know, at present, public interest is very low, and private securities very difficult to get; and, I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest men in the kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of money with safety and advantage, and that is—to put it into the charitable corporation.

Chloe. The charitable corporation! pray, what is that?

Stocks. That is, madam, a method invented by some very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket by it.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is one my lord Lace desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe. Lord Lace! Oh Gemini! who's that?

Stocks. He is a man of the first quality, and one of the best estates in the kingdom: why, he's as rich as a supercargo.

Enter JACK STOCKS, as LORD LACE.

J. St. Bid the chair return again an hour hence, and give orders that the chariot be not used this evening.—Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant.—Ha! Egad, madam, I ask ten thousand pardons; I expected to have met another lady.

Stocks. I suppose your lordship means the countess of—

J. St. Ay, the countess of Seven Dials.

Stocks. She left these lodgings this day se'nnight, my lord, which was the day this lady came into them.

J. St. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an error; and, unless the breath of my submission can blow up the redundancy of your goodness, till it raise the wind of compassion, I shall never be able to get into the harbour of quiet.

Stocks. Well said, faith—the boy has got something by following plays, I see. [Aside.]

Chloe. Is this one of your proud lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the parson of our parish.

J. St. Ha! and are you then resolved not to pardon me! Oh! it is now too late; you may pronounce my pardon with your tongue, when you have executed me with your eyes.

AIR IX.

Chloe. Alas! my lord, you're too severe
Upon so slight a thing;
And, since I dare not speak for fear,
Oh give me leave to sing.
A rural maid you find in me,
That fate I've oft deplored;
Yet think not I can angry be
With such a noble lord.

J. St. Oh ravishing! exquisite! ecstasy! joy! transport! misery! flames! ice! How shall I thank this goodness that undoes me!

Chloe. Undoes you, my lord!

J. St. Oh, madam! there is a hidden poison in those eyes for which nature has no antidote.

Jenny. My lord has the same designs as the squire, I fear; he makes love too violent for it to be honourable. [Aside.]

Chloe. Alas, my lord! I am young and ignorant—though you shall find I have sense enough to make a good market. [Aside.]

J. St. Oh, madam! you wrong your own charms. Mr. Stocks, do you send this lady the diamond ring you have of mine to set. Shall I beg you would honour it with wearing! It is a trifle, not worth above 3000*l*.—You shall have it again the day after we are married, upon honour. [Aside to Stocks.]

Stocks. It shall be sent to your lordship's order in three days' time—which will he after you are married, if you are married at all. [Aside to him.]

Chloe. Indeed, my lord, I know not what to say.

J. St. Nor I neither, rat me! [Aside.] Say but you will be mine.

Chloe. You are too hasty, sir. Do you think I can give my consent at first sight!

J. St. Oh! it is the town way of wooing; people of fashion never see one another above twice before marriage.

Stocks. Which may be the reason why some of them scarce see one another above twice after they are married.

J. St. I would not presume to ask such a thing if I were not pressed by necessity. For, if I am not married in a day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promised already.

Chloe. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

I've often heard
Two things avert'd
By my dear grandmamma,
To be as sure
As light is pure,
As knavery in law.

AIR X.
The man who'll prove
Once false to love
Will still make truth his scoff;
And woman that
Has— you know what,
Will never leave it off.

Stocks. I see, madam, this is a very improper time for business, so I'll wait on your ladyship in the afternoon.

J. St. Let me beg leave, madam, to give you a little advice. I know something of this town. Have nothing to do with that fellow; he is one of the greatest rogues that ever was hanged.

Chloe. I thought, my lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employed him too.

J. St. Yes, madam, yes; the fellow has some 40 or 50,000*l.* of mine in his hands, which, if ever I get out, I give you my honour, if I can help it, I'll never see his face again. But as for your money, don't trouble yourself about it; leave the disposal of that to me; I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. My Chloe! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe. Sir, I know you not.

Love. Not know me! And is this the fellow for whom I am unknown? this powderpuff. Have you surrendered to him, in one week, what I have been ages in soliciting?

J. St. Hark ye, sir; whoever you are, I would not have you fight, because I am a beau and a lord, that I won't fight.

Love. A lord! Ob! there it is! the charms are in the title. What else can you see in this walking perfume-shop that can charm you? Is this the virtue, and the virtue, that you have been thundering in my ears? 'Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a woman should be proof against the arts of mankind, and fall a sacrifice to a monkey.

AIR XI. <i>Some confusion.</i>	Some confounded planet reigning	Rot me, madam, I wish my rival joy!
Must have moved you to these airs;	Or could your inclination sleep so low,	From my passion to a beam?
Wounds and wonder!	Can you under rate me so?	But since I, to each pretender,
My pretensions must surrender,	Farewell all your frowns and scorns;	

AIR XII.	Chloe. Dear sir, be not in such a passion,
	There's never a maid in the nation
	Who would not forego
	A dull squire for a beau;
Love is not your proper vocation.	
Love. Dear madam, be not in such a fury,	
For from St. James's to Drury,	
No widow you'll find,	
No wife of your mind.	

Chloe. Ah hideous! I cannot endure you.	Ah! see him, how neat!
Ah! smell him, how sweet!	Ah! hear but his honey words flow!
What maid in her senses,	But must fall into trances,
At the sight of an lovely a beau?	

J. St. Ha, ha, ha! we are very much obliged to you, madam—ha, ha! squire Noodle, faith, you make a very odd sort of a ridiculous figure, ha, ha!

Chloe. Not worth your lordship's notice.

Love. I would advise you, my lord, as you love the safety of that pretty person of yours, not to let me find it at my return; for, if I come within the smell of your pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your beauship—

J. St. Impudent scoundrel!

Chloe. I am frightened out of my wits, for I know he is very desperate.

J. St. Oh, madam! leave me to deal with him, I'll let a little light through his body.

Chloe. Ah! but, my lord! what will be the consequence of that?

J. St. Nothing at all, madam; I have killed half a dozen such dirty fellows, and no notice taken of it.

Chloe. For my sake, my lord, have a care of yourself.

AIR XIII.

Ah think, my lord! how I must grieve	Ah! who could see,
To see your lordship bang'd!	On Thorn-tree,
But greater still my fears, believe.	You swinging in the air?
Least I should see you hang'd.	A halt-round
	Your white neck bound,
	Instead of solitaire.

J. St. To prevent all danger, then, let us be married this instant. [a strange forward creature.]

Chloe. Oh fie! my lord; the world will say I am *J. St.* The world, madam, might be saucy enough to talk of you if you were married to a private gentleman; but as you will be a woman of quality, they won't be surprised at anything you do.

Chloe. People of quality have indeed privileges, they say, beyond other people; and I long to be one of them.

AIR XIV. *White Joke*

Oh, how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flanders lace and 'broillery clothes,
O how I'll flame it among the beaux!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night
Oh! how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it and dance it, coquette and play
With feasting, boasting,
Jesting, roasting,
Ranting rantum, ranting rantum.
Laughing at all the world can say. [Exeunt.]

Jenny. This is something like; there is some mettle in these London lords. Our poor country squires will always put us to the blush of consenting; these sparks know a woman's mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great comfort to a woman who has done what she should not do, that she did it without her own consent.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. Ha, how! Mrs. Jenny, where's your mistress?

Jenny. My mistress, sir, is with my master.

Love. Damnation! where? Show me this instant, and—

Jenny. And what? It is surprising to me how a man of Mr. Lovemore's sense should pursue a woman who uses him so ill, when, to my certain knowledge, there is a woman in the world has a much juster notion of his merit.

Love. Hark ye, Mrs. Minx; tell me where your mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little soul out.

Jenny. Oh, murder! murder! help! murder!

Enter Mrs. STOCKS.

Mrs. S. Heyday! what's the matter! Who is this committing murder in my house! Who are you, sir? What rascal, what thief, are you, sir, hey?

Love. This must be the bawd by the politeness of her language.—[Aside.] Dear madam, be not in such a passion; I am no bilking younger brother; and, though I am no lord, you may find me a good customer, and as good a paymaster as any laced fop in christendom.

Mrs. S. Sir, I keep no shop, nor want any of your custom. What has he done to you, child?

[To JENNY.]

Jenny. He has done nothing to me, indeed, madam.

only squeezed me by the arm, to tell him where my mistress was.

Mrs. S. And what have you to do with her mistress? Why faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her mistress without your good offices. Look-ye, mother; let me have the first of her, and here are 500*l.* at your service.

Mrs. S. What does the saucebox mean?

Love. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR XV.

When the candidate offers his purse,
What voter requires what he meant?
When a great man attempts to disburse,
What little man asks his intent?
Are you not then ashamed,
When my mistress I've named,
And my purse I've pull'd out,
Any longer to doubt
My meaning, good mother?

Mrs. S. Mother! O that ever I should live to see this day! I that have escaped the name of a whore in my youth to be called a bawd in my old age. Sirrah, sirrah, this mother that bore you was not an honest woman.

Enter JACK STOCKS and CHLOE.

J. St. What's the matter, Mrs. Stocks?

Mrs. S. Oh, madam! had you heard how I've been abused on your account. Here's a filthy fellow has offered me money to—

Chloe. What, dear madam?

Mrs. S. To procure your ladyship, dear madam—
J. St. Sir, I desire you would omit any farther solicitation to this lady, and on that condition I forgive the past. This lady is now my wife.

Love. How! Is this true, Chloe?

Chloe. Even as you've heard, sir. [for a wife.

J. St. Here's a fellow won't take a lord's word.

Love. Henceforth I will never take a woman's word for anything.

J. St. Then I wish you'd take yourself away, sir.

Love. Sir, I shall take the liberty of staying here, because I believe my company is disagreeable to you.

J. St. Very civil, faith! Come, my dear, let us leave this sullen gentleman to enjoy his spleen by himself.

Chloe. Oh, my dear lord! let's go to the hall to *J. St.* If your ladyship pleases. So, dear squire, adieu. [Exit *J. Stocks and Chloe.*

Love. I'll follow her still; for such a coxcomb of a husband will but give her a better relish for a gallant.

Jenny. And I'll follow you still; for such usage from one mistress will give you the better relish for another.

SCENE III.—*Guildhall.*—Commissioners, Clerks, Spectators, Mob, &c.

1 Mob. What, are they not drawing yet?

Stocks. No, but they'll begin presently.

AIR XVI. *South-sea ballad.*

The lottery just is beginning;
'Twill soon be too late to get an estate,
For Fortune, like dimes fond of sinning,
Does the tardy adventurer hate,
Then, if you've a mind to have her,
To-day with vigour pursue her,
Or else to-morrow
You'll find, to your sorrow,
She's granted another the favour
Which to-day she intended for you, sir.

1 Mob. Never tell me, Thomas; it is all a cheat. What do those people do behind the curtain? There's never any honesty behind the curtain.

2 Mob. Hearkee, neighbour; I fancy there is somebody in the wheels that gives out what tickets he pleases; for, if you mind, sometimes there are

twenty blanks drawn together, and than two or three prizes.

1 Mob. Nay, if there be twenty blanks drawn together, it must be a cheat; for you know the man where I hired my horses told me there was not quite ten blanks to a prize.

2 Mob. Pox take their horses! I am sure they have run away with all the money I have brought to town with me.

1 Mob. And yet it can't be all a cheat, neither; for you know Mrs. Sugarsops of our town got twenty pound.

2 Mob. Ay, you fool; but does not her brother *1 Mob.* But he has nothing to do with the lottery, has he? [he has to do with it!

2 Mob. Ah, laud help thee! Who can tell what

1 Mob. But here's Mrs. Sugarsops herself.

Enter MRS. SUGARSOPS.

Sug. How do you, neighbour Harrow!

2 Mob. Ah! Mrs. Sugarsops; you are a lucky woman.

Sug. I wish you would make your words good.

2 Mob. Why, have not you got twenty pounds in the lottery!

Sug. Ah Lud! that's all rid away, and twenty pounds more to it. Oh! 'tis all a cheat; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a horse to-day, and if I get nothing by that, I'll go down into the country to-morrow.

1 Mob. I intend to ride no longer, nor neighbour Graze here neither. He and I go halves in a ticket to-day. See here is the number. [self!

Sug. As I live, the very ticket I have hired my-

2 Mob. Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same number, perhaps, but it cannot be the same ticket, for we have the whole ticket for ourselves.

Sug. I tell you we are both cheated.

Irishman. Upon my shoul, it is very brave luck, indeed; the devil take me but this will be brave news to carry back to Ireland.

1 Mob. Ay, there's he that has got the five thousand pound which came up to-day.

2 Mob. I give you joy of the five thousand pound, *Irish.* Ah honey! fad! I have not got it as yet—but, upon my shoul, I was within a ticket of it, joy.

3 Mob. I hope your worship will take care that my horse be drawn to-day or to-morrow, because I shall go out of town next day.

Stocks. Never fear, friend.

Sug. You are a fine gentleman, to let me the same ticket you had let before to these men here. [take.

Stocks. Pahaw! madam, it's impossible, it's a mis-

Sug. Here is the number, sir; it is the same on both papers.

Stocks. Ha! why Mr. Trick has made a little blunder here indeed! However, madam, if it comes up a prize, you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha! I'd ye think my horses won't carry double, madam! This number is a sure card, for it was drawn a blank five days ago. [Aside.

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Oh, sir! your worship has let me a very lucky horse: it is come up twenty pound already. So, if your worship would let me have the money—

Stocks. Let me see; tickets are this day nineteen pound; and your prize is worth eighteen pound eighteen shillings; so if you give me two shillings, which are the difference, we shall be quit.

Coach. How, sir! how! [count right

Stocks. Upon my word, friend, I state the ac-

Coach. Oh, the devil! and have I given three pound for the chance of losing two shillings more!

Stocks. Alas, sir! I cannot help ill fortune. You

have had ill luck; it might have come up a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand.

Coch. Ten thousand!—ten thousand devils take you all! Oons! if I can but once get a stock-johher into my coach, if I don't break his neck!

AIR XVII. Buff-coat.

In all trades we've had
Some good and some bad,
But a stock-johher has no fellow;
To hell you would sailly.
Let him go to Change-alley,
There are fiends who will make his soul bellow.

The lawyer who's been
In the pillory seen,
While eyes his complexion made yellow;
Nay, the devil's to blame,
Or he'll own, to his shame,
That a stock-johher has no fellow.

Enter J. Stocks and CHLOE. Commissioners advance to open the wheels.

J. St. Well, my dear, this is one of the most unaccountable rambles, just after matrimony!—but you shall always find me the most complaisant of husbands.

Chloe. Oh! my lord, I must see all the curiosities; the Tower, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the court, and the opera.

J. St. Yes, yes, my dear, you shall see everything—but the devil take me if I accompany your ladyship! I think I will not talk to her of her fortune before to-morrow morning.

Chloe. I will not mention the ten thousand pound before it's come up: it will be the prettiest surprise.

J. St. So the lottery is going to begin drawing.

AIR XVIII. Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

1 *Procl.* Number one hundred thirty-two!

2 *Procl.* That number is a blank.

3 *Procl.* Number one hundred ninety-nine!

4 *Procl.* And that's another blank.

5 *Procl.* Number six thousand seventy-one

6 *Procl.* That number blank is found.

7 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!

8 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.

1 *Mob.* Oh! oh! are you come! I am glad to find there are some prizes here.

AIR XIX. Dutch shipper. Second part.

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two.

2 *Procl.* In twenty pound, is twenty pound.

3 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!

4 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.

You see 'tis all fair!

See nothing is there.

[Pointing to the boys, who hold up their hands.

The hammer goes down,

Hey Presto! be gone.

And up comes the twenty pound.

You see 'tis all fair, &c.

1 *Procl.* Forty-five thousand three hundred and

2 *Procl.* Blank. [ten.

3 *Procl.* Sixty-one thousand ninety-seven.

4 *Mob.* Stand clear! stand clear! that's my ticket.

5 *Procl.* Blank.

6 *Mob.* Oh Lud! Oh Lud! [Exit, crying.

7 *Procl.* Number four thousand nine hundred

sixty.

8 *Procl.* Blank. [CHLOE faints.

J. St. Help! help! [little drops.

Sup. Here, here are some hartshorn and sal-vol.

1 *Mob.* Poor lady! I suppose her ticket is come up blank.

2 *Mob.* May be her horse has thrown her, neighbour. [The lottery continues drawing in dumb show.

Enter LOVEMORE and JENNY.

J. St. What's the matter, my angel?

Chloe. Oh!—that last blank was my ticket.

J. St. Ha, ha! and could that give you any pain?

Chloe. Does it not you?

J. St. Not a moment's, my dear, indeed.

Chloe. And can you hear the disappointment, without upbraiding me?

J. St. Upbraiding you! Ha, ha, ha! With what?

Chloe. Why, did you not marry me for my fortune?

J. St. No, no, my dear—I married you for your person; I was in love with that only, my angel.

Chloe. Then the loss of my fortune shall give me no longer uneasiness.

[What!

J. St. Loss of your fortune? Ha! How! What!

Chloe. O, my dear! I had no fortune, but what?

J. St. Ha! [I promised myself from the lottery.

Chloe. So, the devil take all lotteries, dreams, and conjurers.

J. St. The devil take them, indeed! And am I married to a lottery-ticket—to an imaginary ten thousand pound? Death! hell! and furies! blood, blunders! blinks!

Chloe. Is this your love for me, my lord?

J. St. Love for you! Dem you, fool, idiot!

Jenny. This it is to marry a lord—he can't be civil to his wife the first day.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. Madam, the subscriptions are ready, and if my lord—

J. St. Brother, this is a trick of yours to ruin

Stocks. Heyday! what's the matter now?

J. St. Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

Love. The ten thousand pound is come up a blank, that's all.

Stocks. A blank!

J. St. Ay, a blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, madam, you are hit as well as I am; for I am no more a lord than you are a fortune.

Chloe. Now I'm undone, indeed.

AIR XX. Virgins beware.

Love. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true lover,

Whom, though your cruelty seem'd to disdain,

Now your doubts and fears may discover,

One kind look 'a reward for his pain.

Thus to fold thee,

How blest is life!

Love shall hold thee

Dearest than wife.

What joys in chains of doll marriage can be?

Love's only happy when liking is free.

As you seem, sir, to have no unbearing fondness for your wife, I'll take her off your hands. As you have missed a fortune with her, what say you to a fortune without her?—Resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand pounds this instant.

J. St. Ha! pox! I suppose they are a thousand pounds you are to get in the lottery.

Love. Sir, you shall receive 'em this moment.

J. St. Shall I? Then, sir, to show you I'll be beforehand with you, here she is—take her; and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole thousand at the first sitting!

Chloe. And can you part with me so easily?

J. St. Part with you! If I was married to the whole sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the money.

Love. Come, my dear Chloe; had you been married, as you imagined, you should have lost nothing by the change.

Chloe. A lord! laugh! I begin to despise the name now, as heartily as I liked it before.

[Commissioners, &c., close the wheels, and come forward.]

AIR XXI.

Since you whom I loved

So cruel have proved,

And you whom I slighted as true,

From my delicate fine powder'd spouse

I retract all my thrown-away vows,

And give them with pleasure to you.

3 N

Hence all women learn,
When your husbands grow stern,
And leave you in conjugal want,
Ne'er whimper and weep out your eyes,
While what the dull husband denies
Is better supplied by gallant.

Sticks. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me; for, if I intended you any harm, my tickets fall, and all the horses I have let to-day be drawn blanks to-morrow!

J. St. Brother, I believe you; for, as I do not apprehend you could have got a shilling by being a rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Loee. Come, my dear Chloe, don't let your luck grieve you—you are not the only person who has been deceived in a lottery.

ACT XXII

That the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?

When born, we're put in—when dead, we're drawn out;
And though tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.

Sing tantararara, fools all, fools all.

Sticks. The court has itself a bad lottery's face,

Where ten draw a blank are one draws a prize;
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks?
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.

Sing tantararara, keep out, keep out.

Loee. 'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found;

But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.

How scarce is a prize! If with women you deal,

Take care how you marry—for, oh! in that wheel,

Sing tantararara, blanks all, blanks all.

Sticks. That the stage is a lottery by all 'tis agreed;

Where ten plays are damn'd ere one can succeed.

The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,

We all are undone, unless kindly you

Sing tantararara, snap all, snap all.

PROLOGUE.—SPOKEN BY MISS BAYTON.

Lad! I'm almost ashamed to show my face!

Was ever woman like my lady Lacey?

Maiden have been often wives, and widows soon;

But I'm maid, wife, and widow, all in one.

Who'd trust to Fortune, if she plays such tricks?

Ten thousand—and a lord!—and loath prove blanks?

A piteous case!—and, what is still more making,

To lose so fine a lord before I had him.

Had all been well till honey-moon was over,

It had been then no wonder to discover,

I a new mistress—he a rival lover.

To wake so soon from such delicious dreams,

Such pure, polite, extravagant fine schemes

Of plays, and operas, and masquerades.

Of equipage, quadrille, and powder'd blades,

And all blown up at once—oh! horrid sentence!

Forced to take up at last with—fough!—an old acquintance.

But hold—when my misfortunes I recall,

Agod! 'tis well I've any more at all.

Yet, since discarded once at such short warning,

Thus too may turn me off to-morrow morning.

If that should happen, I were finely stirr'd.

What should I then do? What! why get a third.

Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,

To-morrow night, gallants, you'll find me here.

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

A COMEDY, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1731.

Hæc ego non erebam Venerink digna Lucernâ?

Hæc ego non agitem?

Cum leno accipiat machi bona, et capiendi

Jas nullum uxori, doctas spectare lacunas,

Doctus et ad calicem vigiliant stertere nasos.

JUV. SAT. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,
Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

SIR,—While the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of so great a part of mankind, depend on your counsels, it may be thought an offence against the public good to divert, by trifles of this nature, any of those moments which are so sacred to the welfare of our country.

But, however ridiculed or exploded the Muses may be, in so age when their greatest favourers are liable to the censure and correction of every boy or idiot who shall have it in his power to satisfy the wantonness of an evil heart at the expense of the reputation and interest of the best poet, yet has this science been esteemed, honoured, protected, and often professed by the greatest persons of antiquity. Nations and the Muses have generally enjoyed the same protectors.

The reason of this is obvious: as the best poets have owed their rewards to the greatest heroes and statesmen of their times, so those heroes have owed to the poet that posthumous reputation which is generally the only reward that attends the greatest actions. By them the great and good blaze out to posterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once pursued them.

Protect, therefore, sir, an art from which you may promise yourself such suitable advantages when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have surmounted, shall be forgotten—when envy shall cease to misrepresent your actions, and ignorance to misapprehend them. The Muses shall remember their protector, and the wise statesman, the generous patron, the steadfast friend, and the true patriot; but, above all, that ham only and sweetness of temper which shine through all your actions, shall render the name of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

That success may attend all your counsels—that you may continue to preserve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home—is the sincere wish of, sir, your most obliged, most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE.—SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

In early youth our author first began

To combat with the follies of the town;

Her wret of art his unsifted muse bewail'd.

And, where his fancy pleased, his judgment fail'd.

Hence your own tasks he strove to exorcise

With unshaped monsters of a wand'ring brain.

He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then—kill'd a ghost!

To rules or reason scorn'd the dull pretence,

And fought, your champion, against the cause of sense!

At length, repenting fruitless fights of youth,

Que more he flies to nature and to truth:

In virtue's just defence aspires to fame,

And courts applause without the applauders' shame!

Impartial let your praise or censure flow,

For, as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.

His muse in schools too unpolite was bred

To apprehend such critic—that can read:

For, sure no man's capacity's less ample

Because he's bred at Oxford or the Temple!

He shows but little judgment or discerning

Who thinks taste banish'd from the seats of learning.

Nor is less false or scandalous the asperion

That such will ever damn their own diversion.

But poets damn'd, like thieves convicted, act—

Rail at their jury, and defy the fact!

To-night (yet strange to the scene) you'll view

A pair of monsters most entirely new!

Two characters scarce ever found in life—

A willing cuckold sells his willing wife!

But, from whatever clime the creatures come,

C-u-s-i-d-a-m 'em not—because not found at home.

If then true nature in his scenes you trace,

Not scorn that comedy in farce debate;

If modern vice detectable be shown,

And, vicious as it is, he draws the town—

Though so loud laugh applaud the serious page,

Restore the sinking honour of the stage—

The stage, which was not for low farce design'd,

But to divert, instruct, and mend mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Lord Richly, Mr. CROOK; Mr. Bel-
leward, Mr. WILKS; Captain Belward, Mr. CROOK, jun.;
Mr. Gayret, Mr. MILLS, jun.; Mr. Morda, Mr. BARN-
WATER; Lord Lucy, Colonel Courtly, Mr. WOOD; Captain Merv,
Captain Buzen—persons who attend Lord Richly's levee—
Mr. BOWAN, Mr. HALLAM, jun., Mr. HARTER, Mr. PACEY,
Mr. WATSON; John, servant to Morda, Mr. BERRY; Porter to
Lord Richly, Mr. MUMFORD; Lady Charlotte Gayret, Mrs.
CROOK; Mrs. Belward, Mrs. HARTON; Mrs. Morda, Mrs.
HARRIS; Edwin, Mrs. BUTLER; Lately, Mrs. CLARK—
SCENE, LONDON.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Mrs. Modern's house.*—*Mrs. Modern at her toilet; Lately attending.*

Mrs. M. Lud! this creature is longer in sticking a pin than some people are in dressing a head. Will you never have done fumbling!

Late. There, ma'am, your ladyship is dressed.

Mrs. M. Dressed! ay, most frightfully dressed, I am sure. If it were not too late, I would begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me. When was Tricky here!

Late. Yesterday, ma'am, with her bill.

Mrs. M. How! her bill already! [bring it.

Late. She says, ma'am, your ladyship hid her *Mrs. M.* Ay, to be sure, she'll not fail to remember that.

Late. She says too, ma'am, that she's in great distress for her money. [any one who is not.

Mrs. M. Oh, no doubt of that; I do not know

Late. What shall I do, ma'am, when she comes again! [again, I think.

Mrs. M. You must—you must send her away

Late. Yes, ma'am, but—

Mrs. M. But—but what! Don't trouble me with your impertinence: I have other things to think on—bills! bills! I wonder in a civilised nation there are no laws against duns. [Knocking at the door.] Come in.

SCENE II.—*To them, Footman.*

Foot. My Lady Everplay, madam, gives her humble service to you, and desires your ladyship's company to-morrow se'night, to make a party at quadrille with my Lady Losenil and Mrs. Bane-spouse. [see whether I am engaged.

Mrs. M. Lately, bring the quadrille-book hither;

Late. Here it is, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Run over the engagements.

Late. Monday, February 6, at Mrs. Squabble's; Tuesday, at Mrs. Witless's; Wednesday, at lady Matadore's; Thursday, at Mrs. Fiddlefiddle's; Friday, at Mrs. Ruin's; Saturday, at lady Trifle's; Sunday, at lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

Mrs. M. What is the wench doing! See for how long I am engaged. At this rate you will not have done this hour. [till Thursday three weeks.

Late. Ma'am, your ladyship is engaged every night

Mrs. M. My service to lady Everplay; I have parties every night till Thursday three weeks, and then I shall be very glad if she will get two more at my house; and, Tom, take the roll of visits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs. Worth's.

SCENE III.—*Mrs. Modern, Lately.*

Mrs. M. I intend to leave off her acquaintance, for I never see any people of fashion at her house, which, indeed, I do not wonder at, for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her husband. And truly, I think, she is not fit company for any other. Did you ever see any one dress like her, Lately!

Late. Oh, frightful! I have wondered how your ladyship could endure her so long.

Mrs. M. Why she plays at quadrille worse than she dresses, and one would endure a great deal in a person who loses her money.

Late. Nay, now I wonder that your ladyship has left her off at all.

Mrs. M. Truly, because she has left off play; and now she rails at cards for the same reason as some women do at gallantry—from ill success. Poor creatures! how ignorant they are that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have lost their money or a lover!

Late. They may rail as long as they please, ma'am—they will never be able to expel those two pleasures out of the world.

Mrs. M. Ah, Lately! I hope I shall be expelled out of the world first. Those quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the best brilliants. There is more conjunction in these dear circles—[shows a ring]—these spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds. Hark, I hear my husband coming; go you down stairs. [Exit Lately.] Husband did I say! Sure the wretch who sells his wife deserves another name. But I must be civil to him while I despise him.

SCENE IV.—*Modern, Mrs. Modern.*

Mrs. M. My dear, good morrow.

Mod. I hope you slept well last night, madam; that is, I hope you had good success at cards.

Mrs. M. Very indifferent. I had won a considerable sum, if it had not been for a cursed Sans-pren-dre-vole that swept the whole table. That lady Weldon has such luck, if I were superstitious I should forswear playing with her; for I never played with her but I cheated, nor ever played with her but I lost.

Mod. Then, without being very superstitious, I think you may suspect that she cheats too.

Mrs. M. Did I not know the other company; for the very worst of quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The division of a booty gives one more pain than the winning it can pleasure. I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs. Sharping, but where to get the money I know not, unless you have it, child.

Mod. I have it! I wanted to borrow some of you; unless you can raise me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I shall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning.

Mrs. M. If the whole happiness of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

Mod. You do not manage lord Richly right. Men will give anything to a woman they are fond of.

Mrs. M. But not to a woman whom they were fond of. The decay of lord Richly's passion is too apparent for you not to have observed it. He visits me seldom; and I am afraid, should I ask a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

Mod. Then I see no reason for your acquaintance—he dances no longer at my house if he will not pay the music. But hold, I have a thought come into my head may oblige him to it, and make better music for us than you imagine.

Mrs. M. What is it!

Mod. Suppose I procured witnesses of his familiarity with you, I should recover swingeing damages.

Mrs. M. But then my reputation—

Mod. Pooh! you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich, for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next: so that, get a great deal and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both. Besides, in this case, all the scandal falls on the husband.

Mrs. M. Oh no! I shall be no more visited, Farewell, dear quadrille, dear, dear, Sans-pren-dre-vole, and matadores.

Mod. You will be forced to quit these pleasures otherwise; for your companions in 'em will quit you the very moment they apprehend our sinking fortune. You will find that wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company than virtue to introduce poverty.

Mrs. M. You will never persuade me: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

Mod. Very strange! that a woman who made so little scruple of sacrificing the substance of her virtue should make so much of parting with the shadow of it.

Mrs. M. 'Tis the shadow only that is valuable. Reputation is the soul of virtue.

Mod. So far, indeed, that it survives long after the body is dead—though to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a sound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thousand guineas than in ten thousand praises? But what need more arguments? As I have been contented to wear horns for your pleasure, it is but reasonable you should let me show them for my profit.

Mrs. M. If my pleasures, Mr. Modern, had been your only inducement, you would have acted another part. How have you maintained your figure in the world since your losses in the South Sea and others? And do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourself have licensed—have lived by?

Mod. Had I followed my own inclinations I had retired; and, instead of supporting these extravagances by such methods, had reduced my pleasures to my fortune. 'Twas you, madam, who, by your unbridled pride and vanity, ran me into debt; and then I gave up your person to secure my own.

Mrs. M. Ha! have I secured thy worthless person at the expense of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy shame I have purchased pleasures. Why, why do I say thy shame? The mean, the groveling animal, whom any fear could force to render up the honour of his wife, must be above the fear of shame. Did I not come unblemished to thee? Was not my life unspotted as my fame till at thy base intrigues I gave up my innocence? Oh! that I had sooner seen thee starve in prison, which yet I will, ere thou shalt reap the fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publish thy dishonour to the world.

Mod. Nay, hut, my dear—

Mrs. M. Despicable monster!

Mod. But, child, hearken to reason.

Mrs. M. Never, never.

Mod. I own myself in the wrong. I ask ten thousand pardons. I will submit to any punishment.

Mrs. M. To upbraid me with—

Mod. My dear, I am in the wrong, I say; I never will be guilty of the like again. [to myself.]

Mrs. M. Leave me awhile, perhaps I may come

Mod. My dear, I am obedient. Sure, the grand seigneur has no slave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.—*Mrs. MODERN, alone.*

Mrs. M. What shall I do? Money must be raised—how? Is there on earth a person that would lend me twenty guineas? I have lost Gaywit's heart too long to expect anything there; nor would my love ever suffer me to ask him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it; he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however. What wretched shifts are they obliged to make use of who would support the appearance of a fortune which they have not.

SCENE VI.—*The street before L. RICHLY'S door.*

Merit. That is the door I must attack; and I have attacked a city with less reluctance. There is more hardihood in one hour's base solicitation at a levee than in a whole campaign.

SCENE VII.—*CAPTAIN MERIT, PORTER.*

Merit. Does my lord Richly see company this morning?

Port. Sir, I cannot tell yet whether he does or no.

Merit. Nay, I have seen several gentlemen go in. *Port.* I know not whom you may see go in. I suppose they have business with his lordship. I hope you will give my lord leave to be at home to whom he pleases.

Merit. If business be a passport to his lordship, I have business with him of consequence.

Port. Sir, I shall tell him of it.

Merit. Sir, I shall be obliged to you to tell him now. [knew you.]

Port. I cannot carry any message now, unless I

Merit. Why, don't you know me—that my name is Merit?

Port. Sir, here are so many gentlemen come every day, that, unless I have often new tokens to remember 'em, by it is impossible. Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy.—[L. LAZY crosses in a chair.]

SCENE VIII.—*CAPTAIN MERIT, CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE, from the house.*

Brave. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have sent you hither, whom I know to shun the houses of the great as much as virtue does?

Merit. Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you see me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach against an armed file of the enemy, and yet a single porter has denied me entrance at that door. You, I see, have speeded better.

Brave. Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war.—Hark'ye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houses in town.

Merit. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we must do the same to the servants of power?

Brave. Sir, the servants of a great man are all great men. Would you get within their doors you must bow to the porter and fee him too. Then, to go farther, you must pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and, after you have howled for about half an hour to his whole family, at last you may get a bow from himself.

Merit. Damnation! I'd sooner be a galley-slave. Shall I, who have spent my youth and health in my country's service, be forced, by such mean vassalage, to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while every painted hutterfly wanders in the sunshine? [COL. COURTY crosses.] 'Sdeath, there's a fellow now: that fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, she turned bawd; and his sister turned whore: you see the consequence. How happy is that country where pimping and whoring are esteemed public services, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the same road!

Brave. But, leaving off railing, what is your business with his lordship?

Merit. There is a company vacant in Colwood Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordship's interest, I hope to gain. [his lordship's interest?]

Brave. But pray, by what do you hope to gain?

Merit. You know, Bravemore, I am little inclined to boasting; but I think my services may speak something for me.

Brave. Faith, I'm afraid you will find them dumb; or, if they do speak, it will be a language not understood by the great. Suppose you apply to his nephew, Mr. Gaywit; his interest with my lord may be of service to you.

Merit. I have often seen him at Mr. Bellamant's, and believe he would do anything to serve me.

Brave. But the levee is begun by this. If you please, I'll introduce you to 't.

Merit. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan ooe great rogue!

SCENE IX.—LORD RICHLY at his house.

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! agreeable! Courty, thou art the greatest droll upon earth; you'll dine with me! Lord Laxy, will you make me happy too?

Laxy. I'll make myself so, my lord.

Rich. Mr. Woodall, your servant; how long have you been in town?

Wood. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps; too much time to lose at this season, when a man should be driving the foxes out of his country.

Court. I hope you have brought your family to town; a parliament-man should always bring his wife with him, that, if he does not serve the public, she may.

Rich. Now, I think familiarity with the wife of a senator should be made a branch of privilege.

Court. Your lordship is in the right; the person of his wife should be made as sacred as his own.

Wood. Ay, the women would thank us damnably for such a vote; and the colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

Court. Not I; for the women then would be as backward to be our wives as the tradesmen are now to be our creditors.

Wood. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their small fortunes in extravagance, and their slender stock of love on their wenches. I remember the time, when I was a young fellow, that men used to dress like men; but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet conceits, who plaster up their brains upon their periwigs.

Rich. I protest thou art an errant wit, Woodall.

Court. Oh, he's one of the greatest wits of his county.

Wood. I have one of the greatest estates of my county; and, by what I can see, that entitles a man to wit here as well as there.

Merit. Methinks this rough spark is very free with his lordship. [To BRAVEMORE.]

Brave. You must know this is a sort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of these sort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your business.

Rich. I shall see him this morning; you may depend on my speaking about it. [To a gentleman.] Captain Bravemore, I am glad to see you.

Brave. My lord, here is a gentleman of distinguished services; for your lordship would recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

Rich. Sir, I shall certainly do it.

Merit. There being a company vacant, my lord; my name is Merit.

Rich. Mr. Merit, I shall be extremely glad to serve you; sir John, your most obedient humble servant; Laxy, what were you saying about Mr. Bellamant?

Laxy. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our house yesterday.

Rich. I am sorry I was not there. It went against him, I think. [deeply.]

Laxy. Yes, my lord, and I am afraid it affects him.

Court. Undone, sir, quite undone. [woman!]

Rich. Upon my soul, Mrs. Bellamant's a fine

Wood. Then I suppose, if her husband's a undone, you'll have her among you.

Rich. Woodall, thou'rt a liquourish dog. Thou would'st have the first map.

Wood. Not I; none of your town ladies for me; I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again. [again.]

Laxy. Women! Fox on him! he means foxes

Court. He knows no difference.

Wood. Nor you either. But hark'ee; I fancy it is safer riding after the one than the other.

Court. Thy ideas are as gross as thy person.

Rich. Hang him, sly rogue! you never knew a fox-hunter that did not love a wench.

Wood. No, nor a wench of any sense that did not love a fox-hunter.

Rich. Modern, your servant.

Mod. I would presume only to remind your lordship—

Rich. Depend upon it I will remember you; I hope your lady is well.

Mod. Entirely at your service, my lord.

Rich. I have a particular affair to communicate to her; a secret that I cannot send by you; you know all secrets are not proper to trust a husband with.

Mod. You do her too much honour, my lord; I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

Rich. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper or in thy wife.

Mod. Um, my lord! as for my wife, I believe she is as good as most wives; I believe she is a virtuous woman; that, I think, I may affirm of her.

Rich. That thou may'st, I dare swear; and that I as firmly believe as thou dost thyself; and, let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age. But prithee, hast thou heard anything of Mr. Bellamant's affairs?

Mod. No more than that he has lost his cause, which he seemed to expect the other night when he was at my house.

Rich. Then you are intimate?

Mod. He visits my wife pretty often, my lord.

Rich. Modern, you know I am your friend, and, now we are alone, let me advise you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant—he is prudent enough in his amours to pass upon the world for a constant husband, but I know him—I know him—he is a dangerous man.

Mod. My lord, you surprise me so that—

Rich. I know you will excuse this freedom my friendship takes; but beware of Bellamant as you love your honour.

Serv. My lord, the coach is at the door.

Rich. My dear Modern, I see the great surprise you are in, but you'll excuse my freedom.

Mod. I am eternally obliged to your lordship—

Rich. Your humble servant.

Mod. I hope your lordship will pardon my freedom, if after all these obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

Rich. Depend upon it I'll take care of you. What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levee draw together! All gaping for favours without the least capacity of making a return for them.

But great men justly act by wiser rules;

A levee is the paradise of fools.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—MRS. BELLAMANT'S HOUSE.
—MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. B. Bid John put up the coach. [To a servant] What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble given you a surfeit of the town? After all the nonsense and ill-nature we have heard to-day, would it grieve one to part with the place one is sure to hear 'em over again in?

Emil. I am far from thinking any of its pleasures worth too eager a wish, and the woman who has with her in the country the man she loves must be a very ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

Mrs. B. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are such ridiculous creatures.

Emil. I rather imagine they retire with the man

they should love, than him they do; for a heart that is passionately fond of the pleasures here has rarely room for any other fondness. The town itself is the passion of the greater part of our sex, but such I can never allow a just notion of love to. A woman that sincerely loves can know no happiness without, nor misery with, her beloved object.

Mrs. B. You talk feelingly, I protest; I wish you don't leave your heart behind you. Come, confess; I hope I have deserved rather to be esteemed your confidant than your mother-in-law.

Emil. Would it be a crime if it were so? But, if love be a crime, I am sure you cannot upbraid me with it.

Mrs. B. Though, if it be a crime, I am sure you are guilty. Well, I approve your choice, child.

Emil. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I suppose.

Mrs. B. As sure as in your heart, my dear.

Emil. Nay, but, dear madam, tell me whom you guess.

Mrs. B. Hush, here's Mr. Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

Bella. So soon returned, my dear! Sure you found nobody at home!

Mrs. B. Oh, my dear! I have been in such an assembly of company, and so pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature. Welcome, welcome, the country! for sure the world is so very bad, those places are best where one has the least of it.

Bella. What's the matter?

Mrs. B. In short, I have been downright affronted.

Bella. Who durst affront you?

Mrs. B. A set of women that do everything but what they should do. In the first place, I was complimented with pride, for not being at the last masquerade; with dulness, for not entering into the taste of the town in some of its diversions. Then had my whole dress run over and disliked; and to finish all, Mrs. Termagant told me I looked frightful.

Bella. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

Mrs. B. You are certainly the most complaisant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home to be put in a good humour. Most husbands are like a plain-dealing looking-glass, which sullies all the compliments we have received abroad by assuring us we do not deserve 'em.

[*During this speech, a servant delivers a letter to BELLAMANT, which he reads.*]

Emil. I believe though, madam, that generally happens when they are not deserved; for a woman of true beauty can never feel any dissatisfaction from the justice of her glass, nor she who has your worth, from the sincerity of her husband.

Mrs. B. Your father seems discomposed. I wish there be no ill news in his letter.

Bella. My dear, I have a favour to ask of you.

Mrs. B. Say to command me.

Bella. I gave you a bank-note of a hundred yesterday—you must let me have it again.

Mrs. B. I am the luckiest creature in the world, that I did not pay away some of it this morning. Emilia, child, come with me. [*Exit with EMILIA.*]

Bella. Excellent! unhappy woman! How little doth she guess she fetches this money for a rival! That is all the little merit I can boast towards her. To have contended, by the utmost civility and compliance with all her desires, and the utmost caution in the management of my amour, to disguise from her a secret that must have made her miserable. Let me read once more.

"Sir, If you have, or ever had, any value for me, send me a hundred pounds this morning, or, to make 'em more wet come than the last of necessities can, bring them yourself to—yours, more than her own."

"HILLARIA MODERN."

Why, what a farce is human life! How ridiculous is the pursuit of our desires, when the enjoyment of them is sure to beget new ones!

SCENE II.—BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Capt. B. Good morning, sir.

Bella. I suppose, sir, by the gaiety of your dress and your countenance, I may wish you joy of something besides your father's misfortunes.

Capt. B. Would you have me go into mourning for your losses, sir?

Bella. You may mourn, sir; I am now unable to support your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands, have had no effect upon you, but necessity must; and your extravagance must fall of course, when it has nothing to support it.

Capt. B. I am surprised you should call the expenses of a gentleman extravagance.

Bella. I am sorry you think the expenses of a fool or of the expenses of a gentleman; and that race-horses, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are necessary ingredients in that amiable composition.

Capt. B. Faith, and they are so with most gentlemen of my acquaintance; and, give me leave to tell you, sir, these are the qualifications which recommend a man to the best sort of people. Suppose I had staid at the university, and followed Greek and Latin, as you advised me—what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I received at an assembly or the opera?

Bella. And will you please to tell me, sir, what advantage you have received from these? Are you the wiser or the richer? What are you? Why, in your opinion, better dressed. Where else had been that smart toupet, that elegant sword-knot, that coat covered with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heaven should make me father to such a dressed-up daw! A creature who draws all his vanity from the gifts of tailors and periwig-makers!

Capt. B. Would you not have your son dressed, sir?

Bella. Yes; and, if he can afford it, let him be sometimes fine; but let him dress like a man—not affect the woman in his habit or his gesture.

Capt. B. If a man will keep good company, he must comply with the fashion.

Bella. I would no more comply with a ridiculous fashion than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a man look like a monkey than that which makes him act like any other beast.

Capt. B. Lord, sir! you are grown strangely unpolite.

Bella. I shall not give myself any further trouble with you: but, since all my endeavours have proved ineffectual, leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I must desire you to send me no more bills: I assure you I shall not answer them—you must live on your commission. This last misfortune has made it impossible that I should add one farthing to your income.

Capt. B. I have an affair in my view which may add to it. Sir, I wish you good-morrow. When a father and son must not talk of money-matters, I cannot see what they have to do together.

SCENE III.—BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. B. Here is the bill, my dear.

Bella. You shall be repaid in a day or two.

Mrs. B. I saw your son part hastily from you as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him

Bella. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

Mrs. B. I hope you will pardon an intercession, my dear, for a son-in-law, which I should not be guilty of for a son of my own.

SCENE IV.—GAYWIT, BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Gay. Bellamant, good-morrow—ladies, your humble servant.

Bella. Servant, Mr. Gaywit. I thought your time had been so employed that you had forgot your friends.

Gay. I ought to excuse so long an absence, hut, as Bellamant knows that it must give myself the greatest pain, he will impute it to business.

Bella. Did I not also know that two days of thy life were never given to business yet.

Gay. Not what the grave world call so, I confess; but of what the gay world allow that name to, no hands were ever fuller.

Bella. You have been making love to some new mistress, I suppose.

Gay. Fie, it is only husbands make a business of love—to us 'tis but an amusement.

Mrs. B. Very fine! and to my face too!

Gay. Mr. Bellamant, madam, is so known an exception to the general mode of husbands, that what is thrown on them cannot affect one of so celebrated a constancy.

Mrs. B. That's a virtue he may be celebrated for, without much envy.

Gay. He will be envied by all men for the cause of our husband or our behaviour to them. No woman who married a man of perfect sense was ever unhappy but from her own folly.

[Knock here.]

Gay. *[looking out of the window.]* Ha! a very worthy uncle of mine, my lord Richly.

Bella. You'll excuse me if I am not at home.

Gay. Fie! to deny yourself to him would be unpardonable.

Bella. I assure you no—for I have often done it.

Gay. Then I believe you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late; I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. B. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been surfeited with it already.

SCENE V.—LORD RICHLI, GAYWIT, BELLAMANT.

Rich. Dear Bellamant, I am your most obedient servant. I am come to ask you ten thousand pardons that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cause came on. It might have been in my power to have served you beyond my single vote.

Bella. I am obliged to your lordship; hut, as I have great reason to be satisfied with the justice of your honourable house, I am contented.

Rich. I hope the loss was not considerable.

Bella. I thought your lordship had heard.

Rich. I think I was told twenty thousand pound; but that's a trifle. A small retrenchment in one's expenses—two or three dozen suits the less, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will soon reimburse you.

Bella. My loss is not equal to what your lordship intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune still large enough to retire into the country with.

Rich. Nay, dear Bellamant, we must not lose you so. Have you no friend that could favour you with

some comfortable snug employment of a thousand or fifteen hundred per annum?

Gay. Your lordship is the properest person in the world.

Rich. Who, I? I am sure no mortal would do half so much to serve dear Jack Bellamant as myself—but I have no interest in the least.

Bella. I am obliged to the good offices of my friend, but I assure your lordship I have no intention that way. Beside, I have lived long enough in the world to see that necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them as to those who really deserve them.

Rich. I can't help saying those things are not easily obtained—I heartily wish I could serve you in anything. It gives me a great deal of uneasiness that my power is not equal to my desire. Damn it! I must turn this discourse, or he'll never have done with it. Oh, Bellamant, have you heard of the new opera of Mr. Crambo?

Gay. What's the name of it?

Rich. It will be called the "Humours of Bedlam." I have read it, and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it from the first page to the last.

Gay. It must certainly take.

Rich. Sir, it shall take if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

Gay. I think, my lord, we have improved on the Italians. They wanted only sense—we have neither sense nor music.

Rich. I hate all music hut a jig.

Gay. I don't think it would be an ill project, my lord, to turn the best of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

Rich. And, instead of a company of players, I would have a company of tumblers and ballad-singers.

Bella. Why, faith, I believe it will come to that soon, unless some sturdy critic should oppose it.

Rich. No critic shall oppose it. It would be very fine, truly, if men of quality were confined in their taste; we should be rarely diverted if a set of pedants were to license all our diversions; the stage then would be as dull as a country pulpit.

Gay. And the boxes in Drury-lane as empty as the galleries in St. James's.

Bella. Like enough; for religion and common sense are in a fair way to be banished out of the world together.

Rich. Let them go, egad.

Bella. This is, I believe, the only age that has scorned a pretence to religion.

[Hypocrisy.]

Rich. Then it is the only age that hath scorned

Bella. Rather, that hypocrisy is the only hypocrisy it wants. You shall have a known rascal set up for honour—a fool for wit—and your possessed dear bosom-fawning friend, who, though he wallow in wealth, would refuse you ten guineas to preserve you from ruin, shall lose a hundred times that sum at cards to ruin your wife.

Rich. There, dear Jack Bellamant is the happiest man in the world by possessing a wife whom a thousand times that sum would have no effect on.

Bella. I look upon myself equally happy, my lord, in having no such friend as would tempt her.

Rich. That thou hast not I dare swear; but I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I must engage her in my author's cause, for I know her judgment has a great sway.

Bella. As our stay will be so short in town, she

can do you no service; besides, I have heard her detest partiality in those affairs—you would never persuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

Rich. Detest partiality! ha, ha, ha! I have heard lady declare for doing justice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute, though I knew she had neither seen nor read it. Those things are entirely guided by favour.

Gay. Nay, I see no reason to fix the scandal on the ladies: bias and prejudice have the same dominion over us. Ask a man's character of one of his party, and you shall hear he is one of the worthiest, honestest fellows in Christendom; ask it of one of the opposite party, and you shall find him as worthless good-for-nothing a dog as ever was hanged.

Bella. So that a man must labour very hard to get a general good reputation or a general bad one.

Rich. Well, since you allow so much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs. Bellamant.

Bella. With all my heart, my lord.

Gay. Thou art a well-bred husband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

Bella. I should have been a very ill-bred one to have denied it. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Rich. If I had said more he had granted it rather than have lost my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. *[Aside.]*

Bella. Wait on my lord Richly to your mistress's apartment—I am your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.—GAYWIT, BELLAMANT.

Gay. I find you are resolved to make your wife share your misfortunes. It would have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

Bella. I wanted to be alone with you—besides, women have a liberty of sending away an impertinent visitant, which we have not.

Gay. Ay, and a way of entertaining visitants too which we have not; and he is a visitant not easily sent away I assure you. I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

Bella. You talk as if you suspected his making love to my wife.

Gay. He does so to every woman he sees; neither the strictest friendship professed to her husband, nor the best reputation on her own side, can preserve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arrived at a happy way of regarding all the rest of mankind as his tenants, and thinks, because he possesses more than they, he is entitled to whatever they possess.

Bella. Insolent vanity! I wonder the spirit of mankind has not long since crushed the tyranny of such lordly wolves; yet, believe me, Gaywit, these generally goes a great deal of affection to compose this voluptuous man. He oftener injures women in their fame than in their persons. This affection of variety discovers a sickly appetite; and many mistresses, like many dishes, are often sent away untasted. *[a lady's fame.]*

Gay. A very innocent affection, truly, to destroy *Bella.* Why, ay, for we are come to an age wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the husband is content with his infamy, the wife escapes hers.

Gay. And I am mistaken if many husbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy; nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our ancestors,—a modern huddle, which seems to be in a rising condition at present.

Bella. It is a stock-jobbing age, everything has its price; marriage is traffic throughout; as most of us

bargain to be husbands, so some of us bargain to be cuckolds; and he would be as much laughed at who preferred his love to his interest at this end of the town, as he who preferred his honesty to his interest at the other.

Gay. You, Bellamant, have had holdness enough, in contradiction to this general opinion, to choose a woman for her sense and virtues. I wish it were in my power to follow your example—but—

Bella. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

Gay. No, my good forefathers have chosen a wife for me. I am obliged by the settlement of lord Richly's estate to marry lady Charlotte.

Bella. How! *[Bella.]* I assure you.

Gay. The estate will descend to me so encumbered. *Bella.* I thought it had not been in lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

Gay. Not if I marry lady Charlotte.

Bella. I think you are happy in being engaged to no more disagreeable woman.

Gay. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but, were she everything a lover could wish, or even imagine, there is a woman, my friend—*[you.]*

Bella. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity

Gay. Did'st thou know how I love, you would pity me; but did'st thou know whom—could'st thou look upon her with eyes like mine—could'st thou behold beauty, wit, sense, good-nature, contending which should adorn her most!—

Bella. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

Gay. But, I suppose, the ladies have by this discharged their visitant. Now, if you please, we will attend them.

Bella. You will excuse me if I leave you with them; which I will not do unless you promise I shall find you at my return.

Gay. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; so dispose of me as you please.

SCENE VII.—MRS. MODERN'S House.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. I think I ought to blame your unkindness—I have not seen you so long.

Rich. Do you think a week so long?

Mrs. M. Once you would have thought so.

Rich. Why, truly, hours in the spring of love are something shorter than they are in the winter.

Mrs. M. Barbarous man! do you insult me after what I have done for you?

Rich. I fancy those favours have been reciprocal.

Mrs. M. Have I not given you my virtue?

Rich. And have I not paid for your virtue, madam? I am sure I am 1500*l.* out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in short, our amour is at an end, for I am in pursuit of another mistress.

Mrs. M. Why do you come to torment me with her?

Rich. Why, I would have you act like other prudent women in a lower station; when you can please no longer with your own person, e'en do it with other people's.

Mrs. M. Monster! insupportable!

Rich. You may rave, madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiser people e'en will.—I fixed on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think, when a man is to lay out his money he is always to do it with his friends.

Mrs. M. I'll hear it no longer. *[Going.]*

Rich. Nor I. *[Going.]*

Mrs. M. Stay, my lord; can you be so cruel?

Rich. Pshaw! *[Going.]*

Mrs. M. Oh! stay! stay!—you know my necessities. *[them.]*

Rich. And I think I propose a very good cure for

Mrs. M. Lend me a hundred guineas.

Rich. I will do more.

Mrs. M. Generous creature!

Rich. I'll give you—twenty.

Mrs. M. Do you jest with my necessity?

Rich. Lookee, madam; if you will do a good-natured thing for me, I will oblige you in return, as I promised you before, and I think that very good payment. [leaves]

Mrs. M. Pray, my lord, use me with decency at

Rich. Why should we use more decency to an old acquaintance than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reason for so doing? You often belie your hearts when you use us ill. In using you so we follow the dictates of our natures.

Enter Servant, who delivers a letter to Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. M. Ha! It is Bellamant's hand—and the note that I desired—This is lucky indeed!

SCENE VIII.—LORD RICHLI, GAYWIT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPT. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. So! here's an end of my business for the present, I find.

Charl. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to see you are alive; for you must know I thought it impossible for any one to be alive, and not to be at the rehearsal of the new opera.

Capt. B. How can you be surprised at one of no taste, lady Charlotte?

Mrs. M. I suppose it was very full.

Charl. Oh! everybody was there—all the world.

Gay. How can that be, lady Charlotte, when so considerable a part as Mrs. Modern was wanting?

Mrs. M. Civil creature! when will you say such a

Capt. B. When I am as dull, madam. [thing?]

Rich. Very true! no one makes a compliment but those that want wit for satire.

Gay. Right, my lord. It is as great a sign of want of wit to say a good-natured thing as want of sense to do one.

Charl. Oh! I would not say a good-natured thing for the world. Captain Bellamant, did you ever hear me say a good-natured thing in your life?

Gay. But, I am afraid, lady Charlotte, though wit be a sign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a sign of wit.

Charl. I'll give you leave to say anything, after what I have said this morning. Oh! dear Modern, I wish you had seen Emilia's dressing-box! such jappanning—bel! bel! bel!—she hath varnished over a windmill ten several times before she discovered she had placed the wrong side upwards.

Mrs. M. I have had just such another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a chest, and now I dislike it of all things.

Charl. Oh! my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myself.

Emil. You are the only person that dislikes, I dare say, lady Charlotte.

Charl. Oh, you flattering creature! I wish you could bring my papa to your opinion. He says I throw away more money in work than in play.

Mrs. M. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I sent my chest to be sold, what do you think I was offered for my thirty pounds' worth of work?

Charl. I don't know; fifty guineas, perhaps.

Mrs. M. Twenty shillings, as I live!

Charl. Oh, intolerable! Oh, insufferable!

Capt. B. But are we to have no hazard this morning? [say you?]

Mrs. M. With all my heart—lord Richly, what

Rich. My vote always goes with the majority madam,

Mrs. M. Come, then, the shrine is within; and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.—GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Emil. Mr. Gaywit, are you no gamster?

Gay. No, madam; when I play, 'tis the utmost stretch of my complaisance.

Emil. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myself; for, I assure you, we are both of the same opinion.

Gay. I wish we were so in everything.

Emil. Sir!

Gay. I say, madam, I wish all my opinions were as well seconded; and yet, methinks, I would not have your thoughts the same with mine.

Emil. Why so, pray?

Gay. Because you must have then many an unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid will be still my heartiest prayer.

Emil. I am obliged to you, sir.

Gay. Indeed you are not. It is a self-interested wish: for, believe me, to see the least affliction attend you would give this breast the greatest agony it is capable of feeling. [not what to call it.]

Emil. Nay, this is so extravagant a flight, I know

Gay. Nor I—call it a just admiration of the highest worth, call it the tenderest friendship if you please; though much I fear it merits the sweetest, softest name that can be given to any of our passions. If there be a passion pure without alloy, as tender and soft, as violent and strong, you cannot sure miscall it by that name.

Emil. You grow now too philosophical! for me to understand you: besides, you would, I am sure, be best understood ironically; for who can believe anything of Mr. Gaywit, when he hath asserted that he is unhappy?

Gay. Nay, I will leave my case to your own determination when you know it. Suppose me obliged to marry the woman I don't like, debarred for ever from her I love, I doat on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppose me obliged to forsake her and marry—another.

Emil. But I cannot suppose you obliged to that.

Gay. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I could convince you.

Emil. I know not why I may not be exused a little concern for one who hath expressed so much for me.

Gay. Then, madam, the settlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry lady Charlotte Gaywit.

Emil. How!—but suppose the refusal were on lady Charlotte's side?

Gay. That is my only hope. [grounded.]

Emil. And I can assure you your hope is not ill

Gay. I know she hath expressed some dislike to me; but she is a woman of that sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her dislike as her affection, and whom the prospect of grandeur would easily make obedient to her father's commands.

Emil. Well, if you are sincere, I pity you heartily.

Gay. And if you are sincere, I never knew happiness till this dear moment.

SCENE X.—GAYWIT, EMILIA, LORD RICHLI, MRS. MODERN, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Mrs. M. Victoria! Victoria!

Capt. B. Stripped, by Jupiter!

[a devil.]

Charl. Eleven mains together; Modern, you are

Emil. What's the matter, lady Charlotte?

Charl. Oh, my dear, you never saw the like—Modern has held in nine thousand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

Gay. She has always great luck at hazard.

Rich. Surprising to-day, upon my word.

Mrs. M. Surprising to me, for it is the first success I have had this month; and I am sure my quadrille makes every one a sufficient amends for my hazard.

Rich. You are one of those whose winning nobody ever hears of, or whose losing nobody ever saw.

Capt. B. But you forgot the auction, lady Charlotte.

Charl. What have I to do with an auction, that *Gay*. As much as many that are undone; hid out of whim, in order to raise the price, and ruin others. Or, if the hammer should fall upon you before you expect it, take a sudden dislike to the goods, or dispute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the seller.

Mrs. M. How polite is that now! *Gay* wit will grow shortly as well-bred as Madcap.

Capt. B. We shall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

Charl. Oh! the most agreeable creature in the world—he has more wit than anybody; he has made me laugh five hundred hours together. *Emilia*, we will just call there, and then I'll set you down at *Emil.* Let us but just call then.

Charl. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never stay above six minutes anywhere. Well, you never will reform.

Rich. I desire, Charlotte, you would be at home *Charl.* I shall very easily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at. Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more business than half the world upon my hands, and I must positively call at the auction.

Gay. Where you have no business, it seems.

Charl. Impertinent! Modern, your servant.

SCENE XL.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. I only waited till you were alone, madam, to renew my business.

Mrs. M. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wish you would omit both.

Rich. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

Mrs. M. But if you please, my lord, to truce with your proposals, and let piquet be the word.

Rich. So you have taken money out of my daughter's hands to put it into mine!

Mrs. M. Be not confident—I have been too hard for you before now.

Rich. Well, and, without a compliment, I know none whom I would sooner lose to than yourself; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and plays as ill, the money we lose, by a surprising ill fortune, is only lent.

Mrs. M. Methinks, my lord, you should be fearful of deterring me by this plain dealing.

Rich. I am better acquainted with your sex. It is as impossible to persuade a woman that she plays ill as that she looks ill. The one may make her tear her ears, and the other break her looking-glass.

Her want of skill for want of luck must pass,
As want of beauty's owing to her glass.

ACT III. SCENE I.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. Can you be so cruel?

Rich. Ridiculous! you might as well ask me for my whole estate; I am sure I would as soon give it you.

Mrs. M. An everlasting curse attend the cards! to be repiqued from forty, when I played but for five; my lord, I helive you a cheat.

Rich. At your service, madam—when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it.

Mrs. M. Stay, my lord—give me the twenty

Rich. On my conditions.

Mrs. M. Any conditions.

Rich. Then you must contrive, some way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs. Bellamant at your *Mrs. M.* Mrs. Bellamant! *[house.]*

Rich. Why do you start at that name?

Mrs. M. She has the reputation of the strictest virtue of any woman in town.

Rich. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! so have you, and so have several of my acquaintances; there are as few women who have not the reputation of virtue as that have the thing itself.

Mrs. M. And what do you propose by meeting

Rich. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propose; though by your question one would imagine you expected it.

Mrs. M. I expect anything from you, rather than

Rich. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

Mrs. M. There is one thing which tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of seeing you desert her, as you have done me.

Rich. Which is a pleasure you'll certainly have; and the sooner you compass my wishes, the sooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this passion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondness.

Mrs. M. Excuse my incredulity, my lord; for, though love can change its object, it can never return to the same again.

Rich. I may convince you of the contrary—but to our business; fortune has declared on our side already by sending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect shadow of her husband; they are as inseparable as Lady Coquette and her lap-dog.

Mrs. M. Yes, or as her ladyship and her impertinence; or her lap-dog and his smell. Well, it is to me surprising how women of fashion can carry husbands, children, and lap-dogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

Rich. If the ladies were not fonder of their lap-dogs than of their husbands, we should have no more dogs in St. James's parish than there are lions at the Tower.

Mrs. M. It is uncommon bravery in you to single out the woman who is reputed to be the fondest of her husband.

Rich. She that is fond of one man may be fond of another. Fondness in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man and one game, but will incline her to try more, especially when she expects greater profit, and there, I am sure, I am superior to my rival; if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, she shall be mine; and those are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind. Pshaw! He here!

SCENE II. LORD RICHLY, MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

Mod. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

Rich. Have you seen this new opera, madam?

Mrs. M. I have heard vast commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera now poor La Dovi's gone.

Rich. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

Mrs. M. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I protest I have often resolved to follow her into Italy.

Rich. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope!

Mrs. M. But the mien of La Dovi! then her judgment in singing! the moment she entered the stage I have wished myself all eyes.

Rich. And the moment *A la Fama* sung I have wished myself all ears.

Mod. I find I am no desired part of this company. I hope your lordship will pardon me; business of the greatest consequence requiring my attendance prevents my waiting on your lordship according to my desires.

SCENE III.—LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. This unseasonable interruption has quite cut the thread of my design. Pox on him! a husband, like the fool in a play, is of no use but to cause confusion.

Mrs. M. You would have an opportunity at my house, and to procure it I must be acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not apprised of—Mr. Bellamant is an humble servant of mine.

Rich. That is lucky, indeed! could we give her a cause of suspicion that way, it were a lively prospect of my success—as persuading a thief that his companion is false is the surest way to make him so.

Mrs. M. A very pretty comparison of your lordship's between the two states.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Bellamant desires to know if your ladyship is at home.

Mrs. M. I am. Bring him into the dining-room.

Rich. Thou dear creature, let me but succeed in this affair I'll give thee millions.

Mrs. M. More gold and fewer promises, my lord.

Rich. An hundred guineas shall be the price of our first interview.

Mrs. M. Be punctual and be confident. Go out the back way, that he may not see you.

Rich. Adieu, my Machiavel.

SCENE IV.—MRS. BELLAMANT'S HOUSE.—MRS. BELLAMANT, GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Mrs. B. And so, lady Willitt, after all her protestations against matrimony, has at last generously bestowed herself on a young fellow with no fortune—the famous beau Smirk.

Emil. She was a proof against everything but *Gay*. To which all other virtues should be sacrificed, as it is the greatest. The ladies are apt to value themselves on their virtue as a rich citizen does on his purse, and I do not know which is of the greatest use to the public.

Mrs. B. Nor I which are the oftenest bankrupts.

Gay. And as in the city they suspect a man who is ostentatious of his riches, so should I the woman who makes the most noise of her virtue.

Mrs. B. We are all the least solicitous about perfections which we are well assured of our possessing. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side. Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

Emil. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her false locks; and have seen a pair of squinting eyes that never smiled at a compliment made to any other feature.

Gay. Yes, madam, and I know a pretty gentleman who obliges me very often with his ill-spent songs; and a very ugly poet who hath made me a present of his picture.

Emil. Well, since you see it is so agreeable to flatter one's blind side, I think you have no excuse to compliment on the other.

Gay. Then I shall have a very good excuse to make you no compliment at all. But this I assure you, Emilia, the first imperfection I discover I will tell you of it with the utmost sincerity.

Emil. And I assure you, with the utmost sincerity, I shall not thank you for it.

Mrs. B. Then, without any flattery, you are two of the most open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE V.—MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE, GAYWIT.

Charl. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, make some excuse for me; I see Emilia is going to chide me for staying so long. When did she know the fatigue I had this afternoon? I was just going into my coach when lady Twitter came in and forced me away to a fan-shop. Well, I have seen a set of the prettiest fans to-day! My dear creature, where did you get that lace? I never saw anything so ravishing.

Emil. I cannot see anything so extraordinary in it.

Charl. It could not cost less than ten pound a yard. Oh! Mr. Gaywit, are you here!

Emil. He goes with us to the play.

Charl. Oh hateful! how can you bear him! I would as soon to the chapel with lady Prude—I saw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

Mrs. B. Do you think he need be ashamed of that, lady Charlotte?

Charl. I would as soon laugh at a comedy or fall asleep at an opera.

Mrs. B. What is the play to-night?

Charl. I never know that. Miss Rattle and I saw four sets the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think one only goes to see the company, and there will be a great deal to-night, for the duchess of Simpleton sent to me this morning. Emilia, you must go with me after the play: I must make just fourteen visits between nine and ten. Yesterday was the first payment I have made since I came to town, and I was able to compass no more than three-and-forty; though I only found my lady Sober at home, and she was at quadrille. Lud! Mrs. Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me surprising when you played so very well.

Mrs. B. And yet I believe you hardly ever saw *Charl.* I never mind whether I win or no if I make no mistakes.

Gay. Which you never fail of doing as often as *Charl.* Do you hear him?

Emil. Oh! he sets up for a plain-dealer; that is, one who shows his wit at the expense of his breeding.

Charl. Yes, and at the expense of his truth.

Emil. Never mind him, lady Charlotte; you will have the town on your side.

Gay. Yes, they will all speak for you that play *Charl.* This is downright insupportable.

SCENE VI.—MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, GAYWIT, LADY CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

Charl. Oh! here's captain Bellamant shall be my voucher.

Capt. B. That you may be assured of, lady Charlotte, for I have so implicit a faith in your ladyship, that I know you are in the right before you speak.

Charl. Mr. Gaywit does not allow me to play at quadrille.

Capt. B. He may as well deny that your ladyship sees; besides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never saw play at all.

Charl. Oh, abominable! then he does not live at all. I wish my whole life was one party at quadrille.

Capt. B. As a Spaniard's is a game at chess, egad.

Mrs. B. I never intend to sacrifice my time entirely to play till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

Gay. Right, madam; I think the votaries to gaming should be such as want helps for conversation; and none should have always cards in their hands

but those who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

Mrs. B. Thus, gaming would be of service to the republic of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonsense; as a war is of service to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it. [against play]

Charl. Intolerable! *Mrs. Bellamant* an advocate!

SCENE VII.—*LD. RICHLY, GAYWIT, CAPT. BELLAMANT, LA. CHARLOTTE, EMILIA, MRS. BELLAMANT.*

Rich. Who is an advocate against play?

Charl. *Mrs. Bellamant*, my lord.

Rich. She is grown a perfect deserter from the beau monde: she has declared herself against Mr. Crambo too.

Charl. Against dear Mr. Crambo!

Mrs. B. I am only for indulging reason in our entertainments, my lord. I must own, when I see a polite audience pleased at seeing Bedlam on the stage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place.

Rich. Now, I am never entertained better.

Charl. Nor I. Oh, dear Bedlam! I have gone there once a week for a long time: I am charmed with those delightful creatures the kings and the queens.

Capt. B. And your ladyship has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that could have the boldness to attempt you might with much less madness dream of a throne.

Charl. Well, I should like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

Capt. B. Were I a king, lady Charlotte, you should have your wish.

Charl. Ay, but then I must have you too. I would not have an odious filthy he-creature for the world.

Gay. Faith; you cannot easily find any who is less of the he-creature. [Aside]

Emilia. But, lady Charlotte, we shall be too late for the play.

Charl. I believe the first act is over, so we'll go. I don't believe I ever saw the first act of a play in my life; but do you think I'll suffer you in my coach? [into it]

Gay. At least, you'll suffer me to put this lady

Capt. B. And me to put your ladyship in.

Charl. Dear *Mrs. Bellamant*, your humble servant.

Rich. Shall I have the honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at piquet? [over me—]

Mrs. B. Your lordship has such a vast advantage

Rich. None in the least: but, if you think so, madam, I'll give you what points you please.

Mrs. B. For one party, then, my lord.—Get cards there.—Your lordship will excuse me a moment.

Rich. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as surely as I wish thee. Let me see—she goes into the country in a fortnight. Now, if I compass my affair in a day or two, I shall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the most agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII.—*Mrs. MODERN'S house.*—*Mrs. MODERN, BELLAMANT.*

Mrs. M. Is it not barbarous—nay, mean—to upbraid me with what nothing but the last necessity could have made me ask of you?

Bella. You wrong me; I lament my own necessities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too public for you not to be acquainted with it; and what restrains me from supporting the pleasures of the best wife in the world may, I think, justly excuse me from supporting those of a mistress.

Mrs. M. Do you insult me with your wife's virtue?—you! who have robbed me of mine? Yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this first slip; and

if, henceforth, I ever listen to the siren persuasions of your false ungrateful sex, may I—

Bella. But hear me, madam.

Mrs. M. Would I had never heard, nor seen, nor known you!

Bella. If I alone have robbed you of your honour, it is you alone have robbed me of mine.

Mrs. M. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

Bella. Madam, I say, my honour. If to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love, and virtue; if to hazard the making her miserable be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet, this I have done, and this I no still for you.

Mrs. M. We will not enter into a detail, Mr. Bellamant, of what we have done for one another; perhaps the balance may be on your side: if so, it must be still greater; for I have one request which I must not be denied.

Bella. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

Mrs. M. Then, for the sake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealousy in my husband, bring me acquainted with *Mrs. Bellamant*.

Bella. Ha!

Mrs. M. By which means we shall have more frequent opportunities together. [know not]

Bella. Of what use your acquaintance can be I

Mrs. M. Do you scruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt of me; you will not introduce a woman of stained virtue to your wife: can you, who caused my crime, be the first to condemn me for it?

Bella. Since you impute my caution to so wrong a cause, I am willing to prove your error.

Mrs. M. Let our acquaintance begin this night then; try if you cannot bring her hither now.

Bella. I will try; nay, and I will succeed; for oh! I have sacrificed the best of wives to your love.

Mrs. M. I envy, not admire her, for an affection which any woman might preserve to you.

Bella. I fly to execute your commands.

Mrs. M. Stay—I—

Bella. Spoken.

Mrs. M. I must ask one last favour of you—and yet I know not how—though it be a trifle, and I will repay it. Only lend me another hundred guineas.

Bella. Your request, madam, is always a command. I think time flies with wings of lead till I return.

SCENE IX.—*Mrs. MODERN, sola.*

And I shall think you fly on golden wings, my dear gallant. Thou art, to think that the heart of a woman is to be won by gold, as well as her person; but thou wilt find, though a woman often sells her person, she always gives her heart.

SCENE X.—*Mrs. BELLAMANT'S house.*—*LDN RICHLY, Mrs. BELLAMANT, at piquet.*

Richly. Six parties successively! sure Fortune will change soon, or I shall believe she is not blind.

Mrs. B. No, my lord, you either play with too great negligence, or with such ill-luck that I shall press my victory no farther at present. Besides, I can't help thinking five points place the odds on my side.

Rich. Can you change this note, madam?

Mrs. B. Let it alone, my lord.

Rich. Excuse me, madam, if I am superstitiously observant to pay my loans before I rise from the table.—Besides, madam, it will give me an infinite pleasure to have the finest woman in the world in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the

honour of seeing you again. Nay, madam, I must insist on it, though I am forced to leave it in your hands thus.

SCENE XI.—MRS. BELLAMANT, *sola*.

What can this mean! I am confident too that he lost the last party designedly. I observed him fix his eyes stedfastly on mine, and sigh, and seem careless of his game. It must be so—he certainly hath a design on me. I will return him his note immediately, and am resolved never to see him more.

SCENE XII.—MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT.

Mrs. B. My dear, where have you been all day! I have not had one moment of your company since dinner.

[consequence, my dear.]

Bella. I have been upon business of very great

Mrs. B. Is it fit for me to hear! [easy.]

Bella. No, my dear, it would only make you un-

Mrs. B. Nay, then I must hear it, that I may share your concern.

Bella. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it; it is not in your power to assist me; for, since you will know it, an affair hath happened which makes it necessary for me to pay an hundred guineas this very evening.

Mrs. B. Is that all! [it makes me uneasy.]

Bella. That, indeed, was once a trifle—but now

Mrs. B. So it doth not me, because it is in my power to supply you. Here is a note for that sum; but I must be positively repaid within a day or two: it is only a friend's money trusted in my hands.

Bella. My dear, sure, when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee still the instrument of all its good to me.

Mrs. B. Be assured I desire no greater blessing than the continual reflection of having pleased you.

Bella. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

Mrs. B. Whatever engagement I have it is in your power to break.

Bella. If you have none, I will introduce you to a new acquaintance, one who I believe you never visited, but must know by sight—Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. B. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are so delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leisure to contemplate the rest of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XIII.—BELLAMANT, *sola*.

What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure such a woman! How do I injure her! while she perceives no abatement in my passion she is not injured by its inward decay: nor can I give her a secret pain while she hath no suspicion of my secret pleasures. Have I not found too an equal return of passion in my mistress? Does she not sacrifice more for me than a wife can! The gallant is, indeed, indebted for the favours he receives, but the husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the last hundred pounds I shall be asked to lend. My wife's having this dear note was as lucky as it was unexpected—Ha!—the same I gave this morning to Mrs. Modern. Amusement! what can this mean!

SCENE XIV.—MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT.

Bella. My dear, be not angry at my curiosity, but pray tell me how came you by this!

Mrs. B. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reason for not telling you.

Bella. And I have a particular reason for asking it.

Mrs. B. I beg you not to press me: perhaps you will oblige me to sacrifice a friend's reputation.

Bella. The secret shall rest in my bosom, I assure you.

[to suffer it from my own.]

Mrs. B. But suppose I should have promised not

Bella. A husband's command breaks any promise.

Mrs. B. I am surprised to see you so solicitous

about a trifle.

Bella. I am rather surprised to find you so tenacious of one; besides, be assured, you cannot have half the reason to suppress the discovery as I to insist upon it.

Mrs. B. What is your reason?

Bella. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

Mrs. B. Your curiosity shall be satisfied then; but I beg you would defer it now. I may get absolved from my promise of secrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my trust.

Bella. [Aside.] She certainly hath not discovered my falsehood—that were impossible; besides, I may satisfy myself immediately by Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. B. What makes you uneasy? I assure you there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

Bella. I believe it; at least I shall give up my curiosity to your desire.

Mrs. B. I am ready to wait on you.

Bella. I must make a short visit first on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XV.—MRS. BELLAMANT, *sola*.

What can have given him this curiosity I know not; but, should I have discovered the truth, who can tell into what suspicions it might have betrayed him! His jealous honour might have resolved on some fatal return to lord Riehlly, had he taken it in the same way as I do; whereas, by keeping the secret, I preserve him every way from danger, for I myself will secure his honour without exposing his person. I will myself give lord Riehlly his discharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the brink of ruin! For, surely, the lightest suspicion of a husband is ruin indeed!

When innocence can scarce our lives defend,
What dangers must the guilty way attend!

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—MRS. MODERN'S HOUSE.—MR. and MRS. MODERN.

Mod. In short, madam, you shall not drive a separate trade at my expense. Your person is mine; I bought it lawfully in the church; and, unless I am to profit by the disposal, I shall keep it all for my own use.

Mrs. M. This insolence is not to be borne.

Mod. Have I not winked at all your intrigues! Have I not pretended business, to leave you and your gallants together! Have I not been the most obsequious, observant—

Mrs. M. Out with it! you know what you are.

Mod. Do you upbraid me with your vices, madam!

Mrs. M. My vices!—Call it obedience to a husband's will. Can you deny that you have yourself persuaded me to the undertaking! Can you forget the arguments you used to convince me that virtue was the lightest of bubbles!

Mod. I own it all; and, had I felt the sweets of your pleasures, as at first, I had never once upbraided you with them; but, as I must more than share the dishonour, it is surely reasonable I should share the profit.

Mrs. M. And have you not!

Mod. What if I have!

Mrs. M. Why do you complain then!

Mod. Because I find those effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleasures, and you lose to the knaves of your own sex what you get from the fools of ours.

Mrs. M. 'Tis false; you know I seldom lose—nor indeed can I considerably; for I have not lately

had it in my power to stake high: lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

Mod. I hope, madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

Mrs. M. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

Mod. As young as it is, I have reason to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impossible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect some from you, and that is not golden fruit. I am sure, if women sprung from the earth, as some philosophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the sands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

Mrs. M. Very true; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. [*Laughing.*]

Mod. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enslaved my wife; or a Chinese, that I might have sold her!

Mrs. M. That would have been only the custom of the country: you have done more, you have sold her in England; in a country where women are as backward to be sold to a lover as to refuse him, and where cuckold is almost the only title of honour that can't be bought.

Mod. This ludicrous behaviour, madam, as ill becomes the present subject as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderness you this morning expressed for your reputation. In short, it is impossible that your amours should be secret long; and, however careless you have been of me whilst I have had my horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in public.

Mrs. M. What would you have me do!

Mod. Suffer me to discover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes easy all at once. One good discovery in Westminster-hall will be of greater service than his utmost generosity—the law will give you more in one moment than his love for many years.

Mrs. M. Don't think of it.

Mod. Yes, and resolve it; unless you agree to this, madam, you must agree immediately to break up our house and retire into the country.

Mrs. M. Racks and tortures are in that name.

Mod. But many more are in that of a prison: so you must resolve either to quit the town or submit to my reasons.

Mrs. M. When reputation is gone all places are alike: when I am despised in it I shall hate the town as much as I now like it.

Mod. There are other places and other towns; the whole world is the house of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they please.

Mrs. M. I cannot resolve.

Mod. But I can: if you will keep your reputation you shall carry it into the country, where it will be of service—in town it is of none, or, if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to those that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an assembly than the other.

Mrs. M. You never had any love for me.

Mod. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your sake, stood the public mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you and starved you? No—I could not bear to see you want; therefore have acted the part I've done; and yet, while I have winked at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the most industrious to extol it everywhere!

Mrs. M. So has lord Richly, and so have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to blazon out the reputation of women whose virtue you have

destroyed, and as industriously blacken them who have withstood you: a deceit so stale, that your commendation would sully a woman of honour.

Mod. I have no longer time to reason with you: so I shall leave you to consider on what I have said. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. M. What shall I do! Can I bear to be the public scorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own sex, or to retire with a man whom I hate and despise! Hold: there is a small glimpse of hope that I may avoid them both. I have reason to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now, could I persuade him to fly away with me—Impossible! he hath still too much tenderness for his wife.

SCENE II.—LORD RICHLI, MRS. MODERN.

Rich. What success, my angel!

Mrs. M. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wish or husbands fear: she will be here.

Rich. When?

Mrs. M. Now, to-night, instantly.

Rich. Thou glory of intrigue! what words shall thank thee!

Mrs. M. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds must witness the first interview.

Rich. They shall; and, if she yields, a thousand.

Mrs. M. That you must not expect yet.

Rich. By Heaven, I do; I have more reason to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my desires since I left you. Fortune too seems to have watched for me. I got her to piquet, threw away six parties, and left her a bank-note of a hundred for the payment of six pounds.

Mrs. M. And did she receive it!

Rich. With the same reluctance that a lawyer or physician would a double fee, or a court-priest a plurality.

Mrs. M. Then there is hope of success, indeed.

Rich. Hope! there is certainty: the next attempt must carry her. [*Reason, my lord.*]

Mrs. M. You have a hundred friends in the gar-

Rich. And if some of them do not open the gates for me, the devil's in it. I have succeeded often by leaving money in a lady's hands: she spends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mortgage, immediately enter upon the premises.

Mrs. M. You are very generous, my lord.

Rich. My money shall always be the humble servant of my pleasures; and it is the interest of men of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that they may have it more among themselves.

Mrs. M. I am as much pleased as surprised at this your prospect of success; and from this day forward I will think, with you, all virtue to be only pride, caprice, and the fear of shame.

Rich. Virtue, like the Ghost in Hamlet, is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere at all: its appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghost; and they are much the same sort of people who are in love with one and afraid of the other. It is a ghost which hath seldom haunted me but I had the power of laying it. [*Power.*]

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal instance of that

Rich. And the dearest, I assure you, which is some sacrifice to your vanity; and shortly I will make an offering to your revenge—the two darling passions of your sex.

Mrs. M. But how is it possible for me to leave you together with the most abrupt rudeness!

Rich. Never regard that; as my success is sure, she will hereafter thank you for a rudeness so sensible.

Mrs. M. Mr. Bellamant, too, will be with her.

Rich. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next room; and, as he does not suspect

the least design in me, he will be satisfied with my being in her company. [he is in the house]

Mrs. M. Sure you will not attempt his wife while

Rich. Pish! he is in that dependence on my interest, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himself her pander. I have made twenty such men subscribe themselves cuckold by the prospect of one place, which not one of them ever had.

Mrs. M. So that your fools are not caught like the fish in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a shadow. [sends him away.]

Rich. Besides, I may possibly find a pretence of

Mrs. M. Go then to the chocolate-house, and leave a servant to bring you word of their arrival. It will be better you should come in to them than they find you here.

Rich. I will be guided by you in all things; and be assured the consummation of my wishes shall be the success of your own. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. That they shall indeed, though in a way you little imagine. This forwardness of Mrs. Bellamant meets my swiftest wishes. Could I once give Bellamant reason to suspect his wife, I despair not of the happiest effect of his passion for me.—Ha! he's here, and alone.

SCENE III.—BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

Mrs. M. Where's Mrs. Bellamant?

Bella. She will be here immediately. But I chose a few moments' privacy with you; first, to deliver this; and next to ask you one question, which do not be startled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

Mrs. M. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will still do so: so let me return you this.

Bella. Do not so injuriously mistake me. Nothing but the most extraordinary reason could force me to ask you; know then that the very note you had of me this morning I received within this hour.

Mrs. M. Ha, ha, ha! [from my wife.]

Bella. Why do you laugh, madam?

Mrs. M. Out of triumph, to see what empty politicians men are found when they oppose their weak heads to ours! On my conscience, a parliament of women would be of very great service to the nation.

Bella. Were all ladies capable as Mrs. Modern, I should be very ready to vote on their side.

Mrs. M. Nay, sir, you must not leave out your wife; especially you that have the best wife in the world—ha, ha, ha!

Bella. Forgive me, madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whose whole business hath been to please me.

Mrs. M. Oh! you have no reason to be ashamed of your good opinion; you are not singular in it, I assure you; Mrs. Bellamant will have more votes than one.

Bella. I am indifferent how many she has, since I am sure she will make interest but for one.

Mrs. M. "It is the curse of fools to be secure, And that be thine and Altamont's."

Ha, ha, ha!

Bella. I cannot guess your meaning.

Mrs. M. Then, to introduce my explanation—the note you lent me I lost at piquet to lord Richly.

Bella. To lord Richly?

Mrs. M. Who perhaps might dispose of it to some, who might lend it to others, who might give it to those who might lose it to your wife.

Bella. I know not what to suppose.

Mrs. M. Nor I; for sure one cannot suppose—especially since you have the best wife in the world—one cannot suppose that it could be a present from lord Richly to herself; that she received it;

that in return she hath sent him an assignation to meet her here.

Bella. Suppose! Hell and damnation! No.

Mrs. M. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

Bella. Affirm!

Mrs. M. And yet all this is true—as true as she is false. Nay, you shall have an instance—an immediate, undeniable instance. You shall see it with your own eyes and hear it with your own ears.

Bella. Am I alive?

Mrs. M. If all the husbands of those best wives in the world are dead, we are a strange nation of ghosts. If you will be prudent, and be like the rest of your brethren, keep the affair secret; I assure you I'll never discover it.

Bella. Secret! Yes, as inward fire, till sure destruction shall attend its blaze. But why do I rage! It is impossible; she must be innocent.

Mrs. M. Then lord Richly is still a greater villain to belie that innocence to me. But give yourself no pain or anxiety, since you are so shortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither; lord Richly will be here almost as soon as you: then feign some excuse to leave the room; I will soon follow you, and convey you where you shall have an opportunity of being a witness either to her innocence or her guilt.

Bella. This goodness, my sweetest creature, shall hind me yours for ever.

Mrs. M. To convince you that is all I desire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you please.

Bella. That must be the subject of our future thoughts. I can think of nothing now but satisfaction in this affair. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. Do you demur to my offer, sir? Oh, the villain! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looser pleasures, and his wife yet sits nearest his heart. But I shall change the angel form she wears into a devil's. Nor shall my revenge stop there. But at present I must resolve my temper into a calm.—Lately!

SCENE IV.—MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. M. Come hither, Lately; get me some citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

Late. Yes, madam.

Mrs. M. To be slighted in this manner! insupportable!—What is the fool doing?

Late. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyship drank the last half-pint this morning.

Mrs. M. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the surfeit-water, or the anniseed-water, or the plague-water, or any water. [and fills.]

Late. Here, madam.—[Brings the bottle and glass, Mrs. M. [Drinks. Looks in the glass.] Lord, how I look!—Oh! frightful!—I am quite shocking.]

Late. In my opinion your ladyship never looked better. [Grim.]

Mrs. M. Go, you flatterer; I look like my lady

Late. Where are your ladyship's little eyes, your short nose, your wan complexion, and your low forehead?

Mrs. M. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her shoulders; so that, if you view her behind, she seems to walk without her head, and lessen the miracle of St. Dennis.

Late. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's sword; and her disdainful right is never seen, like its blade.

Mrs. M. Then she has two legs, one of which seems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedness.

Late. And yet she thinks herself a beauty.

Mrs. M. She is, indeed, the perfection of ugliness.

Late. And a wit, I warrant you.

Mrs. M. No doubt she must be very quick-sighted, for her eyes are almost crept into her brain.

Late. and *Mrs. M.* He, he, he!

Mrs. M. And yet the detestable creature hath not had sense enough, with all her deformity, to preserve her reputation.

Late. I never heard, I own, anything against that.

Mrs. M. You hear! you fool, you dunce, what should you hear! Have not all the town heard of a certain colonel?

Late. Oh, lud! what a memory I have! Oh, yes, madam, she has been quite notorious. It is surprising a little discretion should not preserve her from such public—

Mrs. M. If she had my discretion, or yours, *Lately.*

Late. Your ladyship will make me proud, indeed, madam.

Mrs. M. I never could see any want of sense in you, *Lately.* I could not bear to have an insensible creature about me. I know several women of fashion I could not support for a tiring-woman. What think you of *Mrs. Charmer*?

Late. Think of her! that, were I a man, she should be the last woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, aquinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty puss. [deal of wit too.]

Mrs. M. Upon my word, *Lately*, you have a vast

Late. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes, to your ladyship. I wish your ladyship were out as much clothes as you do wit, I should soon grow rich.

Mrs. M. You shall not complain of either. Oh! [Knocking.] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [Exit.]

Late. I know not whether my talent of praise or of slander is of more service to me; whether I get more by flattering my lady or abusing all her acquaintance.

SCENE V.—*JOHN, LATELY.*

John. So, *Mrs. Lately*, you forget your old acquaintance; but times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your inconstancy.

Late. Odious fellow!

John. I would have you to know I look on myself to be as good as your new sweetheart, though he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and as good a man I am too; and so you may tell him. Why does he not stay at home? What does he come into our family for?

Late. Who gave you authority to inquire, sirrah?

John. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a promise to marry me: well, I shall say no more; but times are coming when you may wish you had not forsaken me. I have a secret.

Late. A secret! Oh, let me hear it.

John. No, no, mistress, I shall keep my secrets as well as you can yours.

Late. Nay, now you are unkind; you know, though I suffer *Tom Brisk* to visit me, you have my heart still.

John. Ah! you do but say so! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear; I am going to the devil for you.

Late. The devil you are! Going to the devil for me! What does the fool mean?

John. Ay, I am to get a hundred pounds, that you may marry me.

Late. A hundred pounds! And how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear *John*?

John. Only by a little swearing.

Late. What are you to swear?

John. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury; for I have sworn already I would not trust it with anybody.

Late. Oh, but you may trust me.

John. And if you should trust somebody else—

Late. The devil fetch me if I do!

John. Then my master is to give me an hundred pound to swear that he is a cuckold.

Late. What's this?

John. Why, my master has offered me an hundred pound if I discover my lady and *Mr. Bellamant* in a proper manner; and, let me not see them together, I'll swear to the manner, I warrant you.

Late. But can you do this with a safe conscience?

John. Conscience! pshaw! which would you choose, a husband with a hundred pound, or a safe conscience? Come, give me a dram out of your mistress's closet; and there I'll tell you more.

Late. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.—*Changes to another apartment.*—*LORD RICHLY, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.*

Rich. Well, madam, you have drawn a most delightful sketch of life.

Mrs. M. Then it is still-life; for I dare swear there never were such people breathing.

Mrs. B. Don't you believe then, madam, it is possible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without desiring any other company?

Mrs. M. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of Arcadia; but truly, in those of Great Britain, I believe not.

Rich. I must subscribe to that too.

Mrs. B. *Mr. Bellamant*, what say you?

Bella. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

Rich. This is a miracle almost equal to the other, to see a husband and wife of the same opinion. I must be a convert too; for it would be the greatest miracle of all to find *Mrs. Bellamant* in the wrong.

Mrs. B. It would be a much greater to find want of complaisance in *lord Richly*.

Bella. [Aside.] Confusion!

Mrs. M. Nay, madam, this is hardly so; for I have heard his lordship say the same in your theatre.

Rich. Dear *Bellamant*, I believe I have had an opportunity to serve you this afternoon. I have spoke to *lord Powerful*; he says, he is very willing to do for you. *Sir Peter*, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy you may find my lord at home now.

Bella. I shall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

Rich. The loss of an hour hath been often the loss of a place; and, unless you have something of greater consequence, I must advise you as a friend.

Bella. I shall find a method of thanking you. [Aside.]

Mrs. M. Make this a handle to slip out; I'll come into the next room to you. [Aside to *Bella*.]

Bella. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendship. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: *Mrs. Modern*, I am your humble servant.

SCENE VII.—*LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.*

Rich. I wish you success; you may command anything in my power to forward it.

Mrs. B. *Mr. Bellamant* is more indebted to your lordship than he will be ever able to pay.

Rich. *Mr. Bellamant*, madam, has a friend who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

Mrs. M. I am forced to be guilty of a great piece of rudeness by leaving you one moment.

Rich. And I shall not be guilty of losing it. [*Aside.*]
Mrs. B. What can this mean? [*Aside.*]

SCENE VIII.—LORD RICHLI, MRS. BELLAMANT.

Rich. And can you, madam, think of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

Mrs. B. With pleasure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

Rich. Is it possible any man can be so happy?

Mrs. B. I hope, my lord, you think Mr. Bellamant so.

Rich. If he be, I pity him much less for his losses than I envy him the love of her in whose power it may be to redress them.

Mrs. B. You surprise me, my lord: in my power!

Rich. Yes, madam; for whatever is in the power of man is in yours: I am sure what little assistance mine can give is readily at your devotion. My interest and fortune are all in these dear hands; in short, madam, I have languished a long time for an opportunity to tell you that I have a most violent passion for you.

Mrs. B. My lord, I have been unwilling to understand you; but now your expression leaves me no other doubt but whether I hate or despise you most.

Rich. Are these the ungrateful returns you give *Mrs. B.* Is this the friendship you have professed to Mr. Bellamant?

Rich. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an instance of my future favours. [*Put a bank-note into her hand; she throws it away.*]

Mrs. B. And this of my reception of them. Be assured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be revenged; my husband shall know his obligations to you.

Rich. I have gone too far to retreat, madam: if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be obliged to your prudence. How many families are supported by this method which you start at! Does not many a woman in this town drive her husband's coach?

Mrs. B. My lord, this insolence is intolerable; and from this hour I never will see your face again.

[*A noise without.*]

Rich. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.—MODERN with Servants, Mr. and Mrs. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, LORD RICHLI.

Mod. Come out, strumpet, show thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou shalt be a severe example of the vengeance of an injured husband.

Rich. I have no farther business here at present; for I fear more husbands have discovered injuries than one.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. B. Protect me, Heavens! what do I see!

Bella. This was a masterpiece of my evil genius.

Mrs. M. Sir, this insult upon my reputation shall not go unrevenged; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their sister's fame from the base attacks of a perfidious husband, from any shame he would bring on her innocence.

Mod. Thou hast a forehead that would defend itself from any shame whatsoever; for that you have grafted on my forehead I thank you and this worthy gentleman.

Mrs. M. Sir, you shall smart for the falsehood of this accusation.

[*Exit.*]

Mod. Madam, you shall smart for the truth of it; this honest man, [*pointing to the servant*] is evidence of the fact of your dishonour and mine. And for you, sir, [*to BELLAMANT*] you may depend upon it, I shall take the strictest satisfaction which the law

will give me: so I shall leave you at present, to give satisfaction to your wife.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE X.—MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT.

Bella. [*After some pause.*] When the criminal turns his own accuser, the merciful judge becomes his advocate; guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I stand prepared to receive what sentence you please.

Mrs. B. As you are your own accuser, be your own judge; you can inflict no punishment on yourself equal to what I feel.

Bella. Death has no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involved thee too in my ruin, and thou must be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

Mrs. B. While I was assured of your truth I could have thought that happiness enough; yet I have still this to comfort me, the same moment that has betrayed your guilt has discovered my innocence.

Bella. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what stores of bliss hast thou in one vicious moment destroyed! [*To himself.*] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodness! For what have I forsaken thy tender virtuous passion!

Mrs. B. For a new one. How could I be so easily deceived! How could I imagine there was such truth in man, in that inconstant fickle sex, who are so prone to change, that, to indulge their fondness for variety, they would grow weary of a paradise to wander in a desert!

Bella. How weak is that comparison to show the difference between thee and every other woman!

Mrs. B. I had once that esteem of you; but hereafter I shall think all men the same; and, when I have weaned myself of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

Bella. Thy sentence is too just. I own I have deserved it; I never merited so good a wife. Heaven saw it had given too much, and thus has taken the blessing from me.

Mrs. B. You will soon think otherwise. If absence from me can bring you to those thoughts, I am resolved to favour them.

Bella. Thou shalt enjoy thy wish; we will part, part this night, this hour. Yet let me ask one favour; the ring which was a witness of our meeting, let it be so of our separation. Let me bear this as a memorial of our love. This shall remind me of all the tender moments we have had together, and serve to aggravate my sorrows. Henceforth I'll study only to be miserable; let Heaven make you happy, and curse me as it pleases.

[*You have made me.*]

Mrs. B. It cannot make me more wretched than *Bella.* Yet, do believe me when I swear I never injured you with any other woman. Nay, believe me when I swear, how much sorer I may have deserved the shame I suffer, I did not now deserve it.

Mrs. B. And must we part?

Bella. Since it obliges you.

Mrs. B. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the thousand embraces thou hast given me, till I die in thy loved arms—and thus we part for ever.

Bella. Ha!

Mrs. B. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful dream; it was no more, and I awake to real joy.

Bella. Oh! let me press thee to my heart; for every moment that I hold thee thus gives bliss beyond expression, a bliss no vice can give. Now life appears desirable again. Yet shall I not see thee miserable! Shall I not see my children suffer for their father's crime!

Mrs. B. Indulge no more uneasy thoughts: Fortune may have blessings yet in store for us and them.

Bella. Excellent goodness! My future days shall have no wish, no labour, hut for thy happiness; and from this hour I'll never give thee cause of a complaint.

And whatsoever rocks our fates may lay
In life's hard passage to obstruct our way,
Patient the toilsome journey I'll abide,
And bless my fortune with so dear a guide.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—BELLAMANT'S house.—
EMILIA, speaking to a Servant; afterwards LADY CHARLOTTE.

Emil. It is very strange you will not give me the liberty of denying myself—that you will force me to be at home whether I will or no.

Serv. I had no such order from your ladyship.

Emil. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am hut in an ill humour to receive such a visit; I must try to make it as short as I can.

Charl. Emilia, good-morrow: am not I an early creature? I have been so frightened with some news I have heard; I am heartily concerned for you my dear—I hope the fright has not done you any mischief.

Emil. I am infinitely obliged to you, lady Charlotte. *Charl.* Oh! I could not stay one moment; you see I hurried into my chair to you half undressed; never was creature in such a pickle, so frightful. *Lud!* I was obliged to draw all the curtains round me.

Emil. I don't perceive you had any reason for that, lady Charlotte.

Charl. Why, did you ever see anything so hideous, so odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you certainly have the prettiest fancy in the world. I like what you have on now better than lady Pinup's, though hers cost so much more. Some people have the strangest way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night?

Emil. You must excuse me; it will lock very odd to see me abroad on this occasion.

Charl. Not odd in the least. Nobody minds these things. There's no rule upon such occasions. Sure you don't intend to stay at home, and receive formal visits?

Emil. No; but I intend to stay at home and receive no visits.

Charl. Why, child, you will be laughed at by all the town. There never was such a thing done in the world; staying at home is quite left off upon all occasions; a woman scarce stays at home a week for the death of a husband. Dear Emilia, don't be so awkward: I can make no excuse for you; lady Polite will never forgive you.

Emil. That I shall be sorry for: hut I had rather not be forgiven by her than by myself.

SCENE II.—CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Capt. B. Sister, good-morrow; lady Charlotte abroad so early!

Charl. You may well be surprised; I have not been out at this hour these fifty years.

Capt. B. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

Emil. [*Aside.*] I am sure, if she should take it in her head to stay with me, I shall not: and unless some dear creature like herself should come and take her away, I seem to be in danger.

Charl. [*To BELLAMANT, after a whisper.*] Don't tell me of what I said last night. Last night was last year—an age ago; and I have the worst memory in the world.

Capt. B. You seem to want one, egad!

Charl. Indeed, I do not. A memory would be of no use to me; for I was never of the same mind twice in my life; and, though I should remember

what I said at one time, I should as certainly remember not to do it another.

Capt. B. You dear agreeable creature! sure never two people were so like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and some people think we are very much alike in the face.

Charl. Do you hear him, Emilia! He has made one of the most shocking compliments to me; I believe I shall never be able to hear a looking-glass again.

Capt. B. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glass, you would be the most unhappy creature in the world.

Charl. Impertinent!

Capt. B. For then you would be the only person debarred from seeing the finest face in the world.

Emil. Very fine, indeed. [*wretch again now!*]

Charl. Civil enough. I think I begin to endure the

Capt. B. Keep hut in that mind half an hour—

Charl. Emilia, good morning; you will excuse the shortness of my visit. [*Emil.*]

Emil. No apologies on that account, lady Char-

Charl. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of business I am in. Don't you follow me, you thing you! [*To Capt. BELLAMANT.*]

Capt. B. Indeed, lady Charlotte, hut I shall, and I hope to some purpose. [*Aside.*]

SCENE III.—EMILIA, alone.

So I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! *Gaiwit*, too much I sympathise with thy uneasiness. Didst thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would suffer more on mine. Ha! my words have raised a spirit.

SCENE IV.—EMILIA, *Gaiwit*.

Gai. I hope, madam, you will excuse a visit as so unseasonable an hour. [*a mistress here.*]

Emil. Had you come a little earlier you had met *Gai.* I met the lady you mean, madam, at the door, and captain Bellomant with her.

Emil. You are the most cavalier lover I know; you are no more jealous of a rival with your mistress than the most polite husband is of one with his wife.

Gai. A man should not be jealous of his friend, madam; and I believe captain Bellamant will be so to me in the highest manner. I wish I was so blessed in another heart as he appears to be in lady Charlotte's. I wish I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love as of losing her I do not.

Emil. I suppose, if your amour be of any date, you can easily guess at the impressions you have made.

Gai. No; nor can she guess at the impression she has made on me; for, unless my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my passion.

Emil. And that your eyes have done it you may be assured, if you have seen her often. The love that can be concealed must be very cold indeed; hut methinks it is something particular in you to desire to conceal it.

Gai. I have been always fearful to disclose a passion which I know not whether it be in my power to pursue. I would not even have given her the uneasiness to pity me, much less have tried to raise her love.

Emil. If you are so tender of her, take care you never let her suspect so much generosity. That may give her a secret pang.

Gai. Heaven forbid it should one equal to those I feel; lest, while I am endeavouring to make my addresses practicable, she should unduly receive those of another.

Emil. If she can discover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be easy on that account.

Gay. He must dote like me who can conceive the rest of these words have given. [*Knocking.*]

Emil. Come in.

Serv. Your honour's servant, sir, is below.

Gay. I come to him. Madam, your most obedient servant; I go on business which will, by noon, give me the satisfaction of thinking I have preserved the best of fathers to the best of women. [*Exit.*]

Emil. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love or of his deserving mine?

SCENE V.—*LORD RICHLY'S HOUSE.*—*LORD RICHLY, Servant.*

Rich. Desire Mr. Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this visit be? Perhaps he comes to make me proposals concerning his wife; but my love shall not get so far the better of my reason as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.—*LORD RICHLY, BELLAMANT.*

Rich. My dear Bellamant.

Bella. My lord, I have received an obligation from you which I thus return. [*Gives him a bank-bill.*]

Rich. Pah! trifles of this nature can hardly be called obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

Bella. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife; nor hath she made you a small return, since it is to her entreaty you owe your present safety, your life.

Rich. I am not apprised of the danger; but would owe my safety to no one sooner than to Mrs. Bellamant.

Bella. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean; you know you have used me basely, villainously; and, under the cover of acquaintance and friendship, have attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least breath of scandal to sully her reputation, I would exact such vengeance on thee—

Rich. Sir, I must acquaint you that this is a language I have not been used to.

Bella. No; the language of flatterers and hireling sycophants has been what you have dealt in; wretches whose honour and love are as venal as their praise. Such your title might awe, or your fortune bribe to silence; such you should have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour.

Rich. This is such presumption—

Bella. No, my lord, yours was the presumption; mine is only justice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your crime, which requires a punishment from my hand, not from my tongue.

Rich. Do you consider who I am?

Bella. Were you as high as heraldry could lift you, you should not injure me unpunished. Where grandeur can give licence to oppression, the people must be slaves, let them boast what liberty they please.

Rich. Sir, you shall hear of this.

Bella. I shall be ready to justify my words by any action you dare provoke me to; and, be assured of this, if ever I discover any future attempts of yours to my dishonour, your life shall be its sacrifice. Henceforward, my lord, let us behave as if we had never known one another. [*Exit.*]

Rich. Here's your man of sense now. He was half ruined in the house of lords a few days ago, and is in a fair way of going the other step in Westminster-hall in a few days more; yet has the impudence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality for attempting to debauch his wife, which many a

fool who rides in his coach and six would have had sense enough to have winked at.

SCENE VII.—*LORD RICHLY, GATWIT.*

Gay. Your lordship is contemplative.

Rich. So, nephew, by this early visit I suppose you had ill-luck last night; for, where Fortune frowns on you, she always smiles on me by blessing me with your company.

Gay. I have long since put it out of the power of Fortune to do me either favour or injury. My happiness is now in the power of another mistress.

Rich. And thou art too pretty a fellow not to have that mistress in your power.

Gay. The possession of her, and in her of all my desires, depends on your consent.

Rich. You know, Harry, you have my consent to possess all the women in the town, except those few that I am particular with: provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what vessels you please.

Gay. This is a vessel, my lord, neither to be taken by force nor hired by gold. I must buy her for life, or not board her at all.

Rich. Then the principal thing to be considered is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her person is buying an empty vessel: and a woman is a vessel which a man will grow cursed weary of in a long voyage.

Gay. My lord, I have had some experience in women, and I believe that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

Rich. Let me tell you, I have had some experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have loved.

Gay. And perhaps in all that variety you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

Rich. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

Gay. Must I, my lord, when I have painted the finest woman in the world, be obliged to write Miss Bellamant's name to the picture?

Rich. Miss Bellamant!

Gay. Yes, Miss Bellamant!

Rich. You know Mr. Bellamant's losses; you know what happened yesterday, which may entirely finish his ruin; and the consequence of his ruin must be the ruin of his daughter, which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as surely brings a woman to capitulation as scarcity of provisions does a garrison.

Gay. I cannot take this advice, my lord: I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any; but surely not of the woman I love.

Rich. Well, sir, you shall ask me no more; for, if my consent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

Gay. My lord, I shall ever remember this goodness, and will be ready to sign any instrument to secure a very large fortune to lady Charlotte when you please.

SCENE VIII.—*LORD RICHLY, solus.*

Now, if he takes my consent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, so I gain the whole estate for my daughter, and bring an entire destruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought! that would be a revenge, indeed; nay, it may accomplish all my wishes too; Mrs. Bellamant may be mine at last.

SCENE IX.—*LORD RICHLY, MOREEN.*

Mod. My lord, I was honoured with your commands. [*Exit.*]

Rich. I believe I shall procure the place for you,

Mod. My obligations to your lordship are so infinite, that I must always be your slave. [Modern.

Rick. I am concerned for your misfortune, Mr.

Mod. It is a common misfortune, my lord, to have a bad wife. I am something happier than my brethren in the discovery.

Rick. That indeed may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot dissuade you from the most rigorous prosecution: for, though dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet in cases of this nature even friendship itself must be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

Mod. Very true, my lord; he has robbed me of the affections of a wife whom I loved as tenderly as myself; forgive my tears, my lord—I have lost all I held dear in this world.

Rick. I pity you, indeed; but comfort yourself with the hopes of revenge.

Mod. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the dishonour he has brought upon my family? Think on that, my lord; on the dishonour I must endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

Rick. It is shocking indeed.

Mod. My ease for ever lost, my quiet gone, my honour stained; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

Rick. Laws cannot be too rigorous against offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend—to what wickedness will men arrive! Mr. Modern, I own I cannot blame you in pushing your revenge to the utmost extremity.

Mod. That I am resolved on. I have just received an appointment from your lordship's nephew, Mr. Gaywit; I suppose to give me some advice in the affair.

Rick. [Aside.] Ha! that must be to dissuade him from the prosecution.—Mr. Modern, if you please, I'll set you down; I have some particular business with him: besides, if he knows anything that can be of service to you, my commands shall enforce the discovery. Bid the coachman pull up. [slaves.

Mod. I am the most obliged of all your lordship's

SCENE X.—*Another apartment.*—*Ld.* CHARLOTTE, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, AND SERVANT.

Charl. My lord gone out! then, d'y'e hear, I am at home to nobody.

Capt. B. That's kind, indeed, lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myself.

Charl. You! you confident thing! how came you here! Don't you remember I bad you not to follow me!

Capt. B. Yes, but it's so long ago that I am surprised you should remember it.

Charl. Indeed, sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I suppose you don't know that I hate you of all things!

Capt. B. Not I, upon my soul! The deuce take me if I did not think you had liked me as well as I liked you—ha, ha!

Charl. I like you! impossible! why, don't you know that you are very ugly?

Capt. B. Pahaw! that's nothing; that will all go off. A month's marriage takes off the homeliness of a husband's face as much as it does the beauty of a wife's.

Charl. And so you would insinuate that I might be your wife! O horrible! shocking thought!

Capt. B. Nay, madam, I am as much frightened at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

Charl. Indeed, sir, you need not be under any apprehensions of that kind upon my account.

Capt. B. Indeed, but I am, madam; for what an

unconsovable creature would you be if I should take it into my head to marry any other woman!

Charl. Well, he has such an excessive assurance, that I am not really sure whether he is not agreeable. Let me die if I am not under some sort of suspicion about it—and yet I am not neither—for to be sure I don't like the thing—and yet, methinks, I do too—and yet I do not know what I should do with him neither—hi! hi! hi! this is the foolishlest circumstance that ever I knew in my life.

Capt. B. Very well; sure marriage begins to run in your head at last, madam.

Charl. A-propos! do you know that t'other day lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettiest scheme for matrimony that ever entered into the taste of people of condition?

Capt. B. Oh! pray let's hear it.

Charl. In the first place, then, whenever she or I marry, I am resolved positively to be mistress of myself; I must have my house to myself, my coach to myself, my servants to myself, my table, time, and company to myself; nay, and sometimes, when I have a mind to be out of humour, my bed to myself.

Capt. B. Right, madam; for a wife and a husband always together are, to be sure, the flattest company in the world.

Charl. O detestable! Then I will be sure to have my own humour in everything; to go, come, dine, dance, play, sup at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to; and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face upon my enjoying any one of those articles, I am to burst out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleasant?—ha! ha! ha!

Capt. B. O charmingly charming! Ha! ha! What a contemptible creature is a woman that never does anything without consulting her husband!

Charl. Nay, there you're mistaken again, sir; for I would never do anything without consulting my husband.

Capt. B. How so, dear madam?

Charl. Because sometimes one may happen to be so low in spirits as not to know one's own mind; and then, you know, if a foolish husband should happen to say a word on either side, why one determines on the contrary without any farther trouble.

Capt. B. Right, madam; and a thousand to one but the happy rogue, your husband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the same spirit of contradiction—ha! ha!

Charl. Well, I am so passionately fond of my own humour, that, let me die, if a husband were to insist upon my never missing any one diversion this town affords, I believe in my conscience, I should go twice a-day to church to avoid them. [a creature!

Capt. B. O fie! you could not be so unfashionable!

Charl. Ay, but I would, though. I do not care what I do when I am vexed.

Capt. B. Well! let me perish, this is a most detestable scheme. Don't you think, madam, we shall be vastly happy?

[sir]

Charl. We! what we! Pray, who do you mean,

Capt. B. Why, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I: why, you must know this is the very scheme she laid down to me last night; which so vastly charmed me, that we resolved to be married upon it to-morrow morning.

Charl. What do you mean?

Capt. B. Only to take your advice, madam, by allowing my wife all the modish privileges that you seem so passionately fond of.

Charl. Your wife! why, who's to be your wife, pray! you don't think of me, I hope?

Capt. B. One would think you thought I did;

*for you refuse me as oddly as if I had asked you the question; not but I suppose you would have me think now you have refused me in earnest.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! that's well enough; why, sweet sir, do you really think I am not in earnest?

Capt. B. No faith, I can't think you're so silly as to refuse me in earnest when I only asked you in jest.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. Ridiculous!

Capt. B. Delightful! Well, after all, I am a strange creature to be so merry, when I am just going to be married.

[would have you?]

Charl. And had you ever the assurance to think I

Capt. B. Why, faith! I don't know but I might, if I had ever made love to you.—Well, lady Charlotte, your servant. I suppose you'll come and visit my wife as soon as ever she sees company.

Charl. What do you mean?

Capt. B. Seriously what I say, madam; am just now going to my lawyer to sign my marriage articles with lady Betty Shuttlecock.

Charl. And are you going in earnest?

Capt. B. Positively, seriously.

Charl. Then I must take the liberty to tell you, sir, you are the greatest villain that ever lived upon the face of the earth.

[She bursts into tears.]

Capt. B. Ha! what do I see! Is it possible! O my dear, dear lady Charlotte! can I believe myself the cause of these transporting tears! O! till this instant never did I taste of happiness.

Charl. Ha, ha! nor I, upon my faith, sir! Ha, ha!

Capt. B. Hey-day! what do you mean?

Charl. That you are one of the silliest animals that ever opened his lips to a woman.—Ha, ha! O I shall die! Ha! ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Capt. B. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I shall have all my plague to go over again.—Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave.

[remony.]

Charl. O, sir! billets-doux are exempt from ec-

Capt. B. [After reading to himself.] Ha, ha! Well, my dear lady Charlotte, I am vastly glad to see you so easy. Upon my soul, I was afraid you was really in love with me; but, since I need have no further apprehensions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the summons of my wife that is to be.

—Lady Betty has sent for me.—You'll excuse me if I am confined a week or two with my wife for the present: when that's over, you and I will laugh and sing, and coquette as much as ever we did; and so, dear lady Charlotte, your humble servant.

[Exit.]
Charl. What can the creature mean? I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it should be true—I can't believe it true.—And yet it may be true too—I am resolved to be satisfied.—Here, who's there? Will nobody hear? Who's there, I say!

Enter Servant.

Desire Captain Bellamant to step back again.

Serv. He's just gone out, madam.

Charl. Then it's certainly true.—Get me a chair this moment—this instant—Go, run, fly! I am in such a hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horribly frightful.—But I'll follow him just as I am—I'll go to lady Betty's.—If I find him there I shall certainly faint.—I must take a little barmshorn with me.

[Exit.]

SCENE XI.—GAYWIT, MRS. MODERN, meeting in his lodgings.

Gay. This is exactly the time I appointed her to

meet me here. Ha! she comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his first appointment.

Mrs. M. Women commonly begin to be most punctual when men leave it off: our passions seldom reach their meridian before yours set.

Gay. We can no more help the decrease of our passions than you the increase of yours; and though like the sun I was obliged to quit your hemisphere, I have left you a moon to shine in it.

Mrs. M. What do you mean?

Gay. I suppose you are by this no stranger to the fondness of the gentleman I introduced to you; nor, will you shortly be to his generosity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generosity than money.

Mrs. M. Oh, Gaywit! I am undone: you will too soon know how; will bear it perhaps with pleasure, since it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any share in your love.

Gay. Blame not my inconstancy, but your own.

Mrs. M. By all our joys, I never loved another.

Gay. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long since constrained you to own? Will you deny your favours to lord Richly?

[my heart.]

Mrs. M. He had indeed my person, but you alone

Gay. I always take a woman's person to be the strongest assurance of her heart. I think the love of a mistress who gives up her person is no more to be doubted than the love of a friend who gives you his purse.

Mrs. M. By Heavens, I hate and despise him equal with my husband; and, as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, so I was given up to the former by the entreaties of my husband.

Gay. By the entreaties of your husband!

Mrs. M. Hell and his blacker soul doth know the truth of what I say.—That he betrayed me first, and has ever since been the pander of our amour: to you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly has paid for his pleasures; to you they have still been free. He was my husband's choice; but you alone were mine.

[too!]

Gay. And have you not complied with Bellamant?

Mrs. M. Oh! blame not my necessities; he is, indeed, that generous creature you have spoke him.

Gay. And have you not betrayed this generous creature to a wretch?

Mrs. M. I see you know it all.—By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealousy, not my design: nay, he importuned me to have discovered lord Richly in the same manner. Oh! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blast my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loss. Thou shalt see by my retirement I have a soul too great to encounter shame.

Gay. I will try to make that retirement easy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to discomfit your husband's purpose, and preserve my friend.

Mrs. M. I myself will preserve him: if my husband pursue his intentions, my woman will swear that the servant owned he was hired to be a false evidence against us.

Gay. Then, since the story is already public, forgive this last blush I am obliged to put you to.

Mrs. M. What do you mean?

Gay. These witnesses must inform you.

SCENE XII.—GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, EMILIA, CAPTAIN MERIT.

Mrs. M. Distraction! tortures!

Gay. I have with difficulty brought myself to give you this shock; which nothing but the preservation

of the best of friends could have extorted, and which you shall be made amends for.

Bella. Be not shocked, madam; it shall be your husband's fault if you are farther uneasy on this account.

Gay. Come, madam, you may yourself reap a benefit from what I have done, since it may prevent your being exposed in another place.

Mrs. M. All places to me are equal, except this.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. B. Her misfortunes move my compassion.

Gay. It is generous in you, madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman whose faults are more her husband's than her own.

SCENE XIII.—LORD RICHLI, MODERN, GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, CAPT. MERIT, EMILIA.

Rich. Mr. Gaywit, upon my word, you have the most splendid levee I have seen.

Gay. I am sorry, my lord, you have increased it by one who should only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee; a fellow whose company is scandalous to your lordship, as it is odious to us all.

Bella. His lordship is not the only man who goes abroad with his cuckold.

Rich. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very scurry entertainment.

Gay. You'll know, my lord, very shortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourself are obliged to his kind endeavours: for, would his wife have consented to his entreaties, this pretended discovery had fallen on you, and you had supplied that gentleman's place.

Rich. A discovery fallen on me!

Merit. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witnesses to Mrs. Modern's confession of it, that he betrayed her to your embraces with a design to discover you in them.

Mod. My lord, this is a base design to ruin the humblest of your creatures in your lordship's favour.

Rich. How it should have that effect, I know not; for I do not understand a word of what these gentlemen mean.

Gay. They shall convince your lordship. In the mean time I must beg you to leave this apartment: you may prosecute what revenge you please; but at law we shall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

Emil. Though I see not why; for it is surely as much robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would sell it as from the gentleman who would keep it.

Mod. You may bave your jest, madam; but I will be paid severely for it. I shall have a time of laughing in my turn. My lord, your most obedient servant.

SCENE XIV.—LORD RICHLI, GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Gay. He will find his mistake and our conquest soon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that consent you gave me this morning, and complete my happiness with this lady.

Rich. Truly, nephew, you misunderstood me if you imagined I promised any such thing. However, though you know I might insist on my brother's will, yet let Mr. Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I shall not oppose it; and till then I shall not consent.

Gay. Ha!

Capt. B. I hope your lordship has not determined to deny every request; and therefore I may hope your blessing.

[*Kneels.*

Rich. What does this mean?

Capt. B. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this right. Your daughter—

Rich. What of her?

Capt. B. Is my wife.

Rich. Your wife!

Capt. B. Nay, if you will not give me your blessing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, though you were the Great Mogul.

Rich. Very well! This is your doing, Mr. Bellamant, or rather my own. Confusion! my estate, my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandise the man I must hate, because he knows I would have wronged him! Well, sirs, whatever pleasure you may seem to take at my several disappointments, I shall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be so many mutual plagues to one another.

SCENE the last.—GAYWIT, MR. and MRS. BELLAMANT, CAPT. BELLAMANT, LA. CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Bella. Methinks I might have been consulted on this affair.

Charl. We had no time for consultation; our amour has been of a very short date.

Capt. B. All our love is to come, lady Charlotte.

Charl. I expect a deal of love after marriage, for what I have hated you before it.

Capt. B. I never asked you the question till I was sure of you.

Charl. Then you knew my mind better than myself; for I never resolved to have you till I had you.

Gay. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happiness. Lady Charlotte has made my lord's consent unnecessary too. Your father has already blessed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happiest of mankind.

Emil. I suppose you follow my brother's method, and never ask till you are sure of obtaining.

Bella. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you ask, I am still heaping greater favours on myself.

Gay. Think not so, when you bestow on me more than any man can merit.

Bella. Then take the little all I have; and may you be as happy with her as I am in these arms [embracing Mrs. BELLAMANT—] whence the whole world should never estrange me more.

Mrs. B. I am too happy in that resolution.

Gay. Lady Charlotte, I made a promise this day to your father in your favour, which I am resolved to keep, though he hath broken his. I know your good nature and good sense will forgive a fault which love has made me commit—Love, which directs our inclinations, in spite of equal and superior charms.

Charl. No excuses, dear sir; my inclinations were as whimsical as yours.

Capt. B. You have fairly got the start, lady Charlotte.

Gay. My Bellamant! my friend! my father! what a transport do I feel from the prospect of adding to your future happiness! Let us henceforth be one family, and have no other contest but to outvie in love.

Bella. My son! Oh, what happiness do I owe to thy friendship! And may the example of my late misfortune warn thee to fly all such encounters: and, since we are setting out together in the road to happiness, take this truth from an experienced traveller:—

However slight the consequence may prove
Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
Be from all vice divorced before you wed,
And bury falsehood in the bridal bed.

EPILOGUE, WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ., SPOKEN BY

MRS. BESSON.

As mal'-factors, on their dying day.
 Have always something, at the tree, to say.
 So I, before to exile I go down.
 With my hard hapless fate would warn the town.
 Fatal quadrille! Fly! fly the tempting evil!
 For, when our last stake's lost, 'tis sure the devil!
 With curs'd quadrille avoid my fatal shame,
 Or, if you can't, at least play all the game.
 Of spotless fame be chary as your lives!
 Keep wide of proof, and you're the best of wives!
 Husbands most fault, not public made, connive at:
 The trip 's a trifle when the frailty's private.
 What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
 The fair might like the play whose plot conceals 'em;
 For who would favour plays to be thus used?
 None ever were by operas abused.
 Or, could they warble scandal out at random,
 Where were the harm, while none could understand 'em?
 But I no more must hear those melting strains,
 Condemn'd, alas! to woods and lonely plains!
 Gay masquerades now turn'd to country fairs,
 And croaking rooks supply soft emulous airs.
 No Ring, no Meli—no rak, tat, tat, at doors;
 And, O hard fate! for dear quadrille—all fours.
 No more new plays! but that's a small offence:
 Your taste will shortly banish them from hence.
 Yet ere I part, methinks, it were to wrong you
 Not to bequeath some legacies among you.
 My reputation I for prudes intend.
 In hopes their strictness what's amiss will mend.
 My young gallants let ancient maidens kill,
 And take my husband—any soul that will.
 Our author to the spotless fair I give,
 For his chaste wife to grant him a reprieve.
 Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
 In her you view your virtues impudently.
 In her sweet mind even age and wand'ring youth
 Must own the transparency of comely truth:
 Thus each extreme is for instruction meant,
 And ever was the stage's true intent.
 To give reward to virtue, vice its punishment.

EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY MRS. BESSON.

In dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
 Ladies, I am return'd to take my leave.
 Prudes, I suppose, will, with their old good-nature,
 Show their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
 They fail not at the unfortunate to flout,
 Not because naughty, but because—found out.
 Why, faith, if these discoveries succeed,
 Marriage will soon become a trade indeed!
 This trade, I'm sure, will flourish in the nation,
 'Twill be esteem'd below no man of fashion
 To be a member of the—Cuckold's corporation.
 What interest 'll be made—what mighty doing—
 To be directors for the year ensuing!
 And 'tis exceeding difficult to say
 Which end of this chaste town would win the day.
 Oh! should no chance this corporation stop,
 Where should we find one house without a shop?
 How would a wife, hung out, draw beaux in throngs,
 To hire your doors, like dominos, at Long's!
 There would be dainty days, when ev'ry vinty
 Might put them on and off—for half a guinea!
 Oh! to behold th' embroider'd trader grin!
 "My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!"
 Money alone men will use more impudently.
 When ev'ry beauty makes her husband's fortune.
 While justice voices virtue at this rate,
 Each wife is (when discover'd) an estate.
 A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
 But here you lose your wife by what you get your money.
 And now, I obey a dull poetic sentence.
 In lonely woods I must pursue repentance!
 Ye virgins pure, ye modest matrons, lend
 Attentive ears to your departing friend.
 If fame unsupported be the thing you drive at,
 Be virtuous, if you can; if not, be private—
 But hold!—Why should I leave my sister-sinners?
 To dwell 'mongst innocents or young beginners?
 Frailty will better with the frail go down:
 So, hang the stupid bard!—I'll stay in town.

THE MOCK DOCTOR; OR, THE DUMB LADY CURED.

A COMEDY, DONE FROM MOLIERE, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1733.

TO DR. JOHN MIRAUBEN.

SIR,—Were I not well assured of your great candour, the opinion I have of your nice judgment and refined taste might give me terrible apprehensions while I am presenting you a piece wherein, I fear, much immodesty is done to an author whose benefits you can so expensively relish in the original. It would be hard to make a more delicate compliment to a lady than by dedicating to her the droll satire of Juvenal. Such an address must naturally suppose her free from all the vices and follies there inveighed against. Permit me, therefore, sir, to prefix to a farce, wherein quacks are so severely exposed, the name of one who will be remembered as an honour to his profession while there is a single practitioner in town at whose door there is a lamp in an evening.

I shall not here proceed, in the common road of dedications, to sum up the many great talents with which nature has enriched you; I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on excellencies so well known to the world; nor shall I mention here that politeness which appears equal with your wit in your conversation, and has made you the desire of the great and the envy of the whole profession; that generous elegance with which you treat your friends and patients, inasmuch that the latter are often gainers by their temperance, and drink you out more in wine than they pay you for physic. I shall not, I say, mention these; but I cannot, without the greatest violence to myself, pass by that Little Pill which has rendered you so great a blessing to mankind—that Pill which is the opposite to Pandora's box, and has done more real good in the world than the poets feign the other to have done evil. Forgive me, sir, if I am not able to contain myself while I am talking of this invaluable remedy, to which so many owe their health, their pleasure, nay, the very preservation of their being.

It is this, sir, which has enlisted the brethren of your faculty against you—that has made them represent one of the greatest men of this age as an illiterate empiric, for which weak effort of their malice you have continually had a very feeble and just contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your ears, that are soaverse to flattery, I might here mention your great skill in

divinity, philosophy, &c., almost equal to your knowledge in physic. But this the world will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevailed on to publish some of those excellent treatises which your leisure hours have produced, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to mankind as the labours of our most celebrated divines have been.

And now, sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing that you may meet with the reward you merit: that the gratitude of some of your patients may, in return for the lengthening of their lives, contribute to immortalize your reputation—that I may see a statue erected to your memory, with that serpent of Esculapius in your hand which you so deservedly bear in your arms, in the sincere wish of, sir, your most obedient, most humble servant.

PREFACE.

Le Médecin malgré Lui of Molière hath been always esteemed in France the best of that author's humorous pieces. The Misanthrope, to which it was first added, owed to it chiefly its success. That excellent play was of too grave a kind to hit the genius of the French nation, on which account the author, in a very few days, produced this farce, which, being added to the Misanthrope, gave it one of the greatest runs that any play ever met with on that stage.

The English theatre owes this farce to an accident not unlike that which gave it to the French. And I wish I had been as able to preserve the spirit of Molière as I have, in translating it, fallen short even of that very little time he allowed himself in writing it; however, the candour of its audience hath given me no reason to repent or be ashamed of my undertaking, as perhaps, when I have returned what is due to Molière and to the performers, I shall have very little cause of triumph from it.

The applause our Mock Doctor received on the theatre admits of no addition from my pen. I shall only congratulate the town on the lively hope they may entertain of having the loss they are one day to suffer in the father so well supplied in the son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising glories of the thew-

tre, omit one who, though she owns little advantage to the part of Dorcas, hath already convinced the best judges of her admirable genius for the stage; she hath sufficiently shown, in the *Old Debauchee*, that her capacity is not confined to a song, and I dare swear they will shortly own her able to do justice to characters of a much greater consequence.

One pleasure I enjoy from the success of this piece is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of *Molière* of great value. How I have done this, any English reader may be satisfied by examining an exact literal translation of the *Médecin malgré Lui*, which is the second in the second volume of *Select Comedies of Molière*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Sir Jasper*, Mr. SHUTTERED; *Isaac*, Mr. STOPFELER; *Gregory*, Mr. CIBBER, JUN.; *Robert*, Mr. JONES; *James*, Mr. MULLART; *Harry*, Mr. ROBERTS; *Dorcas*, Mr. JONES; *Hellebor*, Mr. ROBERTS; *Dorcas*, Miss RAYTON; *Charlotte*, Miss WILLIAMS; *Maid*, Mrs. MARR.—SCENE. partly in a COUNTRY-TOWN and partly in a WOOD.

SCENE I.—A wood.—DORCAS, GREGORY.

Greg. I tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk and to command.

Dorc. And I tell you you shall conform to my will, and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life than when he told us "That a wife is worse than a devil."

Dorc. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle!

Greg. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as

Dorc. An education!

Greg. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first in the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt physics.

Dorc. O that thou hadst followed him still! Cursed be the hour wherein I answered the parson, "I will!"

Greg. And cursed be the parson that asked me the question!

Dorc. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you when it sent you myself. I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserve such a wife as me!

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I. *Betsy Bell*.

Dorc. When a lady like me condescends to agree

To let such a jackanapes taste her,

With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,

Who gives him—what's meat for his master!

His actions should still

Attend on her will.

Hear, sirrah, and take heed for warning;

To her he should be

Each night on his knee,

And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meant for my master! you were meant for your master, if I am't mistaken; for, to one of our shames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, madam; it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats everything I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink

Dorc. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dorc. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It's genteel—the squire does the same.

Dorc. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dorc. My four little children that are continually crying for bread.

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for

Dorc. And do you imagine, sot—

Greg. Harkye, my dear; you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dorc. I laugh at your threats; poor, beggarly, insolent fellow

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally—

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

Dorc. O, murder! murder!

[Beats her].

SCENE II.—GREGORY, DORCAS, SQUIRE ROBERT

Rob. What's the matter here! Fie upon you, fie upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dorc. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat;

Rob. O dear madam! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dorc. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any

Rob. No, certainly, madam.

Dorc. Here's an impudent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

AIR II. *Winchester Wedding*.

Go thrash your own rib, sir, at home,

Nor thus interfere with our strife;

May cuckoldom still be his doom

Who strives to part husband and wife!

Suppose I've a mind he should drub,

Whose bones are they, sir, he's to lick?

At whose expense is it, you scrub?

You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife, beat her as you ought

Greg. No, sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not

beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and

Rob. Certainly.

Dorc. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself!

SCENE III.—GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dorc. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know you and I are one; and

I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes; but, for the future, I desire you will

beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I am

sorry for't.

Dorc. For once I pardon you; but you shall pay

Greg. Pshaw! pshaw! child; these are only little

affairs, necessary in friendship: four or five good

blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples

only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the

wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots

before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not revenged on those blows of

yours! Oh, that I could but think of some method

to be revenged on him! Hang the rogue!—he is

quite insensible of cuckoldom.

AIR III. *Oh, London is a fine town*

In ancient days, I've heard, with mous

The wife her spouse could fright,

Which now the hero bravely scorn,

So common is the sight.

To city, country, camp, or court,

Or where'er he go,

No horned brother dares make sport;

They're cuckolds all arow.

Oh, that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed!

SCENE IV.—HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a cursed misfortune! to lose the letter! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no invention to be revenged?—Hey-day! who are these?

James. Harkye, mistress; do you know where—where—where doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dorc. Doctor who?

James. Doctor—doctor—What's-his-name? [me?]

Dorc. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter *Har.* Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman—we don't mean to hanker you. We are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts. We have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dorc. There is one doctor Lazy lives just by; but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James. Direct us but to him. We'll bring him with us, one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dorc. Ha! Heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hangdog! [*Aside.*—I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but, if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood!

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dorc. No; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world; he goes dressed like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about them.

Dorc. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat before he will own himself a physician; and I'll give you my word you'll never make him own himself one unless you both of you take a good cudgel and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dorc. Very true; and in so great a man!

James. And is he so very skilful a man?

Dorc. Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago a woman was given over by all her physicians—nay, she had been dead for some time—when this great man came to her. As soon as he saw her he poured a little drop of something down her throat. He had no sooner done it than she got out of her bed, and walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious!

Dorc. 'Tis not above three weeks ago that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than, having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

Both. Oh, most wonderful!

Har. Hey! God, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness?

Dorc. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb; and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a going, so that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dorc. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he, yonder? [up his hill.

Dorc. The very same. He has spied us, and taken

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment. Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dorc. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that.

SCENE V.—Another part of the wood.—JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis most confounded hot weather.

Hey! who have we here?

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here—

Greg. Ay, like enough.

James. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very great favour. We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I'm very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered: the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For Heaven's sake, sir, be covered.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but should be courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

James. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you: men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

James. O dear, sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper elsewhere; but, if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that matter, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear, sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't hate one farthing.

James. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician like you try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

[with us.

James. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble

Har. It is in vain, sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are!—what do you know

of me? [physician.

James. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great

Greg. Physician in your teeth!—I a physician!
James. The fit is on him. Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to— you know what. [know this, that I'm no physician.

Greg. Devil take me if I know what, sir! but I *James.* We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. And so you are no physician!

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician!

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must. [Beat him.

Greg. Oh! oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing! I am—I am—whatever you please to have me. [Hence!

James. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violent remedy?
Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome [of pain.

James. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal
Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me if I am.

Harry. You are no physician!

Greg. May I be poked if I am! [They beat him.
 Oh! oh!—dear gentlemen! oh! for Heaven's sake, I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be anything than be knocked off the head.

James. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed! [distempers.

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of

Greg. The devil I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broken 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician without doubt: I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it! But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit, for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*DORCAS, sola.*

I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while. Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing, for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head is more dangerous than is imagined. Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool the host of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a cracked china cup.

AIR IV. *Pinks and lilies.*

A woman's ware, like china,
 Now cheap, now dear is bought;
 When whole, though worth a guinea,
 When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman at St. James's,
 Wuh hundreds you obtain;
 But stay 'till lost her fame is,
 She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE VII.—*SIR JASPER'S house.—SIR JASPER, JAMES.*

Jasp. Where is he?—where is he!

James. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir; for, were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again. He makes no more of bringing a patient to life than other physicians do of killing him.

Jasp. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mentioned.

James. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.

SCENE VIII.—*SIR JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.*

Har. Sir, this is the doctor.

Jasp. Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says we should both be cover'd.
Jasp. Ha! does Hippocrates say so!—in what chapter, pray!

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Jasp. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters—

Jasp. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to!

Greg. To you, doctor.

Jasp. Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Jasp. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor!

Jasp. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done.

Jasp. Done, in the devil's name! What's done?
Greg. Why, now you're made a doctor of physic—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took. [here!

Jasp. What devil of a fellow have you brought
James. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Jasp. Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Jasp. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows—

Jasp. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Jasp. Let us talk no more of 'em, sir. My daughter, doctor, has fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it; and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Jasp. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul. [of mine.

Jasp. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Jasp. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christened Charlot?

Jasp. No, sir, she was christened Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

SCENE IX.—SIR JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOT, MAID.

Jasp. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Jasp. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign where we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?

Charl. Han, hi, hon.

Greg. Han! hon! honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! What the devil sort of a language is this?

Jasp. Why, that's her distemper, sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Jasp. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!—Would to heaven my wife was dumb! I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her?

Jasp. Yes, sir. [very much?]

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great

Jasp. Very great. [pains?]

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse.

Jasp. You have guessed her distemper. [indeed.]

Greg. Ay, sir, you great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkce, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy; for there is nothing else the matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Jasp. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Jasp. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Jasp. But, if you please, dear sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things—very fine things.

Jasp. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed, a very great man.—A man who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—Ah! you understand Latin—

Jasp. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Jasp. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. *Cabrius arci thuram cathalmus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivus hujus, hunc, hanc musæ. Bonus, boon, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamant, et similibus.*

Jasp. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, *Whiscrus*, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, *Jack-boots*, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, *Perriwigus*, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricles of the *Omotaphamus*; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, sir! And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Jasp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—

Jasp. I am. [Be attentive, if you please.]

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engendered in the coactivity of the diaphragm; thence it arises that these vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuantur, mascula dicuntur, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. O that I had but his tongue!

Jasp. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing—I always thought till now that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly; but we have changed all that. The college at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Jasp. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. O, sir! there's no harm; you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Jasp. Very true. But, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warmed with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refined sugar.

Jasp. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir? ay, sir—And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do business all at once.

Jasp. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obeyed.

[Gives Money.]

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold; there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me! I was never better in my life, I thank you, sir.

Greg. So much the worse, madam; so much the worse.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—for when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physic and bleed away.

Jasp. Oh, strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it; or, as we say in Greek, *Distemprium bestum est curaro ante habestum.*—What I shall prescribe you at present is, to take every six hours one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six

hours, washing it down with six spoonful of the best Holland's Geneva.

Jasp. Sure you are in jest, doctor!—This wench does not show any symptoms of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic: I shall prepare something for you.

Jasp. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto; and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo to domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

Jasp. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE X.—*The street*.—LEANDER, *solus*.

Ah, Charlot! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own. Oh, how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

AIR V.

O cursed power of gold, For which all honour's sold, And honesty's no more! For then we often find The great in leagues combin'd To trick and rob the poor.	By thee the fool and knave Transcend the wise and brave, So absolute they reign: Without some help of thine, The greatest beauties shine, And lovers plead in vain.
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SCENE XI.—LEANDER, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning; and since—

Lea. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ah, you have need of assistance, indeed! What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed? [*Feels his pulse*.]

Lea. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken! I am not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a man is sick better than he does himself?

Lea. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now come; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cured. [*Cries for a pimp!*]

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, sir? a physician. Dear sir, make no noise. [*Tinent fellow*.]

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise; you are an impudent. Softly, good sir!

Greg. I shall show you, sir, that I'm not such a sort of person, and that you are an insolent, saucy—[*LEANDER gives a purse*].—I'm not speaking to you, sir; but there are certain impudent fellows in the world that take people for what they are not— which always puts me, sir, into such a passion, that— [*taken*.]

Lea. I ask pardon, sir, for the liberty I have
Greg. O, dear sir! no offence in the least. Pray, sir, how am I to serve you?

Lea. This distemper, sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feigned. The physicians have reasoned upon it, according to custom, and have derived from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love, and is an invention of Charlot's to deliver her from a match which she dislikes.

Greg. Hum!—Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lea. I'm not very well known to her father; therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go, then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here.—Ha! methinks I see a patient. [*Exit LEANDER*.]

SCENE XII.—GREGORY, JAMES, DAVY.

Greg. Gad, matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

James [*speaking to DAVY*]. Fear not; if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*GREGORY holds out his hand*.]—If your worship would find out some means to cure

Greg. What's the matter with her? [*her*.—

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians: one says 'tis the dropy; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call-it! the tummy; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rheumatiz; a fifth—

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, sir!

Greg. Ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swelled up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come to the purpose, speak to the purpose, my friend. [*Holding out his hand*.]

Davy. The purpose is, sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word what you mean.

James. His wife is sick, doctor; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend. [*DAVY gives the guinea*.]

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper! You say your wife is always calling for drink: let her have as much as she desires! she can't drink too much; and, d'ye hear? give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese, sir! The cheese of which this is a part has cured more people of a dropy than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit*.]

Greg. Go; and, if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

SCENE XIII.—GREGORY, DORCAS.

Dore. I am like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. O, physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dore. For, though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR VI. *Thomas, I cannot*.

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
Who's bred at the court or France;
He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
And minds not the good main chance.
Be Gregory
The man for me,
Though given to many a maggot;
For he would work
Like any Turk;
None like him e'er handled a figot, a figot,
None like him e'er handled a figot.

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physi-

eian to some purpose.—Come hider, shild, letta me feela your pulse.

Dore. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physiciou, my dear; and I aan to feel a de pulse of the pation.

Dore. Yes, but I am no pation, sir; nor want no physicion, good doctor Blagou.

Greg. Begar, you must be putta to bed, and take a de peel; I me sal give you de little peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempe den evere were hered off.

Dore. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dore. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*]—Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*]

Dore. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills. And wlat must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh! begar, mo vill show you; me vill teacha you what you sal doe. You must come kisso me now; you must come kisso me.

Dore. [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discovered him in good time, or he bad discovered me. [*Aside.*—Well, doctor, and are you cured now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. [*Aside.*—Dis is not a propre place; dis is too public; for, sud any one pass by while I take dis physie, it vill preventa de operation.

Dore. What physie, doctor?

Greg. In your ear dat. [*Whispers.*

Dore. And in your ear dat, sirrah. [*Hitting him a box.*—Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain? Do you think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue—my dear virtue? Tbere, take your

Greg. But where's the gold? [*Purse again.*

Dore. The gold I'll keep as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh, what a happy dog am I to find my wife so virtuous a woman when I least expected it! Oh, my injured dear! behold your Gregory, your

Dore. Ho! [*Own husband!*

Greg. Oh me! I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more than that I am as much the happiest of men as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dore. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred: for the strangest accident has happened to me.

Dore. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you whom you are obliged to for that accident. Had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physicion. [*Drubbing!*

Greg. Oh, ho! then 'tis to you I owe all that

Dore. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence. [*hush!*

Greg. How infinitely I'm obliged to thee!—But

SCENE XIV.—GREGORY, HELLEBOR.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor: I am myself, sir, a brother of the faculty—what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, sir.

Hel. It will add, sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired; and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possessed with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, sir, if you will but admit her into your house—

Hel. Most willingly, sir.

Greg. The first thing, sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, sir: after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*To his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging. Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, sir; nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to inquire for Dr. Hellebor.

Dore. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband!

Hel. Husband! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with! [*Exit with DOMCAS.*

SCENE XV.—GREGORY, LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear. So, sir. [*Now.*

Lea. I think I make a pretty good apothecary

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I am a physicion; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient. [*Words.*

Lea. If I did but know a few physical hard

Greg. A few physical hard words! why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, sir? Come along, come along. Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.—SIR JASPER'S house.—SIR JASPER CHARLOT, MAIR, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Jasp. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, sir; so far from it, that, as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Jasp. [*Looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return. Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, sir, how does my patient?

Jasp. Rather worse, sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Jasp. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescribe.

Jasp. A song, doctor! prescribe a song! [*scribes.*

Greg. Prescribe a song, sir! Yes, sir, prescribe a song, sir. Is there anything so strange in that? Did you never hear of pills to purge melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? Shud, sir, this song would make a stone speak. But if you please, sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR VII.

Lea. Thus, lovely patient Charlot sees

Her dying patient kneel:

Soon cured will be your feign'd disease,

But what physician e'er can ease

The torments which I feel?

Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,

Ab, think what I endure!

All other remedies are vain;

The lovely cause of all my pain

Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, sir, if you please. Some say no; others say yes; and for my part I say both yes and no, forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible. One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds— [opinion.]

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my *Jasp.* My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service!

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. * [Traversing the stage in a great heat, the apothecary following.]

Charl. Yes, sir, I have recovered my speech; but I have recovered it to tell you that I never will have any husband but Leander. [Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir JASPER round the stage.]

Jasp. But— [I have taken.]

Charl. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution *Jasp.* What! [signify nothing.]

Charl. Your rhetoric is in vain, all your discourses *Jasp.* I—

Charl. I am determined, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my *Jasp.* I have— [inclinations.]

Charl. I never will submit to this tyranny; and, if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Jasp. You shall have Mr. Dapper—

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad; you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you shan't, that I'm resolved.

Greg. There, sir—there, I think, we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Jasp. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue. Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impossible, sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Jasp. And do you think—

Charl. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Jasp. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Charl. I'll be hurried first.

Greg. Stay, sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Jasp. It is impossible, sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind.

Greg. Sir, I can cure anything. Hark ye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixed with two drachms of pills matrimonialae, and three large handfuls of arbor vite; perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary I shall trust you for the success:

go, make her walk in the garden: be sure you lose no time: to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specific.

SCENE XVII.—SIR JASPER, GREGORY.

Jasp. What drugs, sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before!

Greg. They are some, sir, lately discovered by the Royal Society.

Jasp. Did you ever see anything equal to her insolence! [headstrong.]

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too *Jasp.* You cannot imagine, sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander. [minds.]

Greg. The heat of blood, sir, causes that in young *Jasp.* For my part, the moment I discovered the violence of her passion I have always kept her locked up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Jasp. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows but might have been the consequence! Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run *Greg.* Very true. [away with him.]

Jasp. Ay, sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shown the world that I understand a little of women—I think I have; and let me tell you, sir, there is not a little art required. If this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No, certainly, sir.

SCENE XVIII.—SIR JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

Dorc. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician!

Jasp. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now!

Dorc. Oh, sirrah! sirrah!—would you have destroyed your wife, you villain! Would you have been guilty of murder, dog!

Greg. Holty, toity!—What mad woman is this?

Jasp. Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dorc. I'll see you, you villain.—Cure me!

AIR VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician;
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

SCENE XIX.—SIR JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

James. Oh, sir! undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary; and this is the rogue of a physician who has contrived all the affair.

Jasp. How! am I shamed in this manner! Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now. [husband!]

Dorc. And are they going to hang you, my dear *Greg.* You see, my dear wife. [consolation.]

Dorc. Had you finished the fagots it had been some *Greg.* Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dorc. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death—nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hanged.

SCENE XX.—To them, LEANDER, CHARLOT.

Leand. Behold, sir, that Leander whom you had

forbid your house restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands. I have received letters by which I have learned the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Jasp. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now, my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dear Charlot. And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dorc. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Jasp. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

Greg. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no. And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dorc. Why, thou puffed-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR IX. *We've cheated the parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease:

Powders, drops,

Juleps, slops,

A cargo of poisons from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,

What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?

Would you know how you may manage her right?

Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night:

Never vary,

Nor miscarry,

If the lover be but the apothecary.

EPICURE.

Wait, ladies, pray how goes our Doctor down?

Shall he not yet be sent for up to town?

To such a pleasant and audacious rogue,

He'd have a humming chance to be in vogue.

What though no Greek or Latin he command,

Since he can talk what none can understand?

Ah! there are many such physicians in the land.

And what though he has taken no degrees?

No doctor here can better take—his fees.

Let none his real ignorance despise,

Since he can feel a pulse, and—look extremely wise;

Though, like some quack, he shines out in newspapers,

He is a rare physician for the vapours.

Ah! ladies, in that case, he has more knowledge

Than all the ancient fellows of the college.

Besides, a double calling he pursues,

He writes you bills, and brings you—bills—deux.

Doctors with some are in small estimation,

But pumps, all own, are useful to the nation.

Physic cures sickness, and now hastens death;

Pumping 's the surest way of giving breath.

How many maids, who pine away their hours,

And droop in tentatious spring, like blasted flowers,

Had still surviv'd had they our Doctor known!

Widows who grieve to death for husbands gone,

And wives who die for husbands living on,

Would they our mighty Doctor's art essay,

I'd warrant he—would put 'em in a way.

Doctors, beware! should once this quack take root,

I'gad he'd force you all to walk on foot!

THE COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE IN 1728.

Quasi amantem parcat, eadem sibi parcat parum.
Quasi parcat, eadem est amator lenis: nequam est ovis recens.
Is habet aurum; is invidiosus; cum quovis pacto concius:
Vt palmarium vel aurum: versus, quo pacto labet.
Is dare vult, is se aliquid posci, nam ubi de pecto promittit.

Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat; illi rei studet:
Vult faciem sese amicum, vult nihil, pedisequum,
Vult familiæ, vult etiam ancillæ; et quocumque studio meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quon videret, gaudent.

PLAUTUS, *Asinæ*.

PROLEGOMENA.

I had been customary with authors of extraordinary merit to prefix to their works certain commendatory epistles in verse and prose, written by a friend, or left with the printer by an unknown hand; which are of notable use to an injudicious reader, and often lead him to the discovery of beauties which might otherwise have escaped his eye. They stand like champions at the head of a volume, and bid defiance to an army of critics.

As I have not been able to procure any such panegyrics on the following scenes from my friends, nor had leisure to write them myself, I have, in an unpermitted manner, collected such criticisms as I could meet with on this tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I must at the same time assure the reader that he may shortly expect an answer to them.

The first of these pieces, by its date, appears to be the production of some fine gentleman who plays the Critic for his diversion, though he has not spoiled his eyes with too much reading. The latter will be easily discovered to come from the hands of one of that rub which hat's determined to instruct the world in arts and sciences, without understanding any; who,

With less learning than makes felons 'scape,

Loss human genius than God gives an ape,
are resolved,

—in spite

Of nature and their stars, to write.

"DEAR JACK,—Since you have left the town, and no rational creature except myself in it, I have applied myself pretty much to my books: I have, besides the 'Craftsman' and 'Grub-street Journals,' read a good deal in Mr. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' and several pages in the 'History of the King of Sweden,' which is translated into English; but fancy I should understand more of it if I had a better map, for I have not been able to find out Lævonia in mine.

"I believe you will be surprised to hear I have not been twice at the playhouse since your departure. But, alas! what entertainment can a man of sense find there now? 'The Modern Husband,' which we hissed the first night, had such success, that I began to think it a good play, till the 'Grub-street Journal' assured me it was not. 'The Earl of Essex,' which you know is my favourite of all Shakespeare's plays, was acted the other night; but I was kept from it by a damne! farce, which I abominate and detest so much that I have never either seen it or read it.

"Last Monday came out a new tragedy, called 'The Covent-Garden Tragedy,' which, I believe, I may affirm to be the worst that ever was written. I will not shock your good judgement by any questions out of it. To tell you the truth, I know not what to make of it: one would have guessed from the audience it had been a comedy, for I saw more people laugh than cry at it. It adds a very strong confirmation to your opinion,—that it is impossible anything worth reading should be written in this age.—I am, &c.

"St. James's Coffee-house."

A CRITICISM ON THE COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY, originally intended for The Grub-street Journal.

I HAVE been long sensible that the days of poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (who shall be named) that can write either sense, or English, or grammar. For this reason I have passed by unremarked, gratefully unread, the little, quaint, short-lived productions of my contemporaries; for it is a maxim with my bookseller, that no criticism on any work can sell, when the work itself does not.

But when I observe an author growing into any reputation—when I see the same play which I had liberally hissed the first night advertised for a considerable number of nights together—I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticising on. A play that runs twelve nights will support a separate critique as many days.

The success of "The Tragedy of Tragedies," and "The Modern

Husband" did not only determine me to draw my pen against those two performances, but hath likewise engaged my criticism on everything which comes from the hands of that author, of whatever nature it be.

Sed Genium vivo Latium.

"The Covent Garden Tragedy" bears so great an analogy to the tragedy of "Tom Thumbs," that it needs not the author's name to assure us from what quarter it had its original. I shall beg leave, therefore, to examine this piece a little, even before I am assured what success it will meet with. Perhaps what I shall herein say may prevent its meeting with any.

I shall not here trouble the reader with a laborious definition of tragedy drawn from Aristotle or Horace; for which I refer him to those authors. I shall content myself with the following plain proposition: "That a tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialogicwise, consisting of several fine similes, metaphors, and moral *phrases*, with here and there a speech upon liberty. That it must contain an action, characters, sentiments, diction, and a moral." Whatever falls short of any of these is by no means worthy the name of a tragedy.

Quis genus aut flexum variat, quævisque notio

Rita deficient superante, heteroclitia cuncto.

I shall proceed to examine the piece before us on these rules; nor so I doubt to prove it deficient in them all.

Que sequitur manes est numero causæ propago.

As for an action, I have read it over twice, and do solemnly aver I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place, seems to promise something like an action, where Stormandra, who is engaged with Lovegirl, sends Bilkum to destroy him, and, at the same time, threatens to destroy herself. But, alas! what comes of all this preparation? why, *parturiunt montes*, the audience is deceived, according to custom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reason given but that the one has been run through the coat, and the other has hung up her gown instead of herself.—*Hiculus!*

The characters, I think, are such as I have not yet met with in tragedy. First, for the character of Mother Punchbowl; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why she is called Mether. Is she the mother of anybody in the play? No. From one line one might guess she was a bawd. Leatherstock desires her to procure two whores, &c.; but then, is she not continually talking of virtue? How can she be a bawd? In the third scene of the second act she appears to be Stormandra's mother.

Powers, Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.

But, if I mistake not, in the scene immediately preceding, Bilkum and she have mother'd and sold it several times. Sure she cannot be mother to them both, when she would put them to bed together. Perhaps she is mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own child. But of this the poet should, I think, have given us some better assurance than barely intimating they were going to bed together, which people, in this our island, have been sometimes known to do without going to church together.

What is intended by the character of Galleno is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from lie or he is not. Methinks I could wish he had been left out of the dance, * nothing being more unsuitable than to conceive so great a sot to be a lover of dancing; nay, so great a lover of dancing as to take that woman for a partner whom he had just before been abusing. As for the character of Lovegirl and Kissinella, they are poor imitations of the characters of Pyrrhus and Andromache in "The Distressed Mother," as Bilkum and Stormandra are of Orestes and Hermione.

Sed qui moris laus.

As for Mr. Leatherstock, he is indeed an original, and such a one as, I hope, will never have a copy. We are told (to set him off) that he has learned to read, to read play-bills, and writ "The Grub-street Journal." But how reading play-bills and writing Grub-street papers can qualify him to be a judge of plays, I confess I cannot tell.

The only character I can find entirely fanciful is the Chairman: for for we are assured,

He asks but for his fare,

When the Captain answers him,

Thy fare be damn'd!

he replies, in the gentlest manner imaginable,

This is not acting like a gentleman.

The Captain, upon this, threatens to knock his brains out. He then answers, in a most intrepid and justifiable manner,

Oh! that with me, &c.

* The critic is out in this particular, it being notorious Galleno is not in the dance; but, to show how careful the author was to maintain his character throughout, the said Galleno, during the whole dance, is employed with his bottle and his pipe.

I cannot help wishing this may teach all gentlemen to pay their chairmen.

Proceed we now to the sentiments. And here, to show how inclined I am to admire rather than dislike, I shall allow the beautiful manner wherein this play sets out. The first five lines are a mighty pretty satire on our age, our country, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. What did I not expect from such a beginning? But, alas! what follows? No line moral sentences, not a word of liberty and property, no insinuations that courtiers are fools, and statesmen rogues. You have indeed a few similes, but they are very thin soon.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The sentiments fall very short of politeness everywhere; but those in the mouth of Captain Bilkum breathe the true spirit of Billingsgate. The courtship that passes between him and Stormandra in the second act is so extremely delicate, sure the author must have served an apprenticeship there before he could have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the Tragedies of Plautus,* where,

— petit et prece blandis amicum.

But, alas! how shallow an illiterate modern imitates authors he has never read?

To say nothing of the meanness of the diction, which is, in some degrees, lower than I have seen in any modern tragedy, we very often meet with contradictions in the same line. The substantive is so far from showing the signification of its adjective, as the latter requires,

("An adjective requires some word to be joined to it to show its signification.")—*Vid. Accidence.*

that it very often takes away its meaning, as particularly "virtuous + here." Did it ever enter into any head before to bring these two words together? Indeed, my friend, I could as soon unite the idea of your sweet self and a good poet.

Forth from your empty head I'll knock your brains.

Had you had any brains in your own head, you never had writ this line—

Yet do not shock it with a thought so base.

Ten low words creep here in a line, indeed.

Monosyllaba nomina quadam,

Sed, sol, ren et splen, car, ser, vir, vas,—

Virgal rod, gristung soul, &c.

I would recommend to this author (if he can read) that whole small title treatise called *Gulielmi Lillii Monasterii Pedagogica*, where he will find this instruction:

—Veluti scopulus barbara verba fuge.

Much may be said on both sides of this question.

Let me consider what the question is.

Mighty pretty, faith! resolving a question first, and then asking it.

— Thou hast a tongue

Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.

Very likely, indeed! I fancy, sir, if ever you were in the hands of a bailiff, you have not escap'd so easily.

However square shall come to Drury-lane.

Wonderful!

Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear.

Oh! Bivins! Oh! commendum! is this true? Sure the poet exaggerates! What! a woman wear farms and houses in her ear—say, in each ear, to make it still the more incredible! I suppose these are poetical farms and houses, which any woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I pass by this, and many other beauties of the like nature, *que better juxta dicitur*, to come to a little word which is worth the whole work.

Ner modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor REP.

Quiblibet vix istud REP? I have looked over all my dictionaries, but in vain.

Nusquam reperitur in usa.

I find, indeed, such a word in some of the Latin authors; but, as it is not in the dictionary, I suppose it to be obsolete. For sure it is a proper name; if so, it should have been in Italian. I am a little inclined to this opinion, as we find several very old names in this piece, such as Hackabout, &c.

I am weary of raking in this dirt, and shall therefore pass on to the moral, which the poet very ingeniously tells us is—he knows not what; nor any one else, I dare swear. I shall, however, allow him this merit, that, except in the five lines above mentioned, I scarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never sleeps or never wakes throughout.

A S&T in present perfectum form in avi.

* I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than his comedia.

† G. L. Lilius reads this word with a single S.

PROLOGUE. SPOKEN BY MR. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

In Athens first (as dictionaries write)
The Tragic Muse was midwif'd into light;
Rome knew her next, and next she took a dance,
Some say to England, others say to France,
But when or whence the tuneful godless came,
Since she is here, I think is much the same.
Oh! have you seen the king and hero rage,
Oh! has the virgin's passion fill'd the stage?
To night nor king nor hero shall you spy,
Nor virgin's love shall fill the virgin's eye.
Our part, from unknown, unstated springs,
A curious draught of tragic sects brings.
From Covent garden culls delicious stores
Of ballads, laws, and wits, and rakes, and whores.
Examples of the great can serve but few;
For what are kings' and heroes' faults to you?
But these examples are of general use,
What rakes is ignorant of King's coffee-house?
Here the old rake may view the crimes he's known,
And boys hence dread the vices of the town;
Here nymphs seduced may mourn their pleasures past,
And maids, who have their virtue, learn to hold it fast.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Captain Bilkum*, Mr. MULLART; *Lovegird*, Mr. CIBBER, JUN.; *Indulgia*, Mr. PAOT; *Leathersides*, Mr. ROBERT; *Chairman*, Mr. JONES; *Mother Punchbowl*, Mr. RINGWATER; *Kissadee*, Miss RAFTON; *Stormwater*, Mrs. M. LART; *Nonparel*, Miss MEARS.—SCENE, AN ANTE-CHAMBER, or rather BACK-PARLOUR in MOTHER PUNCHBOWL'S HOUSE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*An Antechamber*.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES, NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

Moth. Who'd be a hawd in this degen'rate age?
Who'd for her country unrewarded toil?
Not so the statesman scrubs his ploutful head,
Not so the lawyer shakes his unfeet tongue,
Not so the doctor guides the doleful quill.
Say, Nonparel, industrious Jenny, say,
Is the play done, and yet no cull appears?
Now. The play is done: for from the pigeon-hole
I heard them hiss the curtain as it fell. (dama'd.)
Moth. Ha, did they hiss? Why then the play is
And I shall ace the poet's face no more.
Say, Leathersides, 'tis thou that best can tell,
For thou hast learnt to read, hast playhills read,
The Grub-street Journal thou hast known to write,
Thou art a judge; say, wherefore was it damn'd?
Lea. I heard a tailor, sitting by my side,
Play on his catcall, and cry out, "Sad stuff!"
A little farther an apprentice sat,
And he too hiss'd, and be too cry'd, " 'twas low."
Then o'er the pit I downward cast my eye,
The pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd.
Moth. Enough. The poet's lost, and so's his hill.
Oh! 'tis the tradesman's, not the poet's hurt;
For him the washerwoman toils in vain,
For him in vain the tailor sits cross-legg'd,—
He runs away and leaves all debts unpaid.

Lea. The mighty captain Bilkum this way comes.
I left him in the entry with his chairman,
Wrangling about his fare.
Moth. Leathersides, 'tis well.
Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.
SCENE II.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, BILKUM, CHAIRMAN.
Chair. Your honour, sir, has paid but half my fare.
I ask but for my fare.
Bilk. Thy fare be damn'd!
Chair. This is not acting like a gentleman.
Bilk. Begone; or by the powers of dice I swear,
Were there no other chairman in the world,
From out thy empty head, I'd knock thy brains.
Chair. Oh, that with me all chairmen would con-
No more to carry such sad dogs for hire, [spire
But let the lazy rascals straddle through the mire.

* A place in Covent-garden market well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown.

SCENE III.—BILKUM, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. What is the reason, captain, that you make
This noise within my house? Do you intend
To arm reforming constables against me?
Would it delight your eyes to see me dragg'd
By base plebeian hands to Westminster,
The scoff of sergeants and attorneys' clerks,
And then exalted on the pillory,
To stand the suter of ev'ry virtuous whore?
Oh! couldst thou hear to see the rotten egg
Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
Like dew distilling from the full-blown rose:
Or see me follow the attractive cart,
To see the hangman lift the virginal rod—
That hangman you so narrowly escap'd!

Bilk. Ha! that last thought has stung me to the
Damnation on all laws and lawyers too! [soul:
Behold thee carted! Oh! forefend that sight!
May Bilkum's neck be stretch'd before that day!

Moth. Come to my arms, thou best belov'd of sons;
Forgive the weakness of thy mother's fears:
O! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

Bilk. If born to swing, I never shall be drown'd.
Far be it from me, with too curious mind,
To search the office whence eternal Fate
Issues her writs of various ill to men;
Too soon arrested we shall know our doom.
And now a present evil gnaws my heart,
Oh! mother, mother—

Moth. Say, what would my son?
Bilk. Get me a wench, and lend me half a crown.
Moth. Thou shalt have both.

Bilk. Oh! goodness most unmatch'd!
What are your 'Nepelos compar'd to thee?
In vain we'd search the hundreds of the town,
From where, in Goodman's-fields, the city damo
Emboxed sits, for two times eighteen pence,
To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
In borrow'd voice and mimic habit squeak.
Yet where, oh where is such a hawd as thou?

Moth. Oh! deal not praise with such a lavish
If I excel all others of my trade, [tongue.
Thanks to those stars that taught me to excel.

SCENE IV.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, BILKUM, LEATHERSIDES.

Lea. A porter from Lovegird is arriv'd,
If in your train one harlot can be found,
That has not been a month upon the town,
Her he expects to find in bed by two.

Moth. Thou, Leathersides, hast know'st such
nymphs to find;
To thee their lodgings they communicate.
Go, thou, procure the girl; I'll make the punch,
Which she must call for when she first arrives.
Oh! Bilkum, when I backward cast my thoughts,
When I revolve the glorious days I've seen,
(Days I shall see no more)—it tears my brain.
When culls sent frequent, and were sent away,
When col'nels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,
Here spent the issue of their glorious toils;
These were the men, my Bilkum, that subdu'd
The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.
Now we are sunk to a low race of beaux,
Fellows unfit for women or for war;
And one poor cull is all the guests I have.

SCENE V.—LEATHERSIDES, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, BILKUM.

Lea. Two whores, great madam, must be straight
prepar'd,
A fat one for the squire, and for my lord a lean.
Moth. Be that thy care. This weighty bus'ness done,
A bowl of humming punch shall glad my son.

SCENE VI.—BILKUM, solus.

Oh! 'tis not in the power of punch to ease
My grief-stung soul, since Hecattissa's false,
Sin e she could hide a poor half-guinea from me.
Oh! had I search'd her pockets ere I rose,
I had not left a single shilling in them.
But, lo! Lovegirlo comes; I will retire.

SCENE VII.—LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

Gal. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus?
Art thou Lovegirlo? Tell me, art thou he
Whom I have seen the saffron-colour'd morn
With rosy fingers beckon home in vain?
Than whom none oft'ner pull'd the pendent bell,
None oft'ner cried, "Another bottle bring!"
And canst thou leave us for a worthless woman?

Love. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not speak
Aught against woman; by Kissinda's smiles,
(Those smiles more worth than all the Cornwall
mines,)

When I drank most, 'twas woman made me drink;
The toast was to the wine an orange-peel.

Gal. Oh! would they spur us on to noble drink,
I too would be a lover of the sex.

And sure for nothing else they were designed.
Woman was only born to be a toast. [tongue?]

Love. What madness moves thy slander-hurling
Woman! what is there in the world like woman?
Man without woman is a single boot,
Is half a pair of sheers. Her wanton smiles
Are sweeter than a draught of cool small beer
To the scorch'd palate of a waking sot.
Man is a puppet which a woman moves
And dances as she will. Oh! had it not
Been for a woman, thou hadst not been here.

Gal. And were it not for wine, I would not be.
Wine makes a cobbler greater than a king;
Wine gives mankind the preference to beasts,
Thirst teaches all the animals to drink,
But drunkenness belongs to only man.

Love. If woman were not, my Gallono, man
Would make a silly figure in the world.

Gal. And without wine all humankind would be
One stupid, sniveling, sneaking, sober fellow.

Love. What does the pleasures of our life refine?
'Tis charming woman.

Gal. Wine.

Love. 'Tis woman.

Gal. Wine.

SCENE VIII.—BILKUM.

Much may be said on both sides of this question.
Let me consider what the question is:

If wine or woman be our greater good.
Wine is a good—and so is woman too: [tell.
But which the greater good [a long pause] I cannot
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wisest who takes most of both.

SCENE IX.—LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA

Love. Oh! my Kissinda! Oh! how sweet art thou!
Not Covent-garden nor Stocks-market knows
A flower like thee; less sweet the Sunday rose
With which, in country church, the milkmaid decks
Her ruddy breast: ne'er wash'd the courtly dame
Her neck with honey-water half so sweet.
Oh! thou art perfume all; a perfume-shop.

Kis. Cease, my Lovegirlo! oh! thou hast a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.
Oh! I could hear thee ever, could with joy
Live a whole day upon a dish of tea,
And listen to the bagpipes in thy voice.

Love. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and reform:
Not so the miser loves to see his gold,
Not so the poet loves to see his play,

Not so the critic loves to see a fault,
Not so the beauty loves to see herself,
As I delight to see Kissinda smile.

Kis. Oh! my Lovegirlo, I must hear no more;

Thy words are strongest poison to my soul;
I shall forget my trade and learn to dote.

Love. Oh! give a loose to all the warmth of love.

Love like a bride upon the second night;

I like a ravish'd bridegroom on the first.

Kis. Then know'st too well a lady of the town,
If she give way to love, must be undone. [more;]

Love. The town! thou shalt be on the town no
I'll take thee into keeping, take thee room
So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a street,
The mistress of a Jew shall envy thee.

By Jove, I'll force the sooty tribe to own

A Christian keeps a whore as well as they.

Kis. And wilt thou take me into keeping?

Love. Yes.

Kis. Then I am blest indeed—and I will be
The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest girl.

A joint of meat a day is all I ask,

And that I'll dress myself: a pot of beer,

When thou din'st from me, shall be all my wine;

Few clothes I'll have, and those too second-hand;

Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen,

(For stockings will have holes,) I'll darn it for thee

With my own hands I'll wash thy soapen'd shirt,

And make the bed I have unmade with thee.

Love. Do virtuous women use their husbands so

Who but a fool would marry that can keep?

What is this virtue that mankind adore?

Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous tongue?

Or who remembers, to increase his joy,

In the last moments of excessive bliss,

The ring, the licence, parson, or his clerk?

Besides, when'er my mistress plays me foul,

I cast her, like a dirty shirt, away.

But oh! a wife sticks like a plaster fast,

Like a perpetual blister to the poll.

Kis. And wilt thou never throw me off?

Love. Never,

'Till thou art sold'd.

Kis. Then turn me to the streets,

Those streets you took me from.

Love. Forbid it all

Ye powers propitious to unlawful love.

Oh! my Kissinda, by this kiss I swear,

(This kiss, which at a shilling is not dear,)

I would not quit the joys this night shall give

For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.

Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench:

Torrents of joy my burning soul must quench,—

Reiterated joys!

Thus burning from the fire, the washer lifts

The red-hot iron to make smooth her shifts;

With arm impetuous rubs her shift amain,

And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again;

Nor sooner does her rubbing arm withhold

'Till she grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—STORMANDRA, BILKUM.

Stor. Not, though you were the best man in the
land,

Should you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.

Therefore come down the ready, or I go.

Bilk. Forbid it, Venus, I should ever set

So cursed an example to the world:

Forbid the rake, in full pursuit of joy,

Required the unready ready to come down,

Should curse my name, and cry, "Thus Bilkum did;

To him this cursed precedence we owe."

Stor. Rather forbid that, bilk'd in after-time;

The chairless girl should call Stormandra's name.
That, as she walks with draggled coats the street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd,) the hungry wretch
Should hellow out, "For this I thank Stormandra!"

Bilk. Trust me to-night, and never trust me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

Stor. And dost thou think I have a soul so mean?
Trust thee! dost think I came last week to town,
The waggon-straws yet hanging to my tail?
Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a groat,
Hanover-square shall come to Drury-lane.

Bilk. Madam, 'tis well; your mother may perhaps
Teach your rude tongue to know a softer tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling brightness comes.

SCENE II.—MOTH, PUNCH, BILKIN, STORM.

Stor. Oh! Mother Punchbowl, teach me how to
Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous man. [rail;
Moth. What has he done?

Stor. Sure a design so base,
Turk never yet conceived.

Moth. Forbid it, virtue! [bilk'd me.

Stor. It wounds me to the soul—he would have

Moth. Ha! in my house! oh! Bilkinn, is this true?
Who set thee on, thou traitor, to undo me!

Is it some envious sister! such may be;
For even hawks, I own it with a blush,
May be dishonest in this vicious age.

Perhaps thou art an enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious justices against us.

Oh! think not thus to bribe the ungrateful tribe.
The hand to Bridewell which thy mother sends,

May one day send thee to more fatal goal;
And oh! (avert the omen all ye stars!)

The very hemp I beat may hang my son.

Bilk. Mother, you know the passage to my heart,
But do not shock it with a thought so base.

Sooner Fleet-ditch like silver Thames shall flow,
The New-Exchange shall with the Royal vie,

Or Covent-garden's with St. Paul's great bell.
Give up belief to that ungrateful woman!

Gods! who would be a bully to a woman?
Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)—

When at the Rummage, at the noon of night,
I found thee with a base apprentice boxing!

And though none better dart the clinched fist,
Yet wast thou overmatch'd and on the ground.

Then, like a bull-dog in Hockleyan holes,
Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty foe: [stairs.

I took him by the throat, and kick'd him down the

Stor. Dost thou recount thy services, base wretch,
Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the time

When, shivering on a winter's icy morn,
I found thy coatless carcase at the roundhouse?

Did I not then forget my proper woes?
Did I not send for half a pint of gin

To warm th' ungrateful guts! Pull'd I not off
A quilted petticoat to clothe thy back!

That uskin'd back which rods had dress'd in red—
Thy only title to the name of captain!

Did I not pick a pocket of a watch—
A pocket pick for thee?

Bilk. Dost thou mention
So slight a favour? Have I not for thee

Fled from the feathered of soft repose,
And, as the watch proclaim'd the approaching day,

Robb'd the stage-coach! Again, when puddings hot
And Well-fleet oysters cried, the evening come,

Have I not been a footpad for thy pride?

Moth. Enough, my childre; let this discord cease:
Had both your merits had, you both deserve

The fate of greater persons. Go, my son,
Retire to rest—gentle Stormandra soon

Will follow you. See kind consent appear
In softest smiles upon her lovely brow.

Bilk. And can I think Stormandra will be mine?
Once more, unpaid for, mine! then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former score.
So, when the dotting henpeck'd husband long
Hath stood the thunder of his deary's tongue,
If, supper over, she attempt to toy,

And laugh and languish for approaching joy,
His raptur'd fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While transport dances jig through every pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more.

SCENE III.—STORMANDRA, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.
Forbid it, virtue, I should ever think

A woman squeezes any evil too much;
But bullies never should be used as culls.

With caution still preserve the bully's love.
A house like this, without a bully left,

Is like a puppet-show without a Punch.
When you shall be a hawk, and sure that day

Is written in the almanac of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I say.

So the gay girl whose head romances fill,
By mother married well against her will,

Once past the age that paints for love's delight,
Herself a mother, owns her mother in the right.

SCENE IV.

Stor. [sola.] What shall I do! Shall I unpaid to
Oh! my Lovegirl! oh! that thou wert here, [bed!

How my heart dotes upon Lovegirl's name!
For no one ever paid his girls like him.

She, with Lovegirl who had spent the night,
Sighs not in vain for next day's masquerade,

Sure of a ticket from him—Ha! ye powers,
What is't I see? Is it a ghost I see?

It is a ghost—it is Lovegirl's ghost.
Lovegirl's dead; for, if he were not dead,

How could his living ghost be walking here?

SCENE V.—LOVEGIRL, STORMANDRA.

Love. Surely this is some holiday in hell,
And ghosts are let abroad to take the air,

For I have seen a dozen ghosts to-night
Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.

If ghosts all lead such merry lives as these,
Who would not be a ghost?

Stor. Art thou not one?

Love. What do I see, ye stars? Is it Stormandra?

Stor. Art thou Lovegirl? Oh! I see thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

Love. No, by my soul, I am not.

Stor. May I trust thee?

Yet, if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without Stormandra?—but thou need'st not say.

I know thy falsehood: yes, perfidious fellow,
I know thee false as water or as hell;

Falsar than anything but thyself—

Love. Or thee.

Dares thus the devil to rebuke our sin?
Dares thus the kettle say the pot is black?

Canst thou upbraid my falsehood; thou! who still
Art ready to obey the porter's call,

At any hour, to any sort of guest?
Thy person is as common as the dirt

Which Piccadilly leaves on every heel.

Stor. Can I hear this, ye stars! Injurious man!
May I be ever bilk'd;—may I ne'er fetch

My watch from pawn, if I've been false to you.

Love. Oh! impudence unmatch'd! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand different men?

Stor. If that be falsehood, I indeed am false,
And never lady of the town was true;

But, though my person be upon the town,
My heart has still been fix'd on only you.

SCENE VI.—LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

Kis. Where's my Lovegirlo? Point him out, ye Restore him panting to Kissinda's arms. {stars;
Ha! do I see!

Stor. Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious and ingrate,
Common as air, as dirt, or as thyself.
Beneath my rage, bast thou forsaken me—
All my full meals of luscious love—to starve
At the lean table of a girl like that!

Kis. That girl you mention with so forced a scorn
Enviest not all the large repasts you boast;
A little dish oft furnishes enough;
And sure enough is equal to a feast. {choose;

Stor. The puny wretch such little plates may
Give me the man who knows a stronger taste.

Kis. Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That harlot is a title of disgrace,
The worst of scandals on the best of trades. {longs}

Stor. That shame more justly to the wretch be-
Who gives those favours which she cannot sell.

Kis. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.

Stor. Show me the man who thus accuses me.
I own I chose Lovegirlo, own I lov'd him;
But then I chose and lov'd him as a cull:
Therefore prefer'd him to all other men,
Because he better paid his girls than they.
Oh! I despise all love but that of gold:
Throw that aside, and all men are alike.

Kis. And I despise all other charms but love.
Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirlo's arms;
Him in a cellar would my love prefer
To lords in houses of six rooms a floor.
Oh! had I in the world a hundred pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid!)
Want three half-crowns his reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my under-petticoat to lend them.

Love. Wouldst thou, my sweet! Now, by the powers of love,
I'll mortgage all my lands to deck thee fine.
Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear,
Ten thousand load of timber shall embrace
Thy necklac'd neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring form
Shine through th' admiring Mall a blazing star.
Neglected virtue shall with envy die;
The town shall know no other toast but thee.
So have I seen, upon my lord mayor's day,
While coaches after coaches roll away,
The gazing crowd admire by turns, and cry,
"See such and such an alderman pass by:"
But when the mighty magistrate appears,
No other name is sounded in your ears;
The crowd all cry unanimous—"See there,
Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord mayor."

SCENE VII.—STORMANDRA, BILKUM.

Bilk. Why comes not my Stormandra? Twice
and once

I've told the striking clock's increasing sound,
And yet unkind Stormandra stays away.

Stor. Captain, are you a man?

Bilk. I think I am.
The time has been when you have thought so too:
Try me again in the soft fields of love.

Stor. 'Tis war, not love, must try your manhood
By gin I swear ne'er to receive thee more {now}
Till curs'd Lovegirlo's blood has died thy sword.

Bilk. Lovegirlo! Whence this fury bent on him?
Stor. Ha! dost thou question, coward? Ask again,
And I will never call thee captain more.
Instant obey my purpose, or, by hemp,
Rods, all the horrors Bridewell ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the note of hand

Which thou hast given me for twice one pound;
But, if thou dost, I call my sacred honour
To witness, thy reward shall be my love.

Bilk. Lovegirlo is no more. Yet wrong me not;
It is your promise, not your threat, prevails.
So, when some parent of indulgence mild
Would to the nauseous potion bring the child,
In vain, to win or frighten to its good,
He cries "My dear," or lift the useless rod:
But if by chancee the sugar-plum he shows,
The simp'ring child no more reluctance knows;
It stretches out its finger and its thumb,
It swallows first the potion, then the sugar-plum.

SCENE VIII.—STORMANDRA, *sola*.

Go, act my just revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang myself.
May women be by my example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;
Never from virtue's rules to go astray,
Nor ever to believe what man can say!
She who believes a man, I am afraid,
May be a woman long, but not a maid.
If such blest harvest my example bring,
The female world shall with my praises ring,
And say that when I bang'd myself I did a noble thing.

SCENE IX.—MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA, NONPAREL.

Moth. Oh! Nonparel, thou loveliest of girls,
Thou latest darling of thy mother's years;
Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy heart;
For if thou tellest truth thou art undone.

Non. Forgive me, madam, this first fault—hence-
I'll learn with utmost diligence to fib. {forth}

Moth. Ob! never give your easy mind to love,
But poise the scales of your affection so
That a bare sixpence added to his scale
Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk
Outweigh a flaming col'nel of the guards.
Oh! never give your mind to officers,
Whose gold is on the outside of the pocket.
But fly a poet as the worst of plagues,
Who never pays with anything but words.
Oh! had Kissinda taken this advice,
She had not now been hilk'd.

Kis. Think me not so;
Some hasty business has Lovegirlo drawn
To leave me thus—but I will hold a crown
To eighteen pence, he's here within an hour.

SCENE X.—To them, LEATHERSIDES.

Moth. Oh! Leathersides, what means this news-
ful look!

Lea. Through the Pinches as I took my way
To fetch a girl, I at a distance view'd
Lovegirlo with great captain Bilkum fighting.
Lovegirlo push'd, the captain parried, thus;
Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again:
Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
At length the captain, with his body thus,
Threw in a cursed thrust in fianconade.
'Twas then—oh! dreadful horror to relate!—
I at a distance saw Lovegirlo fall,
And look as if he cried—"Oh! I am slain."

[KISSINDA SINKS INTO NONPAREL'S ARMS]

SCENE XI.—To them GALLONO.

Gnl. Give me my friend, thou most accursed bawd;
Restore him to me drunken as he was
Ere thy vile arts seduced him from the glass.

Moth. Oh! that I could restore him—but, alas!
Or drunk or sober, you'll ne'er see him more,
Unless you see his ghost:—his ghost, perhaps,
May have escap'd from captain Bilkum's sword.

Gal. What do I hear! Oh damn'd accursed jade,
Thou art the cause of all!—With artful smiles
Thou did'st seduce him to go home ere morn.
Bridewell shall be thy fate! I'll give a crown
To some poor justice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and see thee flogg'd myself.

Kis. One Bug'd as I am, can be flogg'd no more;
In her Lovegirdle Miss Kissinda liv'd:
The sword that pass'd through poor Lovegirdle's heart
Pass'd eke through mine; he was three-fifths of me

SCENE XII.—*To them, BILKUM.*

Bilk. Behold the most accurs'd of human kind!
I for a woman with a man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself;
And now Jack Ketch may do the same for me.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Moth. What of her!

Rik. Alas!

She's hang'd herself all to her curtain's rod!
I saw her swinging, and I ran away.

Oh! if you lov'd Stormandra, come with me;
Skin off your flesh, and hite away your eyes;
Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
And take it down your throat.

Moth. Stormandra's gone!

Weep all ye sister-harlots of the town;
Pawn your best clothes, and clothe yourselves in rags.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Kis. Poor Lovegirdle's shin.
Oh! give me way; come all you furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurnish'd chambers of my heart:
My heart, which never shall be let again
To any guest but endless misery,
Never shall have a bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad, methinks; I swim in air,
In seas of sulphur and eternal fire,
And see Lovegirdle too.

Gal. Ha! see him! Where?
Where is the much-lov'd youth!—Oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! distraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unbing'd brain.
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare;
My muddy brain is added like an egg;
My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head;
My reeling head! which aches like any mad.

Omnes. Oh!

Lea. Was ever such a dismal scene of woe!

SCENE the last.—*To them, LOVEGIRLO, STORM-
ANDRA, and a Fiddler.*

Love. Where's my Kissinda!—bear me to her
arms,
Ye winged winds—and let me perish there.

Kis. Lovegirdle lives! Oh! let my eager arms
Press him to death upon my panting breast.

Bilk. Oh! all ye powers of gin! Stormandra lives.
Stor. Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaste embrace.
Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

Gal. Lovegirdle!

Love. Oh, joy unknown! Gallone!

Moth. Come all at once to my capacious arms;
I know not where I should th' embrace begin.
My children! oh! with what tumultuous joy
Do I behold your almost virtuous loves!
But say, Lovegirdle, when we thought you dead,
Say by what lucky chance we see you here!

Love. In a few words I'll satisfy your doubt;
I through the coat was, not the body, run.

Bilk. But say, Stormandra, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed!

Stor. No, my dear love, it was my gown, not me;
I did intend to hang myself; but, ere
The knot was tied, repented my design.

Kis. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more;
By Bilkum you, I by Lovegirdle kept.

Love. Foreseeing all this sudden turn of joy,
I've brought a fiddler to play forth the same.

Moth. I too will shake a foot on this bless'd day.

Love. From such examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know—I know not what.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MISS RAFFLES, WHO ACTED THE PART OF
HARRI, IN THE OLD DEBAUCHEES AND OF KISSINDA IN THIS
TRAGEDY.

In various lights this night you've seen me dress'd,
A virtuous lady, and a moss confessor;
Pray tell me, sirs, in w^h you like me best?
Neitheraverse to love's soft joys you find;
'Tis hard to say which is the best inclio'd;
The priest makes all the difference in the case;
Kissinda's always ready to embrace,
And Isabel stays only to say grace.
For several prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guinea, that your whole estate.
Gallants, believe our passions are the same,
And virtuous women, though they dread the shame,
Let 'em but play secure, all love the game.
For though some prude her lover long may vex,
Her coyeness is put on, she loves your sex.
At you the pretty things their airs display:
For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray;
On you we dream all night, we think all day.
For you the Mall and Ring with beauties swarm;
You are soft Socrates's airs to charm.
For this would be th' assembly of the fair
At operas, were none but canuchs there.
In short, you are the business of our lives;
To be a mistress kept the strumpet strives,
And all the modest virgins to be wives.
For prudes may cuss of virtues and of vices,
But, faith, we only differ in our prices.

THE DEBAUCHEES; OR, THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

A COMEDY, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1739.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS.

I wish with all my heart, the stage and town
Would both agree in cry all prologues down;
That we, no more oblig'd to say or sing,
Might drop this useless necessary thing:
No more with awkward strut, before the curtain,
Chant out some rhymes—there's neither good nor hurt in.
But in this stuff the poets make us deal in,
What some old worn-out jakes of their retailing:
From sages of our own, or former times,
Transfers'd from prose, perhaps transpos'd from rhymes?
How long the tragic muse her station kept,
How gallit was humbled, and how tyrants wept,
Forsaking still how often heroes slept.
Perhaps, for change, you, now and then, by fits,
Are told that critics are the bane of wits;

How they turn vampires, being dead and damn'd,
And with the blood of living birds are cram'd;
That poets thus tormented die, and then
The devil gets in them, and they seek again.

Thus modern birds, like Bayes, their prologues frame,
For this, and that, and every play the same,
Which you most justly neither praise nor blame.

As something must be spoke, no matter what;
No friends are now by prologues lost or got;
By such harangues we raise nor spleen nor pity—
Thus ends this idle, but important ditty.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Old Laroon, Mr. YATES; Young La-
roon, Mr. MOTTEY; Father Martin, Mr. TATWELL; Old Jour-
dain, Mr. NEALE; Isabel, Mrs. RIDOUT; Beatrice, Miss
ROYAL*—SCENE, TOULON.

N. B. Those lines marked thus * are left out in the acting

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MR. JOURDAIN'S.—ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Isa.—A NUNNERY! Ha, ha, ha! and is it possible, my dear Beatrice, you can intend to sacrifice your youth and beauty, to go out of the world as soon as you come into it?

Bea. No one, my dear Isabel, can sacrifice too much, or too soon, to Heaven!

Isa. Pahaw! Heaven regards hearts and not faces, and an old woman will be as acceptable a sacrifice as a young one.

Bea. It is possible you may come to a better understanding, and value the world as little as I do.

"Isa. As you say, it is possible, when I can enjoy it no longer, I may; nay, I do not care, if I promise you, when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and keep you company: but this I am positive, till the world is weary of me, I never shall be weary of the world."

[world worth her valuing!

Bea. What can a woman of sense see in this

Isa. Oh! ten thousand pretty things! Equipage, cards, music, plays, balls, flattery, visits, and that prettiest thing of all pretty things, a pretty fellow.—"I rather wonder what charms a woman of any spirit can fancy in a nunnery, in watching, working, praying, and sometimes, I am afraid, wishing for other company than that of an old fusty friar."—Oh! 'tis a delightful state, when every man one sees, instead of tempting us to sin, is to rebuke us for them!

"Bea. Such sentiments as these would indeed make you very uneasy—but believe me, child, you would soon bring yourself to hate mankind; fasting and praying are the best cures in the world for these violent passions.

"Isa. On my conscience I should want neither: if the continual sight of a set of dirty priests would not bring me to abhor mankind, I dare swear nothing could."

SCENE II.—OLD LARON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old L. Good morrow, my little wagtail, my grasshopper, my butterfly. Odsso! you little baggage, you look as full of—as full of love, and sport and wantonness—I wish I was a young fellow again—Oh! that I was but five-and-twenty for thy sake! Where's my boy? What, has not he been with you? has not he serenaded you?—Odsheart! I never let his mother sleep for a month before I

Isa. Indeed! [married her.

Old L. No, madam, nor for a month afterwards neither. The young fellows of this age are nothing, mere butterflies, to those of ours. Odsheart! I remember the time when I could have taken a hop, step, and jump over the steeple of Notre Dame.

Bea. I fancy the sparks of your age had wings, sir.

Old L. Wings, you little baggage, no—but they had—they had limbs like elephants, and as strong they were as Samson, and as swift as—Why, I have myself run down a stag in a fair chase, and eat him afterwards for my dinner. But come, where is my old neighbour, my old friend, my old Jourdain?

Isa. At his devotions, I suppose; this is the hour he generally employs in them.

Old L. This hour! ay, all hours. I dare swear he spends more time in them than all the priests in Toulon. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be so; and when he could sin no longer, why, he began to repent that he had sinned at all. Oh! there is nothing so devout as an old whoremaster.

Bea. I fancy then it will be shortly time for you to think of it, sir!

Old L. Ay, madam, about some thirty or forty years hence it may—Odsheart! I am but in the prime of my years yet: "And if it was not for a saucy young rascal, who looks me in the face and calls me father, might make a very good figure among the beaux. But though I am not so young in years, I am in constitution, as any of them;" and I don't question but to live to see a son and a great-grandson both born on the same day.

Isa. You will excuse this lady, Mr. Laroon, who is going to retire so much earlier— [I hope.

Old L. Retire!—Then it is with a young fellow,

Isa. Into a cloister, I assure you.

Old L. A cloister!—Why, madam, if you have a mind to hang yourself at the year's end, would it not be better to spend your time in matrimony than in a nunnery? Don't let a set of rascally priests put strange notions in your head. Take my word for it, and I am a very honest fellow, there are no raptures worth a louse but those in the arms of a brisk young cavalier. Of all the actions of my youth, there are none I reflect on with so much pleasure as having burnt half a dozen nunneries, and delivered several hundred virgins out of captivity.

Bea. Oh, villainy! unheard-of villainy!

Isa. Unheard-of till this moment, I dare swear.

Old L. Out of which number there are at present nine countesses, three duchesses, and a queen, who owe their liberty and their promotion to this arm.

SCENE III.—OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old L. You are a fine spark, truly, to let your father visit your mistress before you—Sdeath! I believe you are no son of mine. Where have you been, sir? What have you been doing, sir, hey?

Young L. Sir, I have been at my devotions.

Old L. At your devotions! nay, then you are no son of mine, that's certain. Is not this the shrine you are to offer up at, sirrah! Is not here the altar you are to officiate at!—Sirrah! you have no blood of mine in you. I believe you are the bastard of some travelling English alderman, and must have come into the world with a custard in your mouth.

Young L. I hope, madam, you will allow my excuse, though the old gentleman here will not.

Old L. Old gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young gentleman; I'll marry to-night, and make you a brother before you are a father; I'll teach you to thrust him out of the world that thrust you into it.—Madam, have no more to say to the ungracious dog.

Young L. That will be a sure way to quit all obligations between us; for the happiness I propose in this lady is the chief reason why I should thank you for bringing me into the world.

[sir.

Old L. What's that you say, sir! Say that again, Young L. I was only thanking you, sir, for desiring this lady to take from me all I esteem on earth.

Old L. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very speech to half the women in Paris.

SCENE IV.—To them, MARTIN.

Mar. Peace be with you all, good people.

Old L. Peace cannot stay long in any place where a priest comes. [Aside.

Mar. Daughter, I am ready to receive your confession.

Old L. Ay, ay, she has a fine parcel of sinful thoughts to answer for, I warrant her.

Mar. Mr. Laroon, you are too much inclined to slander, I must reprove you for it. My daughter's thoughts are as pure as a saint's.

Old L. As any saint's in Christendom within a day of matrimony.

Mar. Within a day of matrimony! it is too quick. I have not yet had sufficient time to prepare her mind for that solemn sacrament.

Old L. Prepare her mind for a young fellow; prepare your mind for a bishopric.

Mar. Sir, there are ceremonies requisite; I shall be as expeditious as possible, but the church has rules.

Old L. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as slow as you please, but I will not have my boy disappointed of his happiness one day for all the rules in Europe.

SCENE V.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. I shall bring this haughtiness to a penance you may not like. Well, my dear daughter, I hope your account is not long. You have not many articles since our last reckoning.

Isa. I wish you do not think it so, father. First, telling nine lies at the opera the other night to Mr. Laroon; yesterday talked during the whole mass to a young cavalier. [*He groans.*] Nay, if you groan already, I shall make you groan more before I have done. Last night cheated at cards, scandalised three of my acquaintance, went to bed without saying my prayers, and dreamed of Mr. Laroon.

Mar. Oh!—Tell me the particulars of that dream.

Isa. Nay, father, that I must be excused.

Mar. Modesty at confession is as unseasonable as in bed; and your mind should appear as naked to your confessor as your person to your husband.

Isa. I thought he embraced me with the utmost tenderness.

Mar. But were you pleased therewith?

Isa. You know, father, a lie now would be the greatest of sins. I was not displeased, I assure you. But I have often heard you say there is no sin in love.

Mar. No, in love itself there is not; love is not *malum in se*; nor in the excess is there sometimes any; but then it must be rightly placed, must be directed to a proper object. The love a daughter bears her confessor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable. [*know.*]

Isa. Yes, but that—that is another sort of love, you *Mar.* You are deceived; there is but one sort of love which is justifiable, or indeed desirable.

Isa. I hope my love for Laroon is that.

Mar. That I know not; I wish it may; however, I have some dispute as yet remaining with me concerning it; "till that he satisfied, it will be improper for you to proceed any farther in the affair." All the penance, therefore, I shall enjoin you on this confession is to defer your marriage one week; by which time I shall have resolved within myself whether you shall marry him at all. [*not in earnest.*]

Isa. Not marry him at all! Sure, father, you are *Mar.* I never jest on these occasions.

Isa. What reason can you have?

Mar. My reasons may not be so ripe for your ears at present. But, perhaps, better things are designed for you.

Isa. A fiddlestick! I tell you, father, better things cannot be designed for me. "I suppose you have found out some old fellow with twenty livres a-year more in his power; but I can assure you, if I marry not Laroon, I'll not marry any."

Mar. Perhaps you are not designed to marry any. Let me feel your pulse—Extremely feverish.

Isa. You are enough to put any one in a fever. I was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty fellow, and now I must defer my marriage till you have considered whether I shall marry at all or no.

"*Mar.* Have you any more sins to confess?"

"*Isa.* Sins! You have put all my sins out of my head, I think."

Mar. Benedicite!—[*Crossing himself.*] Daughter, you shall see me soon again, for great things are in agitation: at present I leave you to your prayers.

SCENE VI.—ISABEL ALONE.

Sure never poor maid had more need of prayers; but you have left me no great stomach to them. Great things are in agitation! What can he mean! "It must be so.—Some old liquorish rogue, with a title or a larger estate, hath a mind to supplant my dear Laroon."

SCENE VII.—YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL.

Young L. My Isabel, my sweet!—how painfully do I count each tedious hour till I can call you mine!

Isa. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious hours than you imagine.

Young L. Ha! What means my love!

Isa. I would not have your wishes too impatient, that's all; but, if you will wait a week, you shall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

Young L. And is this possible! Can words like these fall from Isabel's sweet lips! can she be false, inconstant, perjured!

Isa. Oh, do not discharge such a volley of terrible names upon me before you are certain I deserve them; doubt only whether I can be obedient to my confessor, and guess the rest.

Young L. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured! By Heaven it would be sinful to obey him!

Isa. Be satisfied, if I prevail with myself to obey him in this week's delay, I will carry my obedience no farther.

"*Young L.* Oh! to what happiness have those dear words restored me! I am again myself; for, while the possession of thee is sure, though distant, there is in that dear hope more transport than any other actual enjoyment can afford."

"*Isa.* Well, adieu! and, to cram you quite full with hope (since you like the food), I here promise you that the commands of all the priests in France shall not force me to marry another." That is, sir, I will either marry you or die a maid; and I have no violent inclination to the latter, on the word of a virgin.

SCENE VIII.

Young Laroon (solus). Whether a violent hatred to my father or an inordinate love for mischief hath set the priest on this affair I know not. Perhaps it is the former—for the old gentleman hath the happiness of being universally hated by every priest in Toulon. Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; if he libel this courtier, that courtier receives him into his bosom; but let him once attack a hornet or a priest, the whole nest of hornets, and the whole regiment of blackguards, are sure to be upon him.

SCENE IX.—OLD LAROON, laughing, YOUNG LAROON.

Young L. You are merry, sir.

Old L. Merry, sir! Ay, sir! I am merry, sir. Would you have your father sad, you rascal! Have you a mind to bury him in his youth!

Young L. Pardon me, sir; I rather wish to know the happy occasion of your mirth.

Old L. The occasion of my mirth, sir, is the saddest sight that ever mortal beheld.

Young L. A very odd occasion indeed!

Old L. Very odd, truly. It is the sight of an

old honest whoremaster in a fit of despair, and a damned rogue of a priest riding him to the devil.

Young L. Ay, sir; but I have seen a more melan-

Old L. Ha! what can that be? [choly sigh.

Young L. A fine young lady in a fit of love, and a priest keeping her from her lover.

Old L. How!

Young L. The explanation of which is, that father Martiu hath put off our match for a week.

Old L. Put off your match with Isabel!

Young L. Even so, sir.

Old L. Well, I never made a hole in a gown yet—I never have tapped a priest; but if I don't let out some reverend blood before the sun sets, may I never see him rise again. I'll carbonade the villain—I'll make a ragout for the devil's supper of him.

Young L. Let me entreat you, sir, to do nothing rashly, as long as I am safe in the faith of my Isabel.

Old L. I tell you, sirrah, no man is safe in the faith of a mistress—no one is secure of a woman till he is in bed with her. "Had there been any security in the faith of a mistress, I had been at present married to half the duchesses in France." I no more rely on what a woman says out of a church than on what a priest says in it.

"*Young L.* Pardon, me, sir; but I should have very little appetite to marry the woman whom I had such an opinion of.

"*Old L.* You had an opinion of! What business have you to have any opinion! Is it not enough that I have an opinion of her, that is, of her fortune? But I suppose you are one of those romantic, whining coxcombs that are in love with a woman behind her back." Sirrah, I have had two women lawfully, and two thousand unlawfully, and never was in love in my life.

"*Young L.* Well, sir, then I am happy that we both agree in the same person: I like the woman, and you her fortune.

"*Old L.* Yes, you dog; and I'd have you secure her as soon as you can; for, if a greater fortune should be found out in Toulon, I'd make you marry her." So go find out your mistress, and stick close to her; and I'll go seek the priest, whom, if I can find, I will stick close to with a vengeance.

SCENE X.—*Another apartment.*—JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Jour. Alas, father! there is one sin sticks by me more than any I have confessed to you. It is so enormous a one, my shame hath prevented my discovering it. I have often concealed my crimes from my confessor.

Mar. That is a damnable sin indeed. It seemeth to argue a distrust of the church, the greatest of all crimes; a sin, I fear, the church cannot forgive.

Jour. Oh! say not so, father!

Mar. I should have said will not, or not without difficulty; for the church can do all things.

Jour. That is some comfort again.

Mar. I hope, however, though you have not confessed them, you have not forgotten them; for they must be confessed before they can be forgiven.

Jour. I hope I shall recollect them—they are a black roll. I remember I was once the occasion of ruining a woman's reputation by showing a letter from her. [beeu no fault.

Mar. If you had shown it to the priest it had

Jour. Alas, sir! I wrote the letter to myself, and thus traduced the innocent. I afterwards commanded a company of grenadiers at the taking of a town, where I knocked a poor old gentleman on the head for the sake of his money, and ravished his daughter

Mar. These are crying sins indeed! [pauses

Jour. At the same time I robbed a Jesuit of two

Mar. Oh, damnable! Oh, execrable!

Jour. "Good father, have patience. I once borrowed five hundred livres of an honest citizen in Paris, and repaid him by lying with his wife; and, what sits nearest my heart, was forced to pay a young cavalier the same sum, by suffering him to lie with mine.

"*Mar.* Oh!

"*Jour.* And yet what are these to what I have done since I commenced merchant! What have I not done to get a penny! I insured a ship for a great value, and then cast it away." I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres, and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a justice of peace.

Mar. Oh! that seat of heresy and damnation! that whore of Babylon!

Jour. With the whores of Babylon did I unite: I protected them from justice: gaming-houses and bawdy-houses did I license, nay, and frequent too: I never punished any vice but poverty; for, oh! I drest to name it—I once committed a priest to Newgate for picking pockets.

Mar. Oh! monstrous! horrible! dreadful! I'll hear no more. Thou art damned without reprieve.

Jour. Take pity, father, take pity on a penitent.

Mar. Pity! the church abhors it. 'Twere mercy to such a wretch to pray him into purgatory.

Jour. I'll give all my estate to the church; I'll found monasteries; I'll build abbeys.

Mar. All will not do, ten thousand masses will not deliver you.

Jour. Was ever such a miserable wretch!

Mar. Thou hast sinned enough to damn thy whole family. Monstrous impiety! to lift up the hand of justice against the church!

Jour. Oh! speak some comfort to me: will no penance expiate my crime!

Mar. It is too grievous for a single penance. Go settle your estate on the church, and send your daughter to a nunnery; her prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with pleasure. I will, myself, say four masses a-day for you; and all these, I hope, will purchase your forgiveness; at least your stay in purgatory will be short.

Jour. My daughter! she is to be married to-morrow, and I shall never prevail on her.

Mar. You must force her; your all depends on it.

Jour. But I have already sworn I will not force her.

Mar. The church absolves you from that oath, and it were now impety to keep it. Go, lose not a moment; see her entered with the utmost expedition; she may put it out of your power.

Jour. What a poor miserable wretch am I!

SCENE XI.—MARTIN, *solus.*

Thou art a miserable wretch indeed! and it is on such miserable wretches depends our power: that superstition which tears thy bowels feeds ours. This nunnery is a masterpiece; let me but once shut up my dear Isabel from every other man, and the warmth of her constitution may be my very powerful friend. How far am I got already from the very brink of despair, by the despair of this old fool! Superstition, I adore thee—

Thou handle to the cheated layman's mind,
By which in fetters priestcraft leads mankind.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Jour. Have you no compassion for your father,

for him that gave you being! Could you bear to bear me howl in purgatory!

Isa. Lud! papa! Do you think your putting me into purgatory in this world will save you from purgatory in the next! "If you have any sins, you must repent of them yourself; for, I give you my word, I have enough to do to repent of my own."

Jour. You will soon wipe off that score, and will be then in a place where you cannot contract a new one.

Isa. Indeed, sir, to shut a woman out from sin is not so easy. But, dear sir, how can it enter into your head that my penance can be acceptable for your sin! Take my word, one week's fasting will be of more service to you than this long fast you would enjoin me.

Jour. Alas! child, if fasting would do, I am sure I have not been wanting to my duty; I have fasted till I am almost worn away to nothing; I have almost fasted myself into purgatory, while I was fasting myself out of it.

Isa. But whence comes all this apprehension of your danger!

Jour. Whence should it come but from the church!

Isa. Oh! sir, I have thought of the most lucky thing. You know my cousin Beatrice is just going into a nunnery, and she will pray for you as much as you would have her.

Jour. Trifle not with so serious a concern. No prayers but yours will ever do me good.

Isa. Then you shall have them anywhere but in a nunnery.

Jour. They must be there too.

Isa. That will be impossible; for if I was there, instead of praying you out of purgatory, my prayers would be all bent to pray myself out of the nunnery again.

SCENE II.—OLD LARON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Old L. A dog! a villain! put off my son's match! Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Will you suffer a rogue of a Jesuit to defer your daughter's marriage a whole week!

Jour. I am sorry, Mr. Laroon, for the disappointment, but her marriage will be deferred longer than

Old L. How, sir! [that.]
Jour. She is intended for another marriage, sir; a much better match.

Old L. A much better match!

Isa. Yes, sir, I am to be sent to a nunnery, to pray my father out of purgatory.

Old L. Oh! Ho!—We'll make that matter very easy: he shall have no fear of purgatory, for I'll send him to the devil this moment. Come, sir, draw, draw.

Jour. Draw what, sir!

Old L. Draw your sword, sir.

Jour. Alas, sir, I have long since done with swords; I have broken my sword long since.

Old L. Then I shall break your head, you old rogue.

Jour. Heyday!—you are mad; what's the matter!

Old L. Oh! no matter, no matter; you have used me ill, and you are a son of a whore, that's all.

Jour. I would not, Mr. Laroon, have my conscience accuse me of using you ill: I would not have preferred any earthly match to your son, but if Heaven requires her—

Old L. I shall run mad.

Jour. I hope my daughter has grace enough to make an atonement for her father's sins.

Old L. And so you would atone for all your former rogueries by a greater, by perverting the design of nature! Was this girl intended for praying!

Harkee, old gentleman, let the young couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first fruits to the church.

Jour. It is impossible.

Old L. Well, sir, then I shall attempt to persuade you no longer; so, sir, I desire you would fetch your sword.

SCENE III.—YOUNG LARON in a friar's habit, OLD LARON, JOURDAIN.

Young L. Let peace be in this house—Where is the sinner Jourdain!

Jour. Here is the miserable wretch.

Old L. Death and the devil! another priest!

Young L. Then know I am thy friend, and am come to save thee from destruction.

Old L. That's likely enough.

Young L. St. Francis, the patron of our order, hath sent me on this journey, to caution thee that thou may not suffer thy sinful daughter to profane the holy veil. Such was, it seems, thy purpose; but the perdition that would have attended it I dread to think on. Rejoice, therefore, and prostrate thyself at the shrine of a saint who has not only sent thee this caution, but does himself intercede for all thy sins.

Old L. Agad! and St. Francis is a very honest fellow, and thou art the first priest that ever I liked in my whole life.

Jour. St. Francis honours me too much. I shall try to deserve the favour of that saint. But wherefore is my daughter denied the holy veil!

Young L. Your daughter, I am concerned to say it, is now with child by a young gentleman, one Mr. Laroon.

Old L. What's that you say, sir! because I thought I heard somewhat of a damned lie come out of your mouth. [and he cannot be mistaken.]

Young L. Sir, it is St. Francis speaks within me.

Old L. I can tell you, sir, if that young gentleman had heard you he would certainly have thrashed St. Francis out of you.

Young L. Sir, you have nothing to do now but to prepare the match with the utmost expedition.

Old L. This St. Francis must lie, or the boy would not be so eager upon the affair; no one is ever eager to sign articles when they have entered the town. Well, Master Jourdain, if the young dog has tripped up your daughter's heels in an unlawful way, as St. Francis says, why he shall make her amends, and—do it in a lawful one. So I'll go see for my son, while you go and comfort the poor chicken that is pining for fear of a nunnery.—Odsheart! it would be very hard indeed, when a girl has once had her bellyfull, that she must fast all her life afterwards.

Young L. I have delivered my commission, and shall now return to my convent.—Farewell, and return thanks to St. Francis. [ciful saint art thou!]

Jour. Oh! St. Francis! St. Francis! What a mer- [Here begins the Second Act, as it is now played.]

SCENE IV.—Another apartment.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. Indeed, child, there are pleasures in a retired life which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are indulgencies granted to people in that state which would be sinful out of it. "And, perhaps, the same liberties are permitted them with one person which are denied them with another. Come, put on a cheerful countenance: you don't know what you are designed for.

Isa. No, but I know what I am not designed for.

Mar. Let me feel your pulse. [suppose?]

Isa. You are a physician as well as a priest, I

Mar. Have you never any odd dreams?

Isa. No.

Mar. Do you never find any strange emotions?

Isa. No. None but what I believe are very natural.

Mar. Strange that!—Did you never see me in *Isa.* I never dream of a priest, I assure you.

Mar. Nay, nay; be candid, confess; perhaps there may be nothing so sinful in it. We cannot help what we are designed for. "We are only passive, and the sin lies not at our doors. While you are only passive I'll answer for your sins."

Isa. What do you mean?

Mar. That you must not yet know.—Great things are designed for you—very great things are designed for you.

Isa. Hum! I begin to guess what is designed for me.

Mar. Those eyes have a fire in them that scarce seems mortal. Come hither—give me a kiss—ha! there is a sweetness in that breath like what I have read of ambrosia. That hoarse heaves like those priestesses of old when high with inspiration.

Isa. Haity-tity!—Are you thereabouts, good father?"

Mar. Let me embrace thee, my dear daughter; let me give thee joy of such promotion, such happiness as will attend you.

Isa. I'll try this reverend gentleman his own way.

Mar. You must resign yourself up to my will—you must be passive in all things.

Isa. Oh! let me thus beg pardon on my knees, for an offence which modesty occasioned.

Mar. Ha! speak.

Isa. Oh! I see it is in vain to hide my secrets from you. What need have I to confess what you already know?

Mar. Confession was intended for the sake of the penitent, not the confessor; for to the church all things are revealed.

Isa. Oh! then I had a dream—I dreamt—I dreamt—oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

Mar. Horrible!

Isa. I dreamt—I dreamt—I dreamt—

Mar. Oh! the strength of sin!

Isa. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the pope.

Mar. The very happiness I meant; let me embrace you—let me kiss you, my dear daughter; henceforth you may defy purgatory—the mother of a pope was never there.

Isa. But how can that be when I am to be a nun,

Mar. Leave the means to me. Learn only to be passive, the church will work the rest. A pope is always the son of a nun. Go you to your chamber, wash yourself, then pray devoutly, shut every ray of light out, leave open the door, and expect the consequence.

Isa. Father, I shall be obedient—Oh! the villain!

Mar. Be passive and be happy.

SCENE V.—JOURDAIN, MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. Ha! Why this unsensational interruption, while your daughter is at confession!

Jour. Oh, father, I have brought you news will make you happy—will rejoice your poor heart. My daughter is redeemed. [think to inform the church!]

Mar. Out of purgatory—vain man! dost thou

Jour. I suppose St. Francis has been beforehand with me. Indeed I should have imagined that before; for we seldom hear anything from the saints but through the mouth of a priest.

Mar. What does he mean?

Jour. Well, daughter, the thoughts of a nunnery now give you no uneasiness.

Mar. No, no, she is perfectly reconciled to it, and, I am confident, would not quit the nunnery for the bed of a prince.

Jour. Ha! would not quit the nunnery! heaven

Mar. How! you are not mad!

Jour. Unless with joy. I thought you had known that I have received an order from St. Francis to marry my daughter immediately.

Mar. "Oh! folly!" to marry her immediately! why, ay, to marry her to the church, St. Francis means. You see into what errors the laity run, when they go without the leading-strings of the church, "and would interpret for themselves what they know nothing of."

Isa. I'll take this opportunity to steal off, and communicate a design of mine to young Laroon, which may draw this priest into a snare he little dreams of.

Jour. But I cannot see how that should be St. Francis's meaning; for though my daughter may be married to the church in a figurative sense, sure she cannot be with child by the church in a literal one.

Mar. I see the business now, unhappy man! I was in hopes to have prevented this—*Ecoriza te. Ecoriza te, Satan. Tom Dapamibomino prosepis podas ocau Achilleus.*

Jour. Bless us! what mean you?

Mar. You are possessed; the devil has taken possession of you; he is now within you, I saw him just now look out of your eyes.

Jour. O miserable wretch that I am!

SCENE VI.—OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Old L. Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Where is my daughter-in-law? I'll warrant she will easily forgive one day's forwarding the match. Odsso, it's an error of the right side. [possessed, I am possessed.]

Jour. Talk not to me of my daughter: I am

Old L. Possessed!—what the devil are you possessed

Jour. I am possessed with the devil.

Old L. You are possessed with a priest, and that's worse. Come, let's have the wedding, and at night we'll drive the devil out of you with a fiddle. The devil is a great lover of music. I have known half a dozen devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning a violin, then present the company with a hornpipe, and so dance a jig through the keyhole.

Mar. Thou art the devil's son; for he is the father of liars.

Old L. Then art the devil's footman, and wearst

Jour. Fie upon you, Mr. Laroon! fie upon you!

Mar. Mr. Laroon! O surprising effect of possession!—Here is nobody.

Jour. Can I not believe my eyes?

Mar. Can you not? no—you are to believe mine. The eyes of the laity may err; the eyes of a priest cannot.

Jour. And do I not see Mr. Laroon and his son?

Mar. You see neither. It is the spirit within you that represents to your eyes and ears what objects

Jour. Oh! miserable wretch.

Old L. Agad I'll try whether I am nobody or no, and whether I cannot make this priest sensible that I am somebody.

Young L. For heaven's sake, sir, consider the *Old L.* Consequence! do you think I'll suffer a rascal to prove me nothing at all to my face!

Jour. And is it possible all this is a vision?

Mar. Retire to rest—while I, by the force and battery of prayer, expel this dreadful guest.

Jour. Oh! what a miserable wretch am I!

SCENE VII.—OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, MARTIN.

Old L. Harkee, sir; will you please to tell me

what this great impudence of yours means! and what you intend by annihilating me!

Mar. It were happy for such sinners that they could be annihilated. "It were worth you two hundred thousand masses, take my word for it."

Old L. It were happy for such rascals as you, sirrah, that all honesty was annihilated.

Young L. But pray, father, what reasons have you for preventing my match with Isabel?

Mar. Reasons, young gentleman, that are not proper for your ears. Isabel is intended for a better bridegroom than you.

Old L. How, sirrah! how! do you disparage my son! do you run down my boy! "Harkce, either make up affairs between them immediately, exert thyself in thy proper office, and hold the door, or I'll blow up thy convent; I'll burn your garrison, and dishand such a set of black locusts, as shall rob and pillage all Teulon." [their ministers.]

Mar. I condemn thy threats. The saints defend

Old L. The saints defend their ministers! the laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Prison, and St. Gihhet, and St. Fagot; these are the saints that defend you. If you had no defence but from the saints in the other world, you'd few of you stay long in this. If you had no other arms than your beads, you'd have shortly no other food.

Mar. Oh slanderous! Oh impious! some judgment cannot be far off.

Old L. When a priest is so near—sirrah!

SCENE VIII.—ISABEL, to them.

Mar. Daughter, fly from this wicked place; the breath of sin has infected it, "and two gallons of holy water will scarce purify the air."

Isa. Oh! Heavens! what's the matter, father?

Old L. Why the matter is, this gentleman in black here, for reasons best known to himself and another gentleman in black, has thought fit to forbid your

Isa. What the saints please. [marriage.]

Old L. Holty-toity! what, has he filled your head with the saints too?

Isa. Oh, sir! I have had such dreams!

Old L. Dreams! Ha, ha, ha! the devil's in it, if a girl just going to be married should not have dreams! But they were dreams the saints had nothing to do with, I warrant you.

Isa. Such visions of saints appearing to me, and advising me to a nunnery.

Old L. Impossible! impossible! for I have had visions too: I have been ordered by half a dozen saints to see you married with the utmost expedition; and a very honest saint, whose name I forgot, came to me about an hour ago, and swore heartily if you were not married within this week he'd lead you

Mar. Oh! grievous! [purgatory in a fortnight.]

Isa. Can there be such contradictions?

Old L. Pshaw! pshaw! Your's was a dream, and so to be understood backwards; mine a true vision, therefore to be believed. Why, child, I have been a famous seer of visions in my time. Would you believe it! While I was in the army there never was a battle but I saw it some time beforehand. I have had an intimate familiarity with the saints, I know them all; there is not one of them could be capable of saying such a thing."

Isa. Oh! sir, I saw, and heard, and must believe; for none but the church can contradict our senses.

Old L. So, so! the distemper's hereditary, I find: the daughter is as full of the church as the father. Come away, son, come away: I would not have thee marry into such a family; I should be grandfather to a race of greasy priests. 'Sleath! this girl will be brought to bed of a pope one day or other.

Isa. 'Tis out, 'tis out.

Mar. Oh prodigious! that such a saint should prophesy truth through those lips whence the devil has been thundering so many lies!

Old L. What truth, sir! what truth!

Isa. Oh! sir, the blessing you mentioned has been promised me! I am to give a pope to the world.

Old L. Are you so, madam! He shall have no blood of mine in him; I'm resolved I'll never ask blessings of a grandson. Come away, Jack, come away, I say; let us leave the devil's son and the pope's mother together.

Young L. Remember, my Isabel, I only live in the hopes of seeing you mine.

SCENE IX.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. It were better thou shouldst howl in purgatory ten thousand years than ever see that day. Oh! that we had but an Inquisition in France! Burning four or five hundred such fellows in a morning would be the best way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm itself at the fire of a heretic.

Isa. Fire is as necessary to keep our minds warm as our bodies, father: and "burning a heretic is really a very great service done to himself; a fagot is a purge for a sick soul, and a heretic is obliged to the priest who applies it."

Mar. There spoke the spirit of zeal: let me embrace thee, my little saint, for such thou wilt be; let me kiss thee with the pure affection of a confessor—Ha! there is something divine in these lips; let me taste them again. Are you sure you have drank no holy-water this morning?

Isa. None, upon my word.

Mar. Let me smell a third time. There. *Nunero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, child, very great happiness will attend you. But be sure to observe my directions in everything.

Isa. I shall, father. I did as you commanded me this morning.

Mar. Well, and did you perceive any great alterations in yourself! any extraordinary emotion?

Isa. I cannot say I did.

Mar. Hum! Spirits have their own times of operation, which must be diligently watched for. "Perhaps your good genius was at that time otherwise employed. Repeat the ceremony often, and my life on the success." Let me see;—about an hour hence will be a very good season. Be ready to receive him, and, I firmly believe, the spirit will come to you.

Isa. Oh lud! father, I shall be frightened out of my wits at the sight of a spirit.

Mar. You will see nothing frightful, take my word for it.

Isa. I hope he won't appear in any horrible shape.

Mar. Hum—That is to be averted by *Ave Mariae*. As this is a very spirit, I dare say you may prevail on him to take what shape you please. Perhaps your father; or, if you cannot prevail for a layman, I dare swear you may at least pray him into the shape of your confessor: and, though I must suffer pain on that account, I am ready to undergo it for your service.

Isa. I am infinitely obliged to my dear father; I'll prepare myself for this vast happiness, and nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you.

Mar. And if anything he wanting on mine, may I never say mass again, or never be paid for masses I have not said! "Either this girl has extraordinary simplicity, or, what is more likely, extraordinary cunning; she does not seem averse to my kisses. Why should I not imagine she sees and approves my design! Well, I'll say this for the

sex; let a man but invent any excuse for the sin, and they are all ready to undertake it." How happy is a priest,

Who can the blushing maid's resistance smother,
With sin in one hand, pardon in the other!

ACT III.—SCENE I.—ISABEL's apartment.

YOUNG LARROON, ISABEL.

Young L. Perdition seize the villain! may all the torments of twenty Inquisitions rack his soul!

Isa. Act your part well, and we shall not want his own weapons against him.

Young L. Sure it is impossible he can intend it.

Isa. Shall I make the experiment?

Young L. I shall never be able to forbear murdering him.

Isa. You shall promise not to commit any violence, you know too well what will be the consequence of that. "Let us sufficiently convict him, and leave his punishment to the law."

Young L. And I know too well what will be the consequence of that. There seems to be a combination between priests and lawyers; the lawyers are to save the priests from punishment for their rogueries in this world, and the priests the lawyers in the next."

Isa. However, the same law that screens him for having injured you will punish you for having done justice to him. [Knocking at the door.

Isa. Oh! Heavens! the priest is at the door. What shall we do?

Young L. Damn him! I'll stay here and confront him.

Isa. Oh! no, by no means; for once I'll attack him in his own way; so the moment he opens the door do you run out, and leave the rest to me.

[She throws herself into a chair, and shrieks.

YOUNG LARROON overturns MARTIN.

SCENE II.—MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mar. I am slain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! daughter, daughter! is this your patient expectation of the spirit?

Isa. It has been here, it has been here.

Mar. What has been here?

Isa. Oh! the spirit, the spirit. It has been here this half hour; and just as you came in it vanished away in a clap of thunder, and I thought would have taken the room with it.

Mar. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am sure. Spirit, indeed! there are abundance of such spirits as these in Toulon. And pray, how have the spirit and you employed your time this half-hour?

Isa. Oh, don't ask me; it is impossible to tell you.

Mar. Ay, 'tis needless too; for I can give a shrewd guess. I suppose you like his company.

Isa. Oh! so well, that I could wish he would visit me ten times every day.

Mar. Oh, oh! and in the same shape too?

Isa. Oh! I should like him in any shape; and I dare swear he'll come in any shape too; for he is the purest, sweetest, most complaisant spirit! I could have almost sworn it had been Mr. Larroon himself.

Mar. Was there ever such a —?"

Isa. Nay, when it came in first, it behaved just like Mr. Larroon, and called itself by his name; but when it found I did not answer a word it took me by the hand, and cried, "Is it possible you can be angry with your Larroon?" I answered not a word; then it kissed me a hundred times; I said nothing still; it caught me in its arms, and embraced me passionately; I still behaved as you commanded me, very passive.

Mar. Oh! the devil, the devil! Was ever man

so caught! And did you ever apprehend it to be Mr. Larroon himself?

Isa. Heaven forbid I should have suffered Mr. Larroon in these familiarities, which you ordered me to allow the spirit."

Mar. I am caught, indeed. Damned drivelling idiot! [Aside.

Isa. But, dear father, tell me, shall I not see it again quickly! for I long to see it again.

Mar. Oh! yes, yes—

Isa. I long to see it in the dark, methinks; for, you know, father, one sees spirits best in the dark.

Mar. Ay, ay, you'll see it in the dark, I warrant you; but be sure and behave as you did before.

Isa. And will he always behave as he did before, father?

Mar. Hum! Be in your chamber this evening at eight; take care there be no light in the room, and perhaps the spirit may pay you a second visit.

Isa. I'll be sure to be punctual.

Mar. And passive.

Isa. I'll obey you in everything.

Mar. Senseless calf! But, though I have lost the first fruits by her extreme folly, yet am I highly delighted with it: and if I do not make a notable use of it, I am no priest.

SCENE III.

Jourdain (solus). Oh! purgatory! purgatory! what would I not give to escape thy flames! methinks I feel them already. Hark! what noise is that?—Nothing—Ha! what's that I see? Something with two heads—What can all this portend? "What a poor miserable wretch am I!"

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, a friar below desires to speak with you.

Jour. Why will you suffer a man of holy order to wait a moment at my door? Bring him in. "Perhaps he is some messenger of comfort. But, oh! I rather fear the reverse: for what comfort can a sinner like me expect?"

SCENE IV.—OLD LARROON in a friar's habit, JOURDAIN.

Old L. A plague attend this house, and all that Jour. Oh! oh! [are in it!

Old L. Art thou that miserable, sad, poor sou of Jour. Alas! alas! [a whore, Jourdain?

Old L. If thou art he, I have a message to thee from St. Francis. The saint gives his humble service to you, and bid me tell you you are one of the saddest dogs that ever lived for having disobeyed his orders, and attempted to put your daughter into a nunnery: for which he has given me positive orders to assure you you shall lie in purgatory five hundred thousand years.

Old L. And I assure you it is a very warm sort of a place; for I called there as I came along to take lodgings for you.

Jour. Oh! Heavens! is it possible that you can have seen the dreadful horrors of that place?

Old L. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I have been there half a dozen times "in a day. Why, how far do you take it to be to purgatory? Not above a mile and a half at farthest, and every step of the way down hill." "Seen them! Ay, ay, I have seen them! and a pretty sight they are too, a pretty tragical sort of a sight if it were not for the confounded heat of the air—then there is the prettiest

Jour. Oh! Heavens! music! [concert of music.

Old L. Ay, ay, groans, groans, a fine concert of groans; you would think yourself at an opera, if it were not for the great heat of the air, as I said before. Some spirits are shut up in ovens, some are chained to spits, some are scattered in frying-pans—and I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.

Jour. Oh, I am scorched, I m scorched—For pity's sake, father, intercede with St. Francis for me: compassionate my case.

Old L. There is but one way; let me carry him the news of your daughter's marriage—that may perhaps appease him. Between you and I, St. Francis is a liquorish old dog, and loves to set people to work to his heart.

Jour. She shall be married this instant: the saint must know it is none of my fault. Had I rightly understood his will, it had been long since performed—But well might I misinterpret him, when even the church, when father Martin failed."

Old L. I would be very glad to know where I should find that same father Martin. I have a small commission to him relating to a purgatory affair. St. Francis has sentenced him to lie in a frying-pan there just six hundred years, for his amour with your daughter.

Jour. My daughter! *[daughter.]*
Old L. Are you ignorant of it, then? Did not you know that he had delinched your daughter?

Jour. Ignorant! Oh! Heavens! no wonder she is refused the veil.

Old L. I thought you had known it. I'll show you a sight worse than purgatory itself: you shall behold this disgrace to the church, a sight shall make you shudder.

Jour. Is it impossible a priest should be such a villain?
Old L. Nothing's impossible to the church, you know.

Jour. And may I hope St. Francis will be appeased?
Old L. Hum! There is a great favourite of that saint who lives in this town; his name is Monsieur Laroon. If you could get him to say half a dozen bead-rolls for you, they might be of great service.

Jour. How! Can the saint regard so loose a liver?

Old L. Oh! St. Francis loves an honest merry fellow to his soul. And, barkee, I don't think it impossible for Mr. Laroon to bring you acquainted with the saint; for to my knowledge they very often crack a bottle together.

Jour. Can I believe it?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Father Martin is below.

Old L. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more securely.

SCENE V.—MARTIN, to them.

Mar. Peace be with my son! Ha! a friar here! I like not this; I will have no partners in my plunder. Save you, reverend father!

Old L. Tu quoque!

Mar. This fellow should be a jesuit by his taciturnity. You see, father, the miserable state of our poor son.

Old L. I have advised him therein.

Mar. Your advice is kind, though needless. He hath not wanted prayer, fasting, nor castigations, which are proper physic for him.

Old L. Or suppose, father, he was to go to a ball. What think you of a ball?

Mar. A ball!

Old L. Ay, or a wench now; suppose we were to procure him a wench!

Mar. Oh! monstrous! Oh! impious!

Old L. I only gave my opinion.

Mar. Thy opinion is damnable: and thou art some wolf in sheep's clothing. Thou art a scandal to thy order.

Old L. I wish thou art not more a scandal to mine, brother father, to abuse a poor old fellow in a fit of the spleen here, as thou dost, with a set of

ridiculous notions of purgatory and the devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no such thing.

Mar. That I should not know thee before! Don't you know this reverend father, son, your worthy neighbour Laroon?

Old L. Then farewell, hypocrisy! I would not wear thy cloak another hour for any consideration.

Jour. What do I see?

Old L. Why, you see a very honest neighbour of yours, that has tried to deliver you out of the claws of a roguish priest, whom you may see too; look in the glass, and you may see an old dotting fool who is afraid of his own shadow.

Mar. Be not concerned at this, son. Perhaps one hour's suffering from this fellow may strike off several years of purgatory; I have known such instances.

Jour. Oh! father! didst thou know what I have been guilty of believing against thee from the mouth of this wicked man—

Old L. Death and the devil! I'll stay no longer here; for if I do I shall cut this priest's throat, though the rack was before my face.

SCENE VI.—MARTIN, JOURDAIN.

Mar. Son, take care of believing anything against the church: it is as sinful to believe anything against the church as to disbelieve anything for it. You are to believe what the church tells you, and no more.

Jour. I almost shudder when I think what I believed against you. I believed that you had seduced my daughter.

Mar. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? I think not you believed it. I order you to think you did not believe it, and it were now sinful to believe you did believe it.

Jour. And can I think so?

Mar. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you yourself do. However, that your mind may be cleansed from the least pollution of thought—go, say over ten bead-rolls immediately; go, and peace attend you!

Jour. I am exceedingly comforted within.

SCENE VII.—MARTIN, solus.

Go—while I retire and comfort your daughter. Was this a suspicion of Laroon's, or am I betrayed? I begin to fear. I'll act with caution: for I am not able yet to discover whether this girl be of prodigious simplicity or cunning. How vain is policy, when the little arts of a woman are superior to the wisdom of a conclave! A priest may cheat mankind, but a woman would cheat the devil.

SCENE VIII.—The Street.—"Old Laroon and Young Laroon meet.

Young L. Well, sir, what success?

Old L. Success! you rascal! if ever you offer to put me into a priest's skin again, I'll heat you out of your own.

Young L. What's the matter, sir?

Old L. Matter, sir! Why, I have been laughed at, have been abused. 'Seath! sir, I am in such a passion, that I do not believe I shall come to myself again these twenty years. That rascal Martin discovered me in an instant, and turned me into a jest.

Young L. Be comforted, sir; you may yet have the pleasure of turning him into one.

Old L. Nothing less than turning him inside out—nothing less than broiling his gizzard will satisfy me.

Young L. Come with me, and I dare swear I'll give your revenge content. We have laid a snare

for him, which I think it is impossible he should escape.

Old L. A snare for a priest! a trap for the devil! you will as soon catch the one as the other.

Young L. I am sure our bait is good—A fine woman is as good a bait for a priest-trap as toasted cheese is for a mouse-trap.

Old L. Yes, but the rascal will nibble off twenty baits before you can take him. [success.]

Young L. Leave that to us. I'll warrant our

Old L. Will thou? then I shall have more pleasure in taking this one priest than in all the other wild beasts I have ever taken."

SCENE IX.—JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Isa. If I don't convince you he's a villain, renounce me for your daughter. Do not shut your ears against truth, and you shall want no other evidence.

Jour. Oh, daughter, daughter, some evil spirit is busy within you. The same spirit that visited me this morning is now in you.

Isa. I wish the spirit that is in me would visit you, you would kick this rogue out of doors.

Jour. The wicked reason of your anger is too plain. The priest won't let you have your fellow.

Isa. The priest would have me for himself.

Jour. Oh! wicked assertion! Oh! hark return for the care he has taken of your poor sinful father, for the love he has shown for your soul.

Isa. He has shown more love for my body, believe me, sir. Nay, go but with me, and you shall believe your own eyes and ears.

Jour. Against the church! Heaven forbid!

Isa. Will not you believe your own senses, sir?

Jour. Not when the church contradicts them. Alas! how do we know what we believe without the church? Why, I thought I saw Mr. Laroon and his son to-day, when I saw neither. Alack-a-day, child, the church often contradicts our senses. But you owe these wicked thoughts to your education in England, that vile heretical country, where every man believes what religion he pleases, and most believe none.

Isa. Well, sir, if you will not be convinced, you shall be the only person in Toulous that is not.

Jour. I will go with thee, if it were only to see how far this wicked spirit will carry his imposition; for I am convinced the devil will leave no stone unturned to work my destruction.

Isa. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his ambassadors too.

SCENE X.—Another apartment.—YOUNG LARON in woman's clothes.

None ever waited with more impatience for her lover than I for mine. It is a delightful assignation, but I hope it is a prelude to one more agreeable. I shall have difficulty to refrain from beating the rascal before he has discovered himself. [Knocking at the door.] Who's there? [Softly.]

Bea. Isabel, Isabel.

Young L. Come in. What a soft voice the rogue caterwauls in!

SCENE XI.—YOUNG LARON, BEATRICE.

Bea. What are you doing in the dark, my dear?

Young L. Hey-day! who the devil is this? I seem to be in a way of an assignation in earnest.

Bea. Isabel, where are you?

Young L. Here, child, give me your hand. Dear Mademoiselle Beatrice, is it you?

Bea. Oh Heavens! am I in a man's arms?

Young L. Hush! hush! Don't you know my voice?—I am Laroon.

Bea. Mr. Laroon! what business can you have here?

Young L. Ask me no questions; get but into a corner of the room and be silent, and you will perhaps see a very diverting scene—nay, do not be afraid, for I assure you it will be a very innocent one. Make haste, dear madam, you will do a very laudable action, by being an additional evidence to the discovery of a notorious villain.

Bea. I cannot guess your meaning, but would willingly assist on such an occasion.

Young L. Now for my desiring lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

SCENE XII.—YOUNG LARON, MARTIN.

Mar. Isabel, Isabel, where are you?

Young L. Here.

Mar. Come to my arms, my angel.

Young L. I hope you are in no frightful shape.

Mar. I am in the shape of that very good man thy confessor, honest father Martin. Let me embrace thee, my love—my charmer.

Young L. Bless me! what do you mean?

Mar. The words even of a spirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy bed, there shalt thou know my meaning—there will we repeat those pleasures which this day I gave thee in another shape. Tread softly, my dearest, sweetest! This night shall make thee mother to a pope.

[LARON leads him out MARTIN.]

SCENE XIII.—Another apartment.—OLD LARON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL, & PRIEST, YOUNG LARON, MARTIN, BEATRICE.

Mar. Whither will you pull me?

Young L. Villain, I'll show thee whither.

Mar. Ha!

Young L. Down on thy knees! confess thyself the worst of villains, or I'll drive this dagger to thy heart.

Priest. He needs not confess; our ears are sufficient witnesses against him.

Old L. Huzza! huzza! the priest is caught! the priest is caught!

Jour. I am thunderstruck with amazement.

Old L. How dar'st thou attempt to debauch my son, you black rascal! I have a great mind to make an example of you for attempting to dishonour my family.

Priest. You shall be made a severe example of for having dishonoured your order.

Mar. I shall find another time to answer you.

Old L. Hold, sir—hold. I have too much charity not to cleanse you, as much as possible, from your pollution. So, who's there? [Enter Serrants. Here, take this worthy gentleman, and wash him a little in a horse-pond, then toss him dry in a blanket.]

I Sere. We will wash him, with a vengeance.

All. Ay, ay, we'll wash him.

Mar. You may repent this, Mr. Laroon.

SCENE the last.—OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, JOURDAIN, PRIEST, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Priest. Though he deserves the worst, yet consider his order, Mr. Laroon.

Old Lar. Sir, he shall undergo the punishment, though I suffer the like afterwards. Well, master Jourdain, I hope you are now convinced that you may marry your daughter without going to purgatory for it.

Jour. I hope you will pardon what is past, my good neighbour. And you, young gentleman, will, I hope, do the same. If my girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

Young L. Amends! Oh! she would make me

large amends for twenty thousand times my sufferings.

Jas. Tell me so hereafter, my dear lover. "A woman may make a man amends for his sufferings before marriage; but can she make him amends for what he suffers after it?"

"*Young L.* Oh! think not that can ever be my fate with you.

"*Old L.* Pox o' your raptures! If you don't make her suffer before to-morrow morning thou art no son of mine; and if she does not make you suffer within this twelvemonth, blood! she is no woman. Come, honest neighbour, I hope thou hast discovered thy own folly and the priest's roguery together, and thou wilt return and be one of us again.

"*Jour.* Mr. Laroon, if I have erred on one side, you have erred as widely on the other. Let me tell you, a reflection on the sins of your youth would not be unwholesome.

"*Old L.* 'Shlood, sir! but it would. Reflection is the most unwholesome thing in the world. Besides, sir, I have no sins to reflect on but those of an honest fellow. If I have loved a whore at five-and-twenty, and a bottle at forty, why I have

done as much good as I could in my generation; and that, I hope, will make amends."

Jas. Well, my dear Beatrice, and are you positively bent on a nunnery still?

Bea. Hum! I suppose you will laugh at me if I should change my resolution; but I have seen so much of a priest to-day, that I really believe I shall spend my life in the company of a layman.

Old L. Why, that is bravely said, madam!—"Shud! I like you, and if I had not resolved, for the sake of this rascal here, never to marry again, 'Shud! I might take you into my arms, and I can tell you they are as warm as any young fellow's in Europe. Come, master Jourdain, this night you and I will crack a bottle together, and to-morrow morning we will employ this honest gentleman here to tack our son and daughter together, and then I don't care if I never see a priest again as long as I live.

Jas. [to *Young L.*] Well, sir, you see we have got the better of all difficulties at last. The fears of a lover are very unreasonable when he is once assured of the sincerity of his mistress.

For when a woman sets herself about it, Nor priest nor devil can make her go without it.

THE MISER;

A COMEDY. TAKEN FROM PLAUTUS AND MOLIÈRE. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN

DRURY-LANE, 1732.

Servorum ventres medio castigat iniquo,
Ipsæ quoque exierunt: neque enim omnia sustinet unquam
Mucula carulei panis consumere frusta.
Hæc tantum solitus medio servare misalut
Septembris: nec non differre in tempora cenæ
Asterius, conchæm æstivi cum parie læceti

Signatum, vel dimidio putrefacto silero.
Filiæque secreti munerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte egabit.
Sed quod divitiis hæc per tormenta contas;
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egesti vivere fato?—Juv.

TO HIS GRACE CHARLES DUC DE RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MR LOAN,

As there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Molière as that of your grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking must be indeed complete by your approbation. The perfect knowledge which your grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste of that nation whence this play was derived, makes you the properest judge wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of the *Miser*; and you, my lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style of dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my heart when I speak of your grace; and I am now writing to the only person living to whom such a panegyric would be displeasing. Therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought, my lord, your grace's most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE, WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, SPOKEN BY MR. SEIDON WATER.

Too long the slightest Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite aker'd, and her heart o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Jonson knew to please.
No characters from nature now we trace;
All serve to empty books of commonplace:
Our modern bards, who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail e'en quibbles to the town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, and without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies gave 'em vent,
We call high comedy, and seem content.

But to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night our author treats you with Molière.
Molière, who nature's inmost secrets knew;
Whose justest pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shown,
Not by low imits, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard if your applause
Grants 'as not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear:
He must be safe, if he has saved Molière.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Lovegold*, the miser, Mr. GRIFFIN;
Frederick, his son, Mr. BRIDGES; *Cleavant*, Mr. MILLS,
jun.; *Ramilie*, servant to Frederick, Mr. CIBRA, jun.; *Mr.*
Decoy, a broker, Mr. OATES; *Mr. Fennish*, an upholsterer,
Mr. FIELDING; *Mr. Sparkle*, a jeweller, Mr. BEATTY; *Mr.*
Saltin, a mercer, Mr. GARY; *Mr. List*, a tailor, Mr. OATES;
Charles Babbaloy, Mr. MULLART; a lawyer, Mr. MULLART;
Harriet, daughter to Lovegold, Mrs. BUTLER; *Mr. Jolly*, Mrs.
GEACE; *Marianna*, Mrs. HEATON; *Lappet*, maid to Harriet,
Mrs. RAYTON; *Wheeler*, maid to Marianna, Mrs. MULLART,—
SERVANTS, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Lovegold's house*.—LAPPET,
RAMILIE.

Lap. I'll hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee slighted so many good matches? Have I for thee turned off sir Oliver's steward, and my lord Landy's butler, and several others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me, madam.

Lap. If thou would'st have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stitch, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company; what must they think of me when they see you, after I have

countenanced your addresses by the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me, did they imagine, madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, sir; that won't do. If you ever hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my lord Landy's the first night he's out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again—

Ram. May I be banished forever from those dear eyes, and be turned out of the family while you live in it!

SCENE II.—LAPPET, WHEELIE, RAMILIE.

Whe. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear, this is extremely kind.

Whe. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous; my young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone out, I am sure, madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheelie.

Whe. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh! Mr. Ramilie, are you confined too? your master does not stay at home, I am sure; he can find the way to our house though you can't.

Ram. This is the only happiness, madam, I envy him; but, faith! I don't how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the court of request, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Whe. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie; you prefer music to everything—

Ram.—But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there 's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Whe. O, don't name it. I have worked my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambric pinnars and handkerchiefs; in short, my dear, no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Whe. La, child, where can one better oneself! all the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, madam, I am obliged to leave you. [*Bell rings.*] So, so, so: would the hell were in your guts!

SCENE III.—LAPPET, WHEELIE.

Lap. Oh! Wheelie! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Whe. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole hudget

of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Whe. Pray let us hear them. I have some secrets of our family too, which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear, last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, saved her life at the hazard of his own. Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled—ha, ha, ha!

Whe. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people. When the poor gentleman brought miss home, my master meets them at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's heaviness, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Whe. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman! her blushes soon discovered to me who he was; in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him!—My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah! sir, says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance: be handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Whe. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope?

Lap. Never fear that.—And now what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk!

Whe. So! here's fine hilling and cooing, I warrant; miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can; for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Whe. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks, say I! but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnish us with some sweetmeats; so, if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me; I hope, my dear, you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family, while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A garden. CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet! do you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind!

Har. You little know my heart if you can think it capable of repenting anything I have done towards your happiness; if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. Thou art too hounteous. Every tender word from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment.

Har. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you; and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I must think the balance on your side.

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them; folly is forwarder to censure wisdom than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness, because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest, your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy: it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman, I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not hear; therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet—he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy!

Har. Honest creature! what happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him? Parents choose as often ill for us as we for ourselves. They are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and six.

SCENE V.—FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Fred. Dear Harriet, good-morrow; I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence—

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Nor your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word—I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction! so much in love, that, without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have had it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have concealed it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her

out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars. I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shown you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side, you would see beauty, wit, gentleness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase, indeed! But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father, and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of his temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. [without.] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now! what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

SCENE VI.—LOVEGOLD, RAMSIE.

Love. Answer me not, sirrah; but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, sir; and I won't go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at: it's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up everything he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night.

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [Aside.]—Harkee, rascal, come hither; I would advise you not to run about the town and tell everybody you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid, sir?

Love. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter, sirrah! Get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, sir, I am going.

Love. Come back; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These boot-sleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hanged who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put anything there. These damned bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed. [thou hast taken from me.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what

Ram. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No really, sir. [and go to the devil.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well.

Ram. Ay, anywhere from such an old covetous eurnudgeon.

Love. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a visit to my dear casket.

SCENE VII.—LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Love. In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in which I received yesterday: three thousand guineas are a sum—O Heavens! I have betrayed myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! What's the matter?

Fred. The matter, sir!

Love. Yes, the matter, sir; I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard—

Fred. What, sir?

Love. That—

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one; I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas!

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, sir.

Love. Ah! would I had those three thousand

Fred. In my opinion— [guinea!

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise them, sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise them! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that, one of these days, somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expense, sir, do I run into?

Love. How! have you the assurance to ask me that, sir! when, if one was hut to pick those fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them: a fellow here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In short, sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How, sir! rob you? [extravagance!

Love. Ay, rob me; or how could you support this

Fred. Alas, sir! there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how. Ah, sir, there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs when he may wear his own hair? I dare swear a good perwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings. Hey-

day! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray, son, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much among the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady

Fred. Mariana, sir! [called Mariana!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, sir! [do you think of her?

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind. [housewife!

Love. Does she not promise to make a good

Fred. Oh! the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of; that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, sir! consider her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune: for Heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference, in some time, might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful, good boy; and, since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana?

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who, you, you, you?

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.—LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

Love. This daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear, shall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent, wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you please. [Curtaining.

Love. [Mimicking her curtsy.] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you should marry

Har. Pardon me, dear sir. [him, if you please.

Love. Pardon me, dear madam. [to it.

Har. Not all the fathers on earth shall force me

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner? In short, sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but, as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolved upon the match.

SCENE IX.—LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Some people, sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing; dear sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered, both to her and to me. A man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion.

Cler. Without a portion? Consider, dear madam; can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, sir; that decides the thing at once; and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there is no answering that. Who can oppose such a reason as that? And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, and who esteem, as the very first article of marriage, that happy union of affections which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state, and who—

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once. Without a portion! Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in search of my money. Don't stir from hence; I'll return in an instant.

Cler. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [To LOVEGOLD.]

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now, while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. When a lover offers, madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no farther; everything is contained in that one article; and "without a portion," supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty.

Love. Gloriously said! spoke like an oracle. [Exit.

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Be-

lieve me, this is a most painful hypocrisy; it tortures me to oppose your opinion, though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh, Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies! When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures, or its pains declare;

We can but feel how exquisite they are. [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Fred. What is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way when I gave your orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes, sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turned me out; and it is, sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah, sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money; a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a most industrious person; he says he has done everything in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour. [11]

Fred. So then, I shall have the five hundred, shall

Ram. Yes, sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah, sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable; the broker was forced to stickle hard to get such good ones. In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities; and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance; and, that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burthen his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than 30 per cent.

Fred. Oh, the consencations rascal!

Ram. But, as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the rate of 4 per cent., he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the 30 per cent. aforesaid, shall also pay this 4 per cent., since it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here!

Ram. You know, sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay, sir, why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal! No wonder he insists

on such conditions if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas! sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

[reasonable articles?]

Fred. Well; is this all, or are there any more

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred; and for the rest, the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ram. *Imprimis*, One large yellow camblet bed, lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six stuffed chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames worn-eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing. One large pier-glass, with only one crack in the middle. One suit of tapestry hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. What the devil is here?

Ram. *Item*, One suit of druggot, with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing. *Item*, Two muskets, one of which only wants the lock. One large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's; a proper present for a mistress. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ram. Several valuable books; amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered.—The whole works in divinity of—

Fred. Read no more: confound the cursed extortioner! I shall pay 100 per cent.

Ram. Ah, sir! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the cursed avarice of fathers! Well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as yours, sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclination towards hanging; and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter; I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, sir—sir, I ask your pardon—has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

SCENE II.—LOVEGOLD, DECOT, RAMBIE, FREDERICK.

Dec. In short, sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities, that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the estate of the borrower?

Dec. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these from his own lips; and his man assured me you would make no difficulty, the moment you knew the name of his father. All that I can

tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spend-thrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Dec. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay, there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to serve our neighbour, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Dec. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Dec. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste; but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house; but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Dec. This, sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How! rascal, is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [Aside.] And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[RAMBIE and DECOT *meek off*.]

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest? [face?]

Love. How dare you after this appear before my

Fred. How dare you after this appear before the face of the world? [of my sight.]

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain; get out

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say—

Love. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future. Get out of my sight, villain. I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a strict eye over his actions. [Exit.

SCENE III.—An apartment in LOVEGOLD's house. HARRIET, MARIANA.

Mor. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me; for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite; but I have had such an intolerable cold, ehild, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear, would you think it? I have had no less than three doctors.

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered indeed!

Mor. O! ehild, doctors will never do me any harm; I never take anything they prescribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear, my mamma loves physic better than she does anything but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you'd take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like

them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that, now, one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest: you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours.

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have listed him already. Oh, Harriet! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you with that dear creature, your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you—

Mar. Your father!

Har. Ay, my dear. What say you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! I shall die. Ha! ha! ha! You extravagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once! it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him: Oh! methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh! I see my loving bridegroom in his threefold night-cap, his fannel shirt; methinks I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, more instructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I smell him sweeter; oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself. Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover! would not any one think now we had been a happy couple to gether, Heaven knows how long!

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh! never fear it! one can't indeed bring oneself to be civil to a young lover; but as for those old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs; and, when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh! I shall hate you if you are serious. Ah! see what your wicked words have occasioned; I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.—FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

Har. Oh, brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has one.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the Judge is determined against us all, art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, madam, I am resolved to persevere; for, when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be, perhaps, a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concerned; but when the dispute is about the whole, he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet! I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest, when he is my son-in-law, I'll even send him to the Temple; though he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law; sure, Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton!

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison; I must have a little air: dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, madam, I have your leave to attend you!

Mar. My leave! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you!

Har. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your mistress.

SCENE V.—RAMILIE, LAPPET.

Lap. This was, indeed, a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get anything out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have lived long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah! but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant, madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much, but you may easier shut her mouth, than open his hands: as for thanks, praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses, and there is no husband who hates the word wife half so much as he does the word give; instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah! sir, let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart, and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than anything you can procure him in exchange; the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis piercing him

in the only sensible part; 'tis touching his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing. But here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune.

SCENE VI.—LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. All's well, hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you, Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, sir; why, you look so young and vigorous—

Love. Do I do it?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned anything about what her mother can give her? For, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year!

Lap. Yes, sir: there's in the first place the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then, as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account: as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of deserts wiped of all at once. You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds' worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item,* For clothes, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that, should we allow but for three birth-night suits a-year saved, which are the least a town-lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight), the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confessed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright rillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenses she won't put me to. I assure you, madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real: I have heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it; but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her! This is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least. She says that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, sir, than can be imagined: she has in her chamber several pictures; but what do you think they are? None of your smock-faced young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parisies, and your Apollos. No, sir, you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, king Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! This is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman, I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows! Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them. [table]

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please: there, what can be more charming! Let me see you walk; there's a person for you—tall, straight, free, and dégagé! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem! not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace. [person]

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my *Lap*. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward, on all such occasions, to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a watch you will be to her. [you]

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to

Lap. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you. I have a law-suit depending which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money. [He looks gravely.] And you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [He looks pleased.] Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you. But indeed, sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [He looks grave again.] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [He resumes his gaiety.] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities. In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till

she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir. [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell! I'll go and finish my despatches.

Lap. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity. [*He looks serious.*]

Love. I must go give some orders about a par-

Lap. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think his coat will look well enough turned, and with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour; I shall be undone, indeed, sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three pounds, sir; pay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there; somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are! Ramillie is in the right; however, I shall not quit the affair; for, though I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide;
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're feed on t'other side. }

ACT III.—SCENE I.—HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. I think, sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If anything, sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged, without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit; therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray, a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.—LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him. He will teach you, sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him. [*Instructor.*]

Fred. While you live, sir, we shall want no other *Love.* Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now, I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided

on these occasions than is ate; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

Cler. Very true, sir; besides, though they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clermont; and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, sir.

Love. Go, that's my good girl. And you, sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, sir?

Love. I know, sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but, if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, sir, to be overjoyed at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

SCENE III.—LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

Jas. Did you send for me, sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

Jas. Whom, sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, sir.

Jas. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved.—But your cook, sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*]

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

Jas. I am ready for your commands, sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

Jas. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year. I have, indeed, now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but, for a supper, I have not dressed one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper. [*Of money.*]

Jas. That may be done, sir, with a good deal

Love. What! is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there anything so easy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man show himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

Jas. I wish you would be so good, sir, as to show us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

Jas. There's a gentleman, sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.

Love. Answer me yourself.

Jas. Why, sir, how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight: for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

Jas. Suppose, sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine

Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts—

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

Jas. Then, sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen—

Love. [Putting his hand before JAMES's mouth.] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

Jas. Then a ragout—

Love. [Stopping his mouth again.] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all! Has my master invited people to cram them to death! Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper! Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Excellently well said, indeed! It is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. "We must live to eat, and not eat to—" No, that is not it; how did you say!

[eat.]

Cler. That "we must eat to live, and not live to eat."
Love. Extremely fine; pray, write them out for me; for I'm resolved to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

[plo talk enough of you already.]

Jas. You have no need to do any more, sir; please.

Love. Pray, sir, what do people say of me!

Jas. Ah, sir, if I could but be assured that you would not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

Jas. Well, sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you everywhere; nay, of your very servants, upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you: one says that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses; for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back. In a word, sir, one can go nowhere, where you are not the byword; you are the laughing-stock of all the world, and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy—

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal! Beat him for me, Clermont.

[your master this language!]

Cler. Are not you ashamed, Mr. James, to give Jas. What's that to you, sir! I fancy this fellow's a coward; if he be, I will handle him.

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

Jas. Who taught you, sir, what becomes! If you trouble your head with my business, I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me, I'll break your head for you.

[Drives CLERMONT to the farther end of the stage.]

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

Jas. I did not say I'd break your head.

[CLERMONT drives him back again.]

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence!

Jas. I hope not, sir! I give you no offence, sir.

Cler. That I shall show you the difference between Jas. Ha, ha, ha! sir, I was but in jest.

[us.]

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future.

[Kicks him off the stage.]

Jas. Nay, sir, can't you take a jest! Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so; see and provide something to eloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-mesgre, a good large suet-pudding, some dainty fat pork pie or pasty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a salad, and a dish of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, sir, to provide everything to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow; but now I will go and pay a visit to my money.

SCENE IV.—*The street.*—RAMILLE and LAPPET, meeting.

Ram. Well, madam, what success! Have I been a false prophet, and have you come at the old hunch's purse! or have I spoke like an oracle, and is he as closefisted as usual!

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used. All my rhetoric availed nothing: while I was talking to him about the lady he smiled and was pleased, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramille, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting!

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts!

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet sir, that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress

Ram. What affair, prithee! [and his father.]
Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony! In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't; and I wish the old gentleman success, with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy!
Ram. No, madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant; which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why, truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of an opinion that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune, and, if she was once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love!

Lap. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! Oh that you had but seen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

[lieve.]

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to a woman with a wife that should shut it against him! Besides, it will be the better for us all: for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it: so, faith,

I will even set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ram. But do you think you can prevail with her? Will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?

Lap. Ah! *Ramille!* the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preserve her from it, the surer way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoyed into the net by birds of our own feathers.

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true, you did mention it first; but I thought of it first; I am sure I must have thought of it; but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and, should he get access to *Mariana*, may do in a few minutes what I shall be never able to undo as long as I live.

[*Exit.*]

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. The jade has art, but it is quite overshadowed by her vanity. She will get the better of every one but the person who will condescend to praise her; for, though she be a most mercenary devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride which warms her fancy serves to cool her appetites; and, therefore, though she have neither virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what am I in love with? But that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with *le je ne sais quoi*.

SCENE V.—*LOVEGOLD'S HOUSE.*—*LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.*

Love. You see, madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. W. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents; what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady; I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles: it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars. [*sees, filthily fellow!*]

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh! nau-
Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, sir, if she were a star, you would be sure of her kindest influence. [*me?*]

Love. How can I return this great honour you do
Mar. Ah! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. [*Listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, madam. Harkee, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless

a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot disassemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law; nor can I help saying that, if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it; indeed, were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that to be called your husband would be, to my ears, a title more blessed, more glorious, than that of a greatest of princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking to attain so great a blessing; all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit—

Love. Hold, hold, sir; softly, if you please.

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, sir; I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir.

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and to-day, in the next room; I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. W. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*To MARIANA.*] Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger, and gives it to MARIANA.*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger. [*cue.*]

Mrs. W. And *Mar.* It is really a prodigious fine

Fred. [*Presenting MARIANA, who is going to return it.*] No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this haubie for your sake?

Love. [*To his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad.

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree. [*often.*]

Mrs. W. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so

Love. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it. It is not my fault, dear sir; I do all I can to prevail with—but she is obstinate. For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

Love. [*To his son.*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed; on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. W. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you; come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovcgold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

SCENE VI.—*To them, JAMES.*

Jas. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy; bid him come another time; bid him leave his business with you.

Jas. Must he leave the money he has brought with him, sir?

Love. No, no, stay; tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. W. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but, since the today is provided, I will taste one. *[glass.]*

SCENE VII.—*FREDERICK, MARIANA.*

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought very like it? Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest; but, were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, when that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite?

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then, I suppose, you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do without arrogance, I think; I have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, sir; money, money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say more in one moment than the most elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich. He is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich; that one word contradicts everything you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, "But he is poor," you overthrow all you have said; for it has long been an established maxim that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sen-

timents of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you'd never wear it. There is not one so abandoned but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can suit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.—*MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.*

Hor. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is showing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon; that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him!—Ob! barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh! repeat it to my face, and make me blessed to that degree.

Hor. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal anything from another which would make him happy to know!

Mar. The lie would choke me, were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear, you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But, if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make them easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear, how prettily these airs become you. Take my word for it, you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it to be placed.

Hor. If you have any reason, madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet, carry it no further; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Hor. Away! you do not know the sex. Her vanity will make you play the fool "till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you—It is a part she has often played."

Mar. I am obliged to you, however, madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship. It will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Hor. My friendship, madam, naturally cools when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her. I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natured vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her own reputation.

SCENE IX.—*To them, Mrs WISELY, CLERMONT.*

Mrs. W. Upon my word, sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you have been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhuman, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. W. Bless me! child, what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side; and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, madam. The whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you—

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you you would ruin me! and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet. You must not be frightened at a few storms. These are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

SCENE X.—*To them, LOVEGOLD.*

Love. I ask your pardon; I have despatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. W. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, madam?

Mrs. W. Your children, sir, have used my poor girl so ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family—

Love. Out of my sight, audacious, vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I—

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence, to dare, after what I have told you—

Har. Come, brother; perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

SCENE XI.—*LOVEGOLD, Mrs. WISELY, MARIANA, CLERMONT.*

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor, pretty creature! had they stolen my purse, I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. W. The age is come to a fine pass, indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to have seen a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. W. Lookee, Mariana; I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer; but this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say, *La!* who suspected it! it was mighty privately carried on.

Mar. I resign myself entirely over to your will, madam, and am at your disposal.

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion; you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I! nay! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth. Od! madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months. I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be. No one, sure, ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. W. We shall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.—*LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.*

Love. Clermont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is likely to be in this evening. I must trust everything to your care. See that matters be managed with as small expense as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and today. Take care what is not eat or drunk be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine, let that be sent back too, and put up what is left; if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust everything to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, prithee?

Cler. That is the cause of it. Give me leave, sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, sir?

Love. Oh! yes, yes, I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances; and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; and a penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this town and not have got one cheaper.

Cler. Sure, you are in a dream, sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a year.

Cler. Sure, sir, you do not know—

Love. In clothes two hundred more.

Cler. There is not, sir, in the whole town—

Love. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

SCENE XIII.—*CLERMONT, alone.*

How vainly do we spend our breath while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to! I thought it impossible for anything to have surmounted his avarice, but I find there is one little passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but, as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress

compared to what I meet in Harriet! Love to him is misery; to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent. Whoever takes for better and for worse [curses]. Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—A hall in LOVEGOLD'S house.—FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

Fred. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father!

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence—a trust, sir, which implies but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Ob! sir; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers; for, would you think it, sir! the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her. Madam, says I, do you think, if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest. It is my interest, madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I; let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her, sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal (I ask your pardon, sir), that this Hunk, my master's father, will live for ever!—and then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends!

Fred. Well, but, dear sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her, sir! I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father. I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that!

Ram. Never fear it, sir; I'll warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again. Your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing anything from him. So about the first affair. It is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

SCENE II.—FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking for you all over the house. I have news for you, which will give me pain to discover, though it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! Oh, Clermont! is it possible! cursed be the politics of my sister; she is the innocent oc-

casional of this. And can Mariana from a pique to her throw herself away! Dear Clermont, give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you: but here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet!

SCENE III.—LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house, instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your interest to—

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours— [kill me?]

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir, you do not intend to

Fred. What could drive your villany to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life! What could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me!

Lap. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. If I did, sir, it was all with a view towards your interest; if I have done anything to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

Fred. Would'st thou, to save my life, tear out my heart! And dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, while thou art destroying me, assert it is for my own sake!

Lap. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at least; I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; and whatever she has done, if it has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have so good an opinion of her, that, the moment you show her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval!

Lap. Alas! sir, I never did anything yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said anything so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities, but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called interest, just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, out that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Marianna thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it. Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

SCENE IV.—FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith! I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh, Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

Cler. A coquette's lover generally pays very severely indeed. His game is sure to lead him a long chase, and if he catches her at last she is hardly worth carrying home—You will excuse me.

Fred. It does not affect me; for what appears a coquette in Marianna, is rather the effects of sprightliness and youth than any fixed habit of mind; she has good sense and good nature at the bottom.

Cler. If she has good nature, it is at the bottom indeed; for I think she has never discovered any to you.

Fred. Women of her beauty and merit have such a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a curtsy or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature who can imagine he merits their whole person.

Cler. They are of all people my aversion; they are a sort of spaniels, who, though they have no chance of running down the hare themselves, often spoil the chase. I have known one of these fellows pursue half the fine women in town, without any other design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

Fred. Which she often returns with a smile, or some other extraordinary mark of affection, from a charitable design of giving pain to her real admirer, who, though he can't be jealous of the animal, is concerned to see her condescend to take notice of him.

SCENE V.—HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Har. I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father's economy, that he has resolved to join two entertainments in one, and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding-supper.

Fred. Yes, I have heard it—and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

Har. Why, did you believe it then?

Fred. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

Har. I would not believe it if I were to see them in bed together.

Fred. Heaven forbid it!

Har. So say I too. Heaven forbid I should have such a mother-in-law! But I think, if she were wedded into any other family, you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

Har. I will indulge your weakness with all my heart, but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as you, who spoil the women. Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some sal volatile in it, though you have no real cause for any depression of your spirit; for I dare swear your mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Cler. Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but equal to your sister, you might be well called the happiest of mankind. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—MARIANA, LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him.

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! For what do you intend to have him? [marry him?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will

Lap. Indeed, you will not.

Mar. Now, Mrs. Impertinence! has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are sure of not being suffered to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear quadrille! And to what have you sacrificed all these? Not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself. Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good madam, if you come to that; for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for, if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have no comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you. The worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! fugh!

Mar. If miss Harriet sent you on this errand you may return, and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it; and since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [Exit.

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-tempered creature will not marry in spite of me. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly.

SCENE VII.—The garden.—LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy. I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. W. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed, I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villainous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. W. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years. *[Aside.*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. W. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me. It seems to argue your inclinations abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas! madam, I love her better than anything almost upon the face of the earth; this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. W. Well, sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction of both her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, madam? *[Immediately.]*

Mrs. W. I see, sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blamed for refusing him on any account. *[Have me sign!]*

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you

Mrs. W. Only to perform your promise of marriage. *[and mine shall look over it.]*

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then,

Mrs. W. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him, and get it done instantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. *[Exit.]*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract; but your lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitiled her to a third of my fortune—whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match. I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

SCENE VIII.—LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lappet. Oh! unhappy, miserable creature that I am! What shall I do?—whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lappet. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a

Love. Lappet, I say! *[friend!]*

Lappet. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—

[Runs against him.]

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lappet. Oh, sir!—you are undone, sir; and I am undone. *[Have I lost anything?]*

Love. How!—what!—has any one robbed me?

Lappet. No, sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lappet. A wife, sir.

Love. No, I have not yet. But why—

Lappet. How, sir! are you not married?

Love. No. *[come out of your mouth.]*

Lappet. That is the happiest word I ever heard

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lappet. Yes, sir; and, for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lappet. Oh, sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady. I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir. The devil of any estate has she.

Love. How! not any estate at all? How can she live, then? *[people in this town live.]*

Lappet. Nay, sir, Heaven knows how half the

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but, considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lappet. All an imposition, sir. She is the most extravagant wretch up earth.

Love. How! bow! Extravagant? *[gance itself.]*

Lappet. I tell you, sir, she is downright extra-

Love. Can it be possible, after what you told me?

Lappet. Alas, sir! that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations. *[in her!]*

Love. How was it possible for you to be so deceived

Lappet. Alas, sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, sir, during a whole fortnight since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, though—Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign. Right habits, as well as wrong, are got by affecting them. And she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lappet. She loves play to distraction. It is the only visible way in the world she has of living.

Love. She must win, then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is so such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it she may leave it off.

Lappet. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly. Why, don't you see, sir, she is dressed out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband. And, as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and, to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lappet. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty!

Lappet. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lappet. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lappet. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lappet. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[Catching LAPPET in his arms.]

Lappet. Oh, sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat!—Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match; and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime squandered away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels. It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers,

fops, cheats, rakes. To see his guineas fly about like dust; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half-year; all his land swallowed down in another; all his old gold—nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind—which has descended from father to son ever since the flood—to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without anything to furnish his old age with the necessities of life—will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? *[Both burst into tears.]* The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner. And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome! What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

Love. Oh! my poor old gold.

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care! *[shape.]*

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful

Love. My dear land and tenements.

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck? *[and a half per cent.]*

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty!

SCENE IX.—LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too; I'll contract you, with a pox.

Love. Hey-day! sure you are now compos mentis!

Love. No, sirrah, I had like to have been non compos mentis; but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: hid her take her advantageous offer; for I shall sign no contracts. *[in my whole course of practice.]*

Love. This is the strangest thing I have met with

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey! *[Appearing deaf.]*

Lap. You know, sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true; so they are; and therefore, no one can take too much care of his money. *[me an infinite service.]*

Lap. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do

Love. Hey! what! *[a great kindness.]*

Lap. A small matter of money, sir, would do me

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed, I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness! I'm only losing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah! would I were married to thee myself!

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

SCENE X.—FAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you, sirrah! How dare you enter within these walls!

Ram. Truly sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to

myself; I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship. But I don't know how it is, sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just

Love. What if she did, sirrah! *[sow!]*

Ram. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why, then, sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie; as is, indeed, every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and everything she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth; but it was with a good design: the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas! sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home, and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed, she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to everything this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. *[Exit.]*

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI.—The hall.—FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her. *[into guineas.]*

Fred. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myself

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, sir! it is more easy to make half a dozen matches than to break one, and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. There is something, methinks, so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture of her mother! and how fond will she be of a boy to put her in mind of his father! *[gignation.]*

Fred. Death! you jade, you have fired my ima-

Lap. But, methinks, I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely; I am surprised they are not altogether by the ears already!

SCENE XII.—RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Ram. Oh! madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together, after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Pence, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed—no thanks to her; happy is the master that has a good servant—a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world. I have done your business for you, sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him—in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine. No sooner was she gone than I steps in and made the old gen'tleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie; and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair. [ruined without reprieve.]

Lap. And sign the contract; so now, sir, you are Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Hey-day! what is the meaning of this!—have I done any more than you commanded me!

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident. [happened.]

Ram. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has

Fred. I don't blame you, sir, nor myself, nor any one: fortune has marked me out for misery. But I will be no longer idle; since I am to be ruined I will meet my destruction.

SCENE XIII.—LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[They stand some time silent, looking at each other.]

Lap. I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negotiation; you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet; a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, sirrah, what was the occasion of your betraying me to your master, for he has told me all!

Ram. Conscience, conscience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you, indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his; for henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises: henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it will be in vain; I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base insinuations. I would have you know, sir, a woman injured as I am never can nor ought to forgive. Never see my face again. [Exit.]

Ram. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another, and a woman, generally, is as sure to perform what she threatens as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

SCENE XIV.—Another apartment. — FREDERICK, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

Fred. No, madam, I have no words to upbraid you with nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. W. I think, sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear mamma, don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done: to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word mother-in-law has a terrible sound, but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are beneforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. W. I must insist, sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be censorious. Oh, heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto past unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear; for from this night I never will behold those dear, those fatal eyes again.

Mar. Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me. What a person will the world think me to be, when you could not live with me!

Fred. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh! had that been my blest fortune!

Mrs. W. Let me beg, sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't restrain them.

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us. Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. W. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.—RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Ram. Follow me, sir; follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter! the business is done.

Ram. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box.

Fred. What done!

Ram. I have it under my arm, sir,—here it is!

Fred. What! what!

Ram. Your father's soul, sir; his money.—Follow me, sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

Love. (in the utmost distraction.) Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief! where is the villain! where shall I find him! Give me my money again, villain. [Catching himself by the arm.] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you! Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damned contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town: I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—The Hall. Several Servants.

Jas. There will be rare doings now; madam's an excellent woman, faith! Things won't go as they

have done; she has ordered something like a supper; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

Tho. She's a sweet-humoured lady; I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

Jas. This is the luckiest day I ever saw; as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolved; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

Tho. You shan't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheds of strong beer coming in.

Jas. Bless her heart! good lady! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

Tho. Ah! never mind that, he has a good purse; and for other things let her alone, master James.

Whe. Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best champagne, twelve dozen of hurgundy, and twelve dozen of hermitage; and you must call at the wax-chandler's and bid him send in a chest of candles; and at Mr. Lambert's, the confectioner in Pall Mall, and order the finest dessert he can furnish; and you, Will, must go to Mr. Grey's, the horse-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her coach to-morrow morning; and, here, you must take this roll, and invite all the people in it to supper; then you must go to the playhouse in Drury-lane, and engage all the music, for my lady intends to have a ball.

Jas. Oh hrrave, Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

Whe. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible; and if you can think of anything to add to it, she desires you would.

Jas. She is the best of ladies.

Whe. So you will say when you know her better: she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master but how to lay out as much money as she could; we shall have all rare places.

Jas. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Whe. See what it is to have a woman at the head of a house. But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the nicest order.

Jas. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

SCENE II.—*MARIANA, WHEELDE, Upholsterer, Mrs. WISELY.*

Mar. Wheedle, have you despatched the servants according to my orders?

Whe. Yes, madam.

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition!

Uphol. I shall take a particular care, madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

Mar. That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

Uphol. Your ladyship is very much in the right, madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.

Mar. Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

Uphol. Truly, madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. I believe I can show you some that will please you. [for this alteration.]

Mrs. W. I protest, child, I can't see any reason

Mar. Dear mamma, let me have my will. There is not one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, everything has so much of antiquity about it; and I cannot endure the sight of anything that is not perfectly modern.

Uphol. Your ladyship is in the right, madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion, you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. W. That is an extravagance I would never submit to. I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Uphol. Ha! ha! madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion. I have many a set of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

SCENE III.—*To them, Mercer, Jeweller.*

Mar. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Mer. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you?

Jew. Yes, madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to show you their equals: they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired. I have brought you a solitaire too, madam; my lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure, it has a flaw in it, sir.

Jew. Has it, madam? then there never was a brilliant without one; I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone you shall have it for nothing.

SCENE IV.—*LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, Mrs. WISELY, Jeweller, Mercer, Upholsterer.*

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more! [necklace and earrings!]

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the Jew. If you were my sister, madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain! Have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. W. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter!

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never shall see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or, if you should not, the loss is but a trifle! [guineas a trifle!]

Love. How! a trifle! Do you call three thousand

Mrs. W. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle! But, tell me what were you saying of them? Have you seen them?

Jew. Really, sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which were as cheap at three thousand

Love. How! What! What! [guineas as—]

Mar. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream.

Mar. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Mer. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing! Are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

Mar. I assure you, sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife. I shall not be taught to dress by my husband. I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little it is for your own honour, sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

Mrs. W. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir; but the honour of my family, as well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money; I think it a very great blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper—one who will preserve your reputation in the world whether you will or no. Not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds, to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthright suit or two, I shall scarce want anything more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However, there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. W. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pound, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain. In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves. Get out of my doors, you cutpurses.

Jew. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return them me.

Love. Give him his baubles; give them him.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present; but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Jew. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here?

Uphol. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will dis-furnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. W. Sure, sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name!

SCENE V.—CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY.

Cha. Your most obedient servant, madam.

Love. Who are you, sir? What do you want here?

Cha. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. What's your business?

Cha. Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes and rings. Will you please, sir, to look at that snuff-box? there is but one person in England, sir, can work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he is able, he would get an immense estate, sir; if he had an hundred thousand hands, I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new-invented snuffers too, madam. Be pleased

to look at them: they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

Love. Who the devil sent for you, sir?

Mar. I sent for him, sir,

Cha. Yes, sir, I was told it was a lady sent for me: will you please, madam, to look at the snuff-boxes or rings first? [or shall I send you?]

Love. Will you please to go to the devil, sir, first, *Cha.* Sir!

L. v. Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll break your snuff-boxes, and your bones too.

Cha. Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.—MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, LOVEGOLD, WHEELER.

Mar. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this: you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. W. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh! would she had taken them! Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. W. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers: a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again. [for is come.

Whe. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

SCENE VII.—LOVEGOLD, LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a year; and though I say it, that should not say it—Stand upright, if you please, sir—

Love. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah! I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here! Out of my doors, you villain!

List. Hey-day! sir; did you send for me for this, sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

SCENE VIII.—LOVEGOLD, JAMES, Porter.

Love. Where are you going? What have you there? *Jas.* Some fine wine, sir, that my lady sent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half a dozen kitchen-boys. The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spoils.

Love. Oh! Oh! it is in vain to oppose it; her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in one place than it breaks out in another. [Drums beat without.] Ha! what is the meaning of this? Is my house besieged? Would they would set it on fire, and burn all in it!

Drum. [Without.] Heavens bless your honour squire Lovegold, madam Lovegold; long life and happiness and many children attend you!—and so God save the king!

[Drums beat

[*Love. goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*]

Jas. So, he has quieted the drums, I find. This is the rogues of some well-wishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the better, my master or my mistress. If my master does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any housekeeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my lord-mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.—*LOVEGOLD, JAMES.*

Love. James! I shall be destroyed; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen; put out all the fires; leave not so much as a candle burning.

Jas. Sir, I don't know how to do it; madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

Love. How! not when I command thee!

Jas. I have lost several places, sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, sir, she is so good and generous a lady, that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

Love. The devil take her generosity!

Jas. And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat. Why, sir, she has invited above five hundred people to supper; within this hour your house will be as full as Westminster-hall the last day of term.—But I have no time to lose.

Love. Oh! oh! What shall I do!

SCENE X.—*LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.*

Lap. Where is my poor master! Oh, sir! I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was—how could you undo yourself with your eyes open! [been happy.]

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken thy advice I had

Lap. And I too, sir; for, a-lack-day, I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet. [in so precipitate a manner!]

Lap. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

[he is married.]

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till *Love.* I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond of ten thousand pound to marry her.

Lap. You shall forfeit it—

Love. Forfeit what! my life and soul, and blood,

Lap. You shall forfeit it— [and heart!]

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner; no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat!

Lap. Oh! my poor master! my poor master!

[Crying.]

Love. Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [A noise without.] Oh! oh! dear Lappet, see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour—Oh!

SCENE XI.—*LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT richly dressed.*

Love. What is here! Some of the people who are to eat me up!

Cler. Don't you know me, sir!

Love. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this!—Oh! it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! woe wretch! could I

have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner!

Cler. Sir, I come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine. [my blood!]

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away *Cler.* Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman. Tell me who tempted

Cler. Ah, sir! need I say—*Love!* [you to it!]

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love, sir. [guineas.]

Love. Very pretty love, indeed! the love of my *Cler.* Ah, sir! think not so. Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll never ask you more! [so modest a request!]

Love. Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever *Cler.* All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other; and nothing but death can part us.

Love. I don't question, sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heaven! I'll die in defending my right; and, if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Hal! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you; perhaps I may.

Cler. Then I am blessed! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

Love. Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds may be well called a treasure. Go, go, fetch it hither; perhaps I may give it you; fetch it hither.

Cler. To show you, sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [Exit.]

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow; to confess his robbery before my face, and to desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

SCENE XII.—*LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.*

Love. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter!

Lap. Oh, sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had; think if you had married her—

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds! Well, and ten thousand pounds are a sum—they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife! Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, sir. [take that from me.]

Love. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't

Lap. Why, sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself; and, if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, sir, such is the great goodness of our laws that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in. [I'll be hanged.]

Love. Ten thousand pounds! No; I'll be hanged.

Lap. Suppose, sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is)—but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand—

Loze. Eight thousand devils take her!

Lap. But, dear sir, consider; nay, consider immediately; for every minute you lose, you lose a sum. Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master, let me prevail on you not to be ruined. Be resolute, sir; consider every guinea you give saves a score.

Loze. Well, if she will consent to—to—to eight hundred. But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate anything of that; if you can, you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand, you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Loze. Would I were out of my skin!

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts.

Loze. Why was I begotten! Why was I born! Why was I brought up! Why was I not knocked o' the head before I knew the value of money!

[Knocking without.]

Lap. So, so, more duns, I suppose. Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Loze. What have I brought myself to! What shall I do! part with eight thousand pounds! Misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then, on the other side, are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way!

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing!

SCENE XIII.—MARIANA, LAFFET.

Mar. Well, what success!

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where, if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say, fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have. Were I not secret, had have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret!

Lap. From every one but me, I believe you have. I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? Did he make no offer?

[are by.]

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you

Mar. So you think he must see me to give anything to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush, I hear him coming again.

SCENE XIV.—LOVEGOLD, LAFFET, MARIANA.

Loze. I am undone! I am undone! I am est up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and, if you should stand out, you will get more.

Loze. *[Putting his hand before LAFFET'S mouth.]* You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie! She never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all. Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be

cast, I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay; and, whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Loze. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify! You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last; get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds! Why, sir, the court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife!

SCENE XV.—THOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD, LAFFET. *[LOVEGOLD and LAFFET talk apart.]*

Tho. Madam, the music is come which your ladyship ordered; and most of the company will be here immediately.

Jas. Where will your ladyship be pleased the servants shall eat! for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain them.

Mar. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one. *[the desert, madam.]*

Jas. There is no service in the house proper for *Mar.* Send immediately to the great china-shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.

Loze. How! and will you swear a robbery against her! that she has robbed me of what I shall give her!

Lap. Depend on it, sir. *[the more likely.]*

Loze. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look

Lap. Do so, sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, sir.

Mar. Here is the contract. *[in the world.]*

Loze. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth

SCENE XVI.—MARIANA, LAFFET.

Mar. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence? *[consent to such a villainy!]*

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would

Lap. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

SCENE XVII.—MARIANA, LAFFET, LOVEGOLD.

Loze. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world.—*[I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.]*

[Aside to LAP.]

Lap. *[To LOZE.]* You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, sir, is your contract. And now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

SCENE XVIII.—LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, MARIANA, LAFFET, HARRIET.

Loze. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, sir, is all the treasure I am worth—a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Loce. Give me the money, sir, give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not. [treasure?]

Loce. Did you not confess you robbed me of my

Cler. This, sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, sir, has this day blessed me by making me her husband.

Loce. How! Oh, wicked, vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced, sir. I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Loce. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Loce. How, sirrah! are you a confederate! Have you helped to rob me! [guineas again.]

Fred. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your

Loce. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together. So, go fetch my gold.

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Loce. Bear witness, she has confessed she has the money; and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

Loce. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can be only a receiver of stolen goods; for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Loce. How! I! you! What! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she had stole from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this!

Loce. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet! depend upon it, within an hour, you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. I thought to have purchased a reprieve with them; but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me.

Loce. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they!

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [Gives them to FREDERICK.] You see, sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Loce. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Loce. Then I will go to law with that lady, and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Loce. My family be hanged! if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another; and I will hang him if he does

not restore me all I have lost, for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world: I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more.

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now. But oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have anything to Mar. Do you hear him! [bestow.]

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him; for your late behaviour has convinced me—

Mar. Dear girl, no more; you have frightened me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture I would do whatever you wished; so, sir, if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing, you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day. [I deserved.]

Mar. Dear Harriet, no apologies: all you said

SCENE the last.—LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Lap. Treaties are going on on both sides, while you and I seem forgotten.

Ram. Why, have we not done them all the service we can! What farther have they to do with us! Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

Mar. Some I sent for to assist in my design on your father: I think we will give them admittance, though we have done without 'em.

All. Oh! by all means.

Fred. Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just sense of your favours; and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude. [Dance here.]

Fred. Dear Clermont, be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your great deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least, I am sure, avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice; but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the miser endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purse;
And what he wishes most proves most his curse.

ÉPILOGUE. WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.; SPOKEN BY MRS. SAFTON.

Ours author's sure bewitch'd! The senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, what's that to this? }
Is yours a good one?—No, but Molière's is. }
He cried, and scowls! no epilogue was tack'd to his. }
Besides, your modern epilogues, said he, }
Are but ragouts of smut and ridicule. }
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre left that's new.
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
Ours blush, to gain a thousand comcombs' praise.
Then for the threadbare joke of wit and wit. }
Whose fore-known rhyme is echo'd from the pit, }
Till of their laugh the galleries are hit. }
Then to reproach the critics with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire;
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Though talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies;
If these, he cried, the choice ingredients be }
For epilogues, they shall have none for me. }
Lord, sir, says I, the gallery will so bawl! }
Let 'em, he cried, a bad one's worse than none at all. }
Madam, these things that you I'm more expert in. }
Nor do I see no epilogue much hurt in. }
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain. }

THE INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1723

Malores nequam rochi! juvenisq; senesque
Et pueri nam Rhinocerotis habent.—MARTIAL.

AN EPISTLE TO MRS. CLIVE.

MADAM.—If addresses of this nature (notwithstanding the usual purpose to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the gratitude of the author for some favour received, or to celebrate the merit of some particular friend, I think you have a very just title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most panegyrics, have been generally confined to persons in high life; not that good qualities are so; but, as the praise which most authors bestow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for past favours, but of their necessity of future, it is not so much their business to inquire who best deserves praise as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an epistle crammed with such gross, false, and absurd flattery, as the poet ought to be ashamed of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be lashed, nor virtue too obscure to be commended; in other words, that satire can never rise too high, nor panegyric stoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fineness & foreign music; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing themselves in favour of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much English taste and good-nature left as sometimes to visit that stage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deserve; nay, you exert, by the force of your merit, the applause of those who are languishing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting, with some pleasure, that the town, that part of it at least which is positively intemperate, have one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre than the ignorance of some and the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on anything so well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the finest judges and the greatest man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predecessors in his time.

But, as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so were they acquainted with your private character: could they see you laying out great part of the profits which arise to you from entertaining them as well in the support of an aged father; did they see you, who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend.

The part you have maintained in the present dispute between the players and the patentees is so full of honour, that had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compassion, nor could any promises or views of interest away you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagined injured and distressed; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees should be injured by the dissimulation of the audience.

In short, if honour, good-nature, gratitude, and good sense, joined with the most entertaining humour, wherever they are found, are titles to public esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere friendship of, madam, your most obliged humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

TO MR. FIELDING! OCCASIONED BY THE REVIVAL OF "THE AUTHOR'S FARCE."—SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

Woe'st thou like persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furrows reaping feel,
Untried, unheard; while godless crowds aspire,
Martyrs to spleen, in each poetic fire;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor wit, nor age,
Nor sacred majesty escapes her rage;
Against example who shall dare command,
At once good nature or confess the friend?

Hard is the task, in such a sort, to raise
From her decay the long-lost art of praise;
Where the sharp thistle springs 't' implant the corn,
Or graft the rose upon the thorny thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn th' abuse I cannot right;
Yet this remains—with cheerful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.

Accept then, Fielding! from a heart sincere,
A gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeigned applause! by no mean motive sway'd,
Nor yet to turn, but to thy merit, paid.

Long have I seen, with sorrow and surprise,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy strong genius rise,
To form our manners and amend our laws,
And aid, with artful hand, the public cause.

When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
With worse than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
Tied to old rules, though Westminster must aid,
The shame and scandal of the nuptial bed,
Thy equitable Muse asserts her claim.

To match the monster with eternal shame;
The brute appears, in thy most just decree,
Triumphant only in his infamy.

But see! the pollicina mounts the stage,
The base and wicked of our clime and age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' instructive scene,
Indulge his laughter, or contain his spleen,
When he reflects that such grave heads, so late
Control'd our senate, and inflamed our state?

O! had the Muse a due attention found,
Her flights encouraged, and her labours crown'd,
Each busy knave had felt her vigilant frown,
And laughter branded whom the laws should brand.

In vain we wish! and the complaint loud
The public taste must away, that must reward;
To that conforming, he must fill the scene
With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin;

Fares, masks, and opera, Grub-street and the court,
Lark'd of someone must elish to make us sport.

Yet here, even here, what scene! with how much art
He courts the head, since we deny the heart!
Mark in his mien how innocent he plays!
And, while he mimics, the mimic hints not flays;

Though much provok'd, no base ill nature stains
With mud your die his unpolished strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bless'd youth! to charm
Divert our hearts, and evil rage disarm,
Till fortune, once not blind to merit, smile
On thy desert, and recompense thy toil;
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and prescribe the theme
On which, in ease and affluence, thou may'st relate
More noble trophies to thy country's praise.

PROLOGUE: UPON THE REVIVAL OF "THE AUTHOR'S FARCE."—
SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

As when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Here in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thoughts while mirth and joy went round,
In by some wanton worthless heir destroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void;
With sighs each neighbour views the mournful place,
With sighs each recalls what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear,
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the beau-monde in crowds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here hath charm'd the listening age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth hath fill'd the stage,
Soft cunuchs warbled in sacro-sacred strains,
And tumblers show'd their little tricks in vain:
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,
Triumphant tonsils received their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
I view with tears this poor deserted place!
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
Not poets free of th' house, and beaux who never pay.
No longer now we see our crowded door
Send the late comers back again at four.

At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent wit,
Contented with twelve pennyworth of wit.

Our author, of a generous soul possess'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distressed;
To-night, what he shall offer on our cause
Already hath been bless'd with your applause;
Yet this his muse maturer hath revised,
And added more to that which once so much you priz'd.

We use, not mean to make a partial friend,
But without prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust
Satire can ne'er disgrace you when 'tis just;
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous town
Will join to crush us when we are almost down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Goodell, Mr. JONES; Valentine, Mr. STOFFELER; Lord Pride, Mr. HEWSON; Lord Puff, Mr. CHARLES JONES; Colonel Bluff, Mr. MECKLEN; Oldcastle, Mr. NORDEN; Rakel, Mr. MULLART; Marquis, MRS. GOODNET; Slap, Mr. TOPHAM; Trick, Mr. HALLAM; Security, Mr. GILES; Mrs. Highman, MRS. MULLART; Charlotte, Mrs. ATHEATON; Lettice, Mrs. CLIVE; Ladies, CUNSTABLES, SERVANTS, &c.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—Covent-garden.—MRS. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

Mrs. H. Oh! Mrs. Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

Lett. I am much at your service, madam.

Mrs. H. Oh! madam, I know very well that, and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay you for it. But all the service, madam, that I have for you is to carry a message to your master. I desire, madam, that you would tell him from me that he is a very great villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em I will turn my niece out of them.

Lett. Truly, madam, you must send this by another messenger; but pray what has my master done to deserve it should be sent at all?

Mrs. H. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven and my own prudence; but I know what he would do. [gentleman, I am confident.

Lett. He would do nothing but what becomes a

Mrs. H. Oh! I dare swear, madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Lett. You wrong my master, madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs. H. You know!

Lett. Yes, madam, no one knows my master's heart better than I do. I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessory to 'em: I love your niece too much, madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser. But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master, and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturned to bring them together.

Mrs. H. Rare impudence! Hussy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Lett. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs. H. How, sauciness!

Lett. Yes, madam, marrying a young lady who is in love with a young fellow to an old one whom she hates is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

AIR I.—Soldier laddy.

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad

You match to a spark more fit for her dad,

'Tis as pure, and as sure, and as secure as a gas,

The young lover's business is happily done;

Though it seems to her arms he takes the wrong route,

Yet my life for a farthing,

Pursuing his wooing,

The young fellow finds, though he go round about,

It's only to come the nearest way home.

Mrs. H. I can bear this no longer. I would advise you, madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [Exit.

Lett. I defy you; we have the strongest party, and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

SCENE II.—LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

Char. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Lett. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, madam; your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

Char. Indeed!

Lett. Yes, madam! for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him. [then!

Char. I assure you! Do you think me so fond
Lett. Do! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Char. Then, to show you, madam, how well you know me—the devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Lett. Ah! madam, to a woman practised in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession: for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing as we have.

AIR II.—Bath of Boon.

What need he trust your words precise,

Your soft desires denying,

When, ah! he reads within your eyes

Your tender heart complying?

Your tongue may cheat,

And with deceit

Your sister wishes cover;

But, ah! your eyes

Know no disguise,

Nor ever cheat your lover.

SCENE III.—LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

Val. My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Lett. It's very likely that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground: you have seen your last of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger could deter me! What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

Char. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turned out of doors if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The apprehensions of your danger would, indeed, put it to the severest proof. But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another home, one where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Char. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

Lett. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully. I would not indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love; and such an instance, as when a man has once shown, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Char. Thy fortune!

Lett. My fortune! Yes, madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte! would you had the same sentiments with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on this account.

AIR III.—Fanny. *Blowing fair, &c.*

Let bold ambition lie
Within the warrior's mind;
False honours let him buy
With slaughter of mankind;
To crown a doubtful right
Lays thousands in their
grave;
While wretched armies fight
Which master shall enslave.
Love took my heart with storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form
Still sitting on his throne.

How will my soul rejoice
At his commands to fly,
If spoken in that voice.
Or look'd from that dear
eye!
To universal sway
Love's title is the best;
Well, shall we him obey
Who makes his subjects
blest?
If Heaven for human good
Did empire first design,
Love must be understood
To rule by right divot.

Let. Hist! hist! get you both about your business. Mr. Oldcastle is just turned the corner; and if he should see you together, you are undone.

[*Exit Val. and Charl.*]

Now will I hanker this old coxcomb severely: for I think it is a most impudent thing in these old fumblers to interpose in young people's sport.

SCENE IV.—LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

Old. Hem, hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and, if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Let. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your humble servant, madam: I ask your pardon, but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Let. Men of your figure, sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, madam; I hope your lady is well. [message to you.]

Let. Hum! so, so. She sent me, sir, of a small

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natured lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that, if you are resolved to marry, she would recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do anything but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you in this cold weather never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without at least a pair of flannel shirts.

Old. Hold your impudent, saucy tongue.

Let. Nay, sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

Let. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and, if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, sir, there is, in the first place, your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

Old. It's a lie! I want several—months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, sir, then there is, in the second place, your terrible ungenteel air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is dotingly fond of everything that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over

this too, by the other half of your fortune. And now there remains but one, which if you can find anything to set aside, I believe I may promise you you shall have her; and that is, sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frightened. [I'll have you turned off.]

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress,

Let. That will be well repaying me, indeed, for all the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Let. Services! yes, sir, services; and, to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband than a man of your age and taste! for I think you could not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and half at most; and I think a good plentiful jointure would make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

AIR IV.—Hark, hark, the cock crows.

When a lover like you
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, sir,
If for better and worse
She takes not the purse,
Also, with her sighing poor swain, sir:
Though hugg'd to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes,
Much hunger her stomach may prove, sir;
But a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still fody her food for her love, sir.

Old. You are an impudent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to—I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour.

[*Exit*]

SCENE V.—LETTICE, RAKEIT.

Let. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed

Rak. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice; what have you; and the great squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

Let. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now he will go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Let. Well, sirrah! and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you should be beaten to death than my master should be robbed of his mistress?

Rak. Your humble servant, madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why perhaps I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-coloured regiment who has been even with his master.

Let. Not with such gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little, pert, skipping beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often, both in dress and behaviour, so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention may not be sometimes for the better.

AIR V.—As down is a meadow, &c.

See John and his master as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the glass;
Each cracks force his hat, each struts and looks big,
Not have ice on their coat, and a bag to their wig.

Both swear and both ratify, both game, and both drink.
When neither can write, or can read, or *é'er* think.
Say then where the difference lies if you can:
Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.

Rak. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this
Let. Why so? [match in our families.

Rak. You know how desperate his circumstances
are, and she has no fortune.

Let. She hath indeed no fortune of her own, but
her aunt Highman is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Let. Then there's the chance of both her brothers' death; besides an uncle to Yorkshire, who hath five children only, one of which hath never had the small-pox; nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen between her and an Irish harony.

Rak. Ay, this lady would make a fine fortune after two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is but little hopes on our side, and if there be no more on yours—

Let. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes of my old master's staying abroad. Hopes of his being drowned if he attempts coming home. Hopes of the stars falling—

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

Let. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

Let. You are mistaken, sir; there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman called an upholsterer, who the moment that the company is gone is to make his entrance into the house, and carry everything out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for myself.

Let. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine, unless it be thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

AIR VI.

When modesty sees for a favour,

What answers the polite lass?

Let. That she mightily likes his behaviour.

And thinks in her heart he's an ass;

And thinks in her heart he's an ass,

But when bolder impudence rushes,

And manfully seduces her charms?

Let. Lord! you're rude, sir, she cries, then she blushes.

And folds the break youth in her arms.

And folds, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—VALENTINE, TRICK.

Val. You say I owe you five hundred pounds principal and interest!

Trick. Yes, sir; you will please to cast it up yourself, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

Val. I'll take your word for it, sir; and if you please to let me have five hundred more I shall owe you a thousand.

Trick. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, sir; he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleases; but till

I call it in, it will signify not much, sir. I have thought of an expedient, if the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off; lay me down the other five hundred, and take the whole debt upon yourself.

Trick. I am quite out of cash, sir, or you know you might command me, and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called so often, that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days I shall send a lawyer for my money—and so your servant. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what success?

Trusty. I went to the Jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me cost an hundred pound, but he refused to give me any more than fifty for it, so I

Val. Very well. [e'en took that.

Trusty. As for the old silver bowl which your father valued at fourscore pounds, Mr. Whiting said there was so much reckoned for the fashion, and that it was so old and ungenteel that he offered me but twenty; but I knew your honour wanted money,

Val. Very well. [and so I took it.

Trusty. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into pinchbeck that he had not disposed of two gold watches this month. However he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-street, who offered me but sixteen pounds for the two suits of fine clothes, that I dare swear stood your honour in above an hundred pounds. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You should have taken the money.

Trusty. One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which just as I was going to dispose of, a gentleman whispered in my ear that a certain knight that would be in town in a fortnight would give six times as much for them.

Val. A fortnight! what of a fortnight? A fortnight's an age. I would not give a shilling for the reversal of an estate so long to come. Here, give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

Trusty. But, sir, I wish your honour would consider: for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet, if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands. [Exit TRUSTY.

AIR VII.—Execute me.

Let misers with sorrow to-day,

Lay up for to-morrow's array,

Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves

Drink, up to his chin in the waves.

But Fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,

And yield to your mind;

To-morrow she grieves.

And on others bestows

The blessing.

The lover who yields to the fair one's delays

Oh loses the day.

Then fly to her arms.

For we are sure of her charms

When possessing.

SCENE VIII.—Enter Serrant.

Serv. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

Val. Show him in. [Exit Serrant.] Would my dear Charlotte were here!

SCENE IX.—VALENTINE, SLAP.

Val. Your most obedient servant, sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me!

Slap. Don't be uneasy, sir; it is only for a trifle, sir; about two hundred pounds.

Val. What must I do, sir?

Slap. Oh, sir; whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning?

Slap. Oh yes, sir, with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well used, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! 'death, you rascal!

Slap. Nay, sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then!—who's there—my servants.

[Enter Servants.] Here, kick this fellow down stairs. *Slap.* This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[*Slap is forced off by the Servants.*]

SCENE X.—VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

Char. Oh, Valentine! what's the matter? I am frightened to death. Swords drawn! Oh, my heart! you are not hurt!

Val. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure. [caution of this bustle?]

Char. Heaven be praised! But what was the occasion?

Val. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-masters. I happened to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

Char. You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I should be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and oh, Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

Char. Press me not, Valentine: for, whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel I cannot deny you

AIR VIII.—*Spring's a coming.*

Virgins wary

Would ne'er misarry,

If lovers would take a denial or two:

If he pursues her still,

Can she refuse him still,

What she herself hath a mind to do?

Val. Turtles, though with each other they die,

Shall be less constant and fond than I:

For April's soft showers,

Not June's sweet flowers,

In softness and sweetness with these can vie.

Char. Turtles, though, &c.

Char. Could I be assured of your constancy—could I find you always fond and endearing as now—believe me, it would not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If then cannot place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money is constant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty is commonly constant while that beauty lasts; and a love that's fixed on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Char. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman, who can carry her prudence

so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence, and all her train. [thine.]

Val. Thon dearest girl, this night shall make me

AIR IX.—*Poverty on the green.*

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,

Let's enjoy ourselves to-day;

To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,

Today alone is ours.

Let fools for wealth

Spend time and health,

While we, more happy, try,

In each soft kiss,

Transporting bliss.

Char. Which insures ne'er can buy.

Let age grave lessons preach

'Gainst what she cannot reach;

Let prudes condemn what they esteem,

All fools our joys impeach.

Both. Let fools, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—VALENTINE and company, seated as after dinner.

Val. Call in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

Mar. Je vous félicite de votre goût ravissant, Monsieur Valentine; mais allons! dansons nous.

Val. My father arrived, say you? [mêmes.]

Let. Yes, sir, and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and hell! what shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

Let. Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrined; enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdué for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garrison, and after I am gone out open the doors to none.

Val. Send those good luck, my best wench! Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you? are you for cards?

All. Hazard, hazard. [or hazard?]

Mar. Hazard! ma voix est toujours pour hazard!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—GOODALL, LETTICE, and Servant with a portmanteau.

Good. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth hath fatigued me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope: but, Heaven be praised, I am once more arrived within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleased my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Let. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. [Aside.]

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home; I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Let. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you, my good master. [Aside.] Bless me! what

Good. Lettice! [do I see? an apparition?]

Let. Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, sir? is it positively you yourself?

Good. Even so. How do you, Lettice?

Let. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, sir, you ought to have stayed a little longer there for the sake of your health—and our quiet. [Aside.]

Good. Well, but how does my son do? And how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

Good. I warrant you he is every day in the Adley

Stocks have gone just as I imagined; and if he followed my advice he must have amassed a vast sum.

Let. Not a farthing, sir. [of money.]

Good. How, how, how!

Let. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Let. Put it out, sir, I mean, to interest, to interest, sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [To Lettice.] Knock at the door.

Let. He is not at home, sir—and if you have such a desire to see him—

SCENE III.—SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Your servant, Mr. Security. Here's a rogue of a usurer who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner without finding him; and that if he does not pay me to-day I shall sue out an execution directly! A thousand pounds are a sum—

Good. What, what, what's this I hear!

Let. I'll explain it to you by and by, sir.

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds!

Sec. Your son, sir!

Good. Yes, sir, this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sec. Yes, sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two words though to that bargain.

Let. I believe, sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

Let. Yes, sir, he hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pounds. I am sure, sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money that he might not lose so good a bargain. I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [Aside.]

Good. I am overjoyed at my son's behaviour.—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum; and I am your very humble servant. [Exit.]

Good. Well, but tell me a little; in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Let. In what part of the town!

Good. Yes, there are you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here—

Let. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

Let. No, no, no; do you see that house yonder—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned!

Good. Yes.

Let. It is not that—and a little beyond you see another very large house, higher than any other.

Good. I do. [In the square!]

Let. But it is not that—Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is

Good. Yes, indeed it is. [It not!]

Let. That is not the house—but you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

Let. That's the very house.

Good. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Let. It is impossible, sir, to account for people's actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

Good. Out of her senses!

Let. Yes, sir, her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandoned prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value. [went away.]

Good. Son! why she was not married when I

Let. No, sir; but to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow of the age of three-and-twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Let. Ah, sir! if every child in this city knew his own father, if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

AIR X.—Pierrot's dance.

Were all women's secrets known.

Did each father know his own.

Many a son now bred to trade

Then had shined in rich brocade;

Many a

Had been wits,

In estate, though not in sense;

Many a

Birth-day clothes

Had not worn at all's expense.

For did our women, wits I doed,

Contrive so way to mend the breed,

Our sparks such pretty masters grew,

So spruce, so taper, and so low;

From Britons tall,

Our heroes shall

Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long; knock at the door.

Let. What shall I do?

[Aside.]

Good. You seem in a consternation! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope!

Let. No, sir, but— [in my absence!]

Good. But! but what! Hath any one robbed me?

Let. No, sir; not absolutely robbed you, sir.—What shall I say?

Good. Explain yourself; speak.

Let. Oh, sir! I can withhold my tears no longer. Enter not, I beseech you, sir, your house, sir; your dear house, that you and I and my poor young master loved so much, within these six months—

Good. What of my house within these six months!

Let. Hath been haunted, sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld!—You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it! Nay, I believe he hath too; all the wild noises in the universe; the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard; nay, and I have seen such sights! One with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

Good. Hey-day! the wench is mad. Stand from before the door: I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed!

Let. Sir, I have a friendship for you; and you shall not go in.

Good. How! not go into my house!

Let. No, sir, not till the devil is driven out of you; there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark,

I think the devils are dancing. Nay, sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*]

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

Let. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on.

Good. Oh, heavens! what monstrous squalling is that?

[*Scriek within.*]

Let. Why, sir, I am surprised you should think I would impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold sweat! What, my son left this house!

Let. Oh, sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, sir, who lay every night frightened with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me—

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have indeed heard of such things as apparitions on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house I can't imagine.

Let. Why, sir, they tell me, before you bought the house there was a murder committed in it.

Good. I must inquire into all these things; but, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Let. No, sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? Hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

Let. No, sir, but madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, sir, that she was out of her senses; and, if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions. [her madness.]

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour

Let. I wish, sir, for a day or two—

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience; I am resolved I will go thither this instant.

Let. Here she is herself; but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do anything to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.—LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN.

Mrs. H. What do I see! Mr. Goodall returned?

Let. Yes, madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in this voyage have turned his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic.

[*tune.* Poor gentleman!]

Mrs. H. I am heartily concerned for his misfortune. If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

Mrs. H. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wandering in his countenance.

Good. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is altered! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

Mrs. H. Mr. Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you returned, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay those wicked spirits with which my house is haunted.

Mrs. H. His house haunted; poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I should be obliged to you if you would let me order my portmanteau to your house.

Mrs. H. My house is at your service; and I desire you would use it in the same manner as your own.

Good. I would not, madam, on any account, insult your unfortunate condition—Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

Let. She has some lucid intervals, sir; but her fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs. Highman; which, indeed, had I not been so well assured of, I could never have believed. But I have known some in your way who, during the intervals of their fits, have talked very reasonably; therefore, give me leave to ask you the cause of your phrensy. For I much question whether this commission of lunacy that has been taken out against you be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs. H. A commission of lunacy against me? Me!

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagined.

Mrs. H. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I would not have you be uneasy that your house is sold; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mrs. H. What's all this? As if I was still in my senses! Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, madam, I shall show you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

SCENE V.—LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN, SLAP, Constable and Assistants.

Slap. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

Let. What's to be done now, I wonder!

Const. Open the door, in the king's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, sir, in the devil's name? And what do you want in that house?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief justice's warrant against him.

Good. For what sum, sir? Are you a justice of Slap. I am one of his majesty's officers, sir; and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds: his servants have rescued him; and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear! But hearkee, friend, that house you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

Slap. I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office; I have no time to lose. Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—COL. BLUFF, MARQUESS, SLAP, GOODALL, Constable.

Bluff. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen who are getting as drunk as lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Bluff. Damn your authority, sir! If you don't go about your business I shall show you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a warrant against him too; I wish it was in my pocket.

Const. Mr. Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you would give us leave to enter the house, and seize our prisoner.

Bluff. Not I, upon my honour, sir.

Mar. Que veut dire cette bruit? quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouscon ventre bleu! Allons, Monsieur le colonel! allons! frappez! [to force.]

Slap. If you oppose us any longer I shall proceed.

Bluff. If you lose force I'll show you the way, you dogs. [Bluff drives them off.]

Good. I find I am distracted! I am stark raving mad! I am undone, ruined, cheated, imposed on! But, please heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

Bluff. Held, sir; you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, sir!

Bluff. No, sir; if it be yours you must not come.

Mar. Il ne faut pas entrer ici. [within it.]

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Bluff. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are: you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Bluff. Sir, your most obedient humble servant: I am overjoyed to see you returned. Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monsieur le Marquis Quelquechose, le père du Monsieur Valentine.

Mar. Ah, monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Bluff. Give me leave to tell you, sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age; a man so accomplished, so well bred, and so generous, that I believe he never would part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket; nor, indeed, while he could borrow one.

Good. I believe it, indeed, sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Bluff. Be not in such haste, dear sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good success in the Indies; have cheated the company handsomely, and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

Bluff. I am glad on't, sir, and so will your son, I dare swear; and, let me tell you, it will be very opportunely; he began to want it. You can't imagine sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away. It would do your heart good if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what halls and entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole town, sir; a man would work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for, get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Bluff. That you should sir, long ago; but really, sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it, and that is so full of company that I am afraid there would be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Bluff. He sold them first, sir: he was obliged to sell them for the delicacy of taste; he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complained to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women. You had, indeed, sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

SCENE VII.—VALENT., BLUFF, GOODALL, MARQ.

Val. My father returned! Oh, let me throw my-

self at his feet; and believe me, &c., I am at once overjoyed and ashamed to see your face.

Bluff. I told you, sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be ashamed; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within of the first fashion, and beg you would not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, sir, I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to ent a poor citizen out of house and home. [in a blanket.]

Bluff. Harkye, Val; shall we toss this old fellow

Val. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgive news; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I should live to see this day!

Mar. Pardi! voilà homme extraordinaire. [Ereunt.]

SCENE VIII.—A dining-room.—LORD PRIDE, LORD PUFF, &c.

Pride. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot disappeared I thought the master would soon follow. [day at piquet.]

Puff. I helped him on with a small lift the other *Pride.* Did you do anything considerable?

Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: it would not have been worth mentioning if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expenses of us men of quality.

Puff. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are obliged to pay their debts, should presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.—GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, COL. BLUFF, MARQUIS, PRIDE, PUFF, &c.

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father, being just arrived from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords (that I may affront none by calling him beneath his title), I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagancies of my son; for which I am very much obliged to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him or any of your faces again.

Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean!

Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruined himself in so good a company; that when I disinherit him he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance. [command.]

Pride. Sir, anything in my power he may always

Puff. Or mine.

Pride. But let me whisper a word in your ear. Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, sir; but I hope you will consider you assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

Pride. I don't understand you, sir.

Good. Why then, sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

Pride. Me, sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors; but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future.

Come, Puff, let's to the opera : I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

Puff. Canaille ! [*Exeunt PRIDE and PUFF.*]

Good. S'bodikins ! I am in a rage ; that ever a fellow should upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odaheart ! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles

1 Lady. My lord Pride and my lord Puff gone ! Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up ; let us make haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

2 Lady. With all my heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 Lady. Come, come ; away, away ! [*Ex. Ladies.* *Mar.* Aillons, quittons le bourgeois.

Bluff. Sir, you are a scroth ; and if I had not a friendship for your son I'd show you how you ought to treat people of fashion. [*Exeunt BLUFF and MAR.*]

Char. Poor Valentine ! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes !

Good. Why don't you follow your companions, sir !

Val. Ah ! sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath ; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you madam, that stay behind the rest of your company ! There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

Char. Sir, I stay to entreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

Good. Ah, madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please ; for him I am determined to turn directly out on't.

Char. Then, sir, I am determined to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine ; I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from ; and it will make us happy for a while at least ; and I prefer a year, a month, a day with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

Val. O, my dear love ! and I prefer an hour with thee, to all that heaven can give me. Oh ! I am so blessed, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

AIR XI.—*The loss of Patie's Mill.*

Thus when the tempest high Rears dreadful from above, The constant turtles fly Together to the grove :	Each spreads its tender wings And hovers o'er its mate ; They kiss, they coo, and sing, And love, in spite of fate.
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AIR XII.

My tender heart me long be- guiled, I saw my passions proved : Half-fortune on you ever smiled I'd known not how I loved.	Race passions, like base metals, cool, [same !] With true may seem the But would you know true love and gold, Still try them in the flame.
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SCENE X.—GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, OLDCARTLE, MRS. HIGHMAN.

Old. Here, madam, now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. H. What do I see ! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abettor of the injustice !—Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was imposed on by a vile wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. H. Thou vile wretch ! thou dissonour of thy family ! bow dost thou dare to appear before my face !

Char. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of ; and I dare appear before any one's face.

Good. Is this young lady a relation of yours !

Mrs. H. She was, before your son had accomplished his base designs on her.

Char. Madam, you injure him ; his designs on me have been still honourable ; nor hath he said anything which the most virtuous ears might not have heard. [*that head.*]

Val. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on *Mrs. H.* What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance !

Good. Is this lady your heiress !

Mrs. H. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that, if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs. H. Won't you ! And I see she is so entirely his in her heart, that, since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain,

Val. Eternal blessings on you both ! Now, my Charlotte, I am blessed indeed.

Old. And pray, madam, what's to become of me !

Mrs. H. That, sir, I cannot possibly tell ; you know I was your friend ; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your niece has behaved like a—Bodikin ! I am in a passion ; and for her sake I'll never make love to any woman again, I am resolved. [*Exit in a pet.*]

Mrs. H. No imprudent resolution.

Good. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you ; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from in your former extravagancies be a warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice whereby this lady might be a sufferer :—

Single, I'd suffer fate's severest dart

Unmord'd ; but who can bear the double smart,

When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart !

EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

A poet should, unless his fate be guest,

Write for each play two epilogues at least :

For how to empty benches can we say,

"What means this mighty crowding here to-day ?"

Or, should the pit with flattery be cramm'd,

How can we speak it when the play is damn'd ?

Damn'd, did I say ?—He surely need not fear it :

His play is safe—when none will come to hear it.

English is now below this learned town,

None but Italian warblers will go down.

The courts were more polite, the English ditty

Could heretofore at least content the city :

That for Italian now has let us drop,

And Diab! Cam! rings through every shop.

What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish

Of us, where rival operas can flourish !

Let France win all their towns, we need not fear

But Italy will send her singers here :

We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.

Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,

While in their own the angry cannons roar :

Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em ;

Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.

Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song ;

These can do more, they drew our gold along.

But, though our angry poets rail in spite,

Ladies, I own I think your judgment right :

Scissors, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing ;

Those of Italian warblers have no sting.

Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charms may win,

You're still secure to find no harm within.

Warily from those rude places you abstain

Where satire gives the wounded heart pain.

'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,

As boys are forced to buy the rods they feel.

No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,

And, as you're loth the pulpit, leave the stage.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

A COMEDY. AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET 1734

—facile quis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra laborat,
Aut idem—

Hon.

TO THE RT. HON. PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

MR. LORD,—However unworthy these scenes may be of your lordship's protection, the design with which some of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your lordship, that examples work quicker and stranger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my lord, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but, surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into dispute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them: and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their incense on their inferior brethren, be you, my lord, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; when your lordship has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism, a word wondrously ridiculed by some) can surely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others; for the only title I have to enrol myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour is by being, with the most perfect adoration and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant.

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and, after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the imitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to induce despair into a very adventuresome author.

I soon discovered too that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of, the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is everywhere the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my shelf, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but the giant Casanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention of the actors' benefits would have put it off till the next season had I not brought it on where it now appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Don Quixote, Mr. ROBERTS; Sancho, Mr. MULLART; Sir Thomas Loveless, Mr. MACHEN; Squire Badger, Mr. MACHEN; Fairlove, Mr. WATWELL; Mayor, Mr. TURBUTT; Peter, Mr. MACHEN; Gisle, Mr. JONES; John, Mr. HAWSON; Brief, a lawyer, Mr. TOPHAM; Dr. Drench, a physician, Mr. HALLAM; Mr. Sack, Mr. HICKS; Dorothea, Miss ATHESTON; J. Sabel, Mrs. HIDE; Mrs. Gisle, Mrs. MARTIN; Mrs. Sack, Mrs. EGBERTON; Miss Sack, Miss JONES; Stage-coachman and Mob.—SCENE, AN INN IN A COUNTRY BOROUGH.

INTRODUCTION.

Manager, Author.

Man. No prologue, sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not hate you anything of their due.

Auth. I am the audience's very humble servant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

Man. Why, sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

Auth. Yes, sir, and I have now three in my pocket written by friends, of which I choose none should be spoke.

Man. How so? [twenty times over.

Auth. Because they have been all spoke already.

Man. Let me see them, pray.

Auth. They are written in such damned cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage; and, lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

Man. Well, and a very good scheme.

Auth. May be so; but it hath been the subject of almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast; the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines show you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

Auth. Why the third has some wit in it; and, would have done very well but for a mistake.

Man. Ay! what mistake?

Auth. Why, the author never read my play; and taking it for a regular comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel comedy you bring on the stage.

Man. But don't you think a play with so odd a title as yours requires to be a little explained? May they not be too much surprised at some things?

Auth. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them to an inn in the country, where I believe no one will be surprised that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it alone; for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that

they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a Player.

Play. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not advisable to put them out of humour: for there are two or three of the loudest catcalls in the gallery that ever were heard.

Auth. Be not frightened at that; those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

Man. Order them to play away the overture immediately. Come, sir, what do you do with yourself?

Auth. I shall dispose of myself in some part of the house, where I shall see and not be seen. And I can assure you, sir, if the audience are but half as well entertained with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*An Inn.*—GUZZLE, SANCHE.

Guz. Never tell me, sir, of Don Quixote or Don Beelzebub; here's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant; he is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill I'll have a warrant for him.

San. My master fears no warrant, friend; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

Guz. Tell me not of Spain, sir; I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place which he will find it as difficult to get out of as your countrymen have found it to get into Gihrshtar.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is; many are shut into one place and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out, and jails to keep them in. He that's hanged for stealing a horse to-day has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

Guz. Sirrah, your horse nor your ass neither shall have any more oats at my expense; never were masters and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean rascalion as his—what d'ye call him—his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for, if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by my own country rogues than foreign ones. [Exit.

AIR I.

San. Rogues there are of each nation,
Except among the divine;
And vinegar, since the creation,
Hath still been made of all wines.
Against one lawyer Lurch
A country squire can guard;
One parson does for a church,
One doctor for a churchyard.

SCENE II.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't please your honour—

Quix. Come hither, Sancho; I smell an adventure.

San. And so do I, an't please your worship; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

Quix. What landlord? what house? Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

San. No, marry are we not; but we are in a fair way *Quix.* What dost thou mean, oaf? [to be in one.

San. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

Quix. Me in a gaol! ha! catiff!

San. Ay, sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him if he breaks the laws.

Quix. Then, indeed, knight-errantry were of no use; but I tell thee, catiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol with him; but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

San. Ah, poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this castle one of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in an engagement.

San. Oh lud! oh lud! this is the country squire at the head of his pack of dogs.

Quix. What dost thou mutter, varlet?

San. Why, sir, this giant that your worship talks of is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more nor less than his kennel of fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Togliogloglogog, lord of the island of Gogmogog, whose belly hath been the tomb of above a thousand strong men.

San. Of above a thousand hogsheds of strong beer, I believe.

Quix. This must be the enchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But, thou idiot! dost thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress?

San. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds are as inseparable as the Spaniard and his Toledo. He eats with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true arrant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

Quix. 'Tis pity then that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to their minds, not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman on his own coach-box, I regret the loss which some one has had of a coachman; the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. [Singing within.] But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR II. *Troves de.*

Oh! think not the maid whom you saw
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princess born here,
My Billy had soon been to me,
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
In love there is nothing but charms;
On others your treasures bestow,
Give silly alone to these arms.
In title and wealth what a lost
In tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost
Well purchased may be the poor maid.
Let gold's empty show cheat the great;
We more real pleasures will prove;
While they in their palaces bide,
We in our poor cottage will live.

SCENE III.—DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHE.

Quix. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those sounds with which I have been ravished?

Guz. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small hill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing, my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle-walls be utterly demolished.

Guz. So! he has seen the sirloin of beef at the fire, I find.—[*Aside.*] But if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you desire to satisfy this small matter here; I am in great necessity, I assure you.

Quix. To what mean actions does necessity force men! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money!

Guz. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, hut—

Quix. My lord, I see you are; I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

Guz. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it will be quite charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

Quix. My lord, I am more confused than you; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, everything I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso her fixed and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord.—Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

San. If your lordship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

Quix. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

San. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancha again.

Quix. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants be hath plundered, should not have reserved enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle; hut if you know any one who will disembody that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a jest of me, sir?

Quix. Be not incensed; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly! I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman and my brewer I was sorry I could not pay them, they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together; so short, sir, I must and will have my money.

San. You must get the philosopher's stone before you can make any money of us.

Guz. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house till I am paid, that I'm resolved. [*Exit.*]

San. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters; if it must be a blanketing, why let it be a blanketing. I have not eat anything these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket. [*My ambassador.*]

Quix. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee

San. Why truly, sir, that's a post I should like hugely well; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

Quix. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

San. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other; for though my lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a wondrous trick of being charmed, and I fancy your bassadours fare but ill at your charmed courts.

Quix. Reptile! reply not, on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey; then come to me and receive farther instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening.—But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III. *Why will Florella, &c.*

[*Dorothea sings within.*]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,

What language can deplore;

For how should language have express'd

A pain ne'er felt before?

In other virgin wounded hearts,

Love's cruel sport we see;

But the more cruel of his darts

He has reserv'd for me.

Quix. Unhappy princess!

Dor. Thy curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;

Thy curse a bliss would prove;

Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes

I could enjoy my love.

Enchanted thus, romances tell

The means poor virgins make;

But where is found the powerful spell

Can this enchantment break?

Quix. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, though most unhappy princess; look forth, and behold whom fate hath sent to your relief; the most renowned knight of the Woolf Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserved. Oh, cursed enchanter! dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes? Open the castle-gates, open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caittiff, that one single knight is too many for you all. [*He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.*]

SCENE IV.—DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, and Mob.

Guz. Hey-day! What, in the devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my house?

Quix. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princess whom thou so unjustly dost detain, or think not that all the enchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of princesses and lords. I'm no lord, I am an honest man; and I can tell you you may be a gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the princess, caittiff.

Guz. Pay me my bill, sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll see whether a man is to have his victuals eat up, and drink drunk out, and windows broke, and his walls shattered, and his guests disturbed, for nothing.

Quix. Ungacious knight! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment which thou art obliged to give men of my heroic profession.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldst have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robbed her of.

Guz. Hear this, neighbours; I am accused of stealing plates and jewels, when everybody knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house but two bolts

that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

Quix. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all these giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, catiffs! Now, thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight. [*He drives them off, and exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A chamber.*—DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! in spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Jez. Do you think, madam, this is the very same Don—what d'y'e call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories?

Dor. The same; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel! I wish my adventures may end as happily as those of my namesake Dorothea's did; I am sure they are very near as romantic; but have I not reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires is slow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR IV.

Dor. Oh hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire;
The wretch is too lazy and stupid
Who leaves me but time to desire.
Let juries, who leave lovers in anguish,
Themselves in their fonder fits stay;
But leave not the virgin to languish
Who meets her true 'saver half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl: don't you think this husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me? [*to be tamed himself.*]

Jez. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way

SCENE VI.—SANCHE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

San. Pray, ladies, which of you is the charmed princess; or are you both charmed princesses?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear Jezebel!—this must be the illustrious Sancho himself.—I am the princess Indocalambrina.

San. My master, the knight of the Woeful Figure, (and a woeful figure he makes, sure enough,) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment; if the glazier had hired him he could not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious honours bruised any more, for I am sufficiently assured this adventure is reserved for some other knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what another gets a halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cackolds see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty if you will believe her own glass; and few if you will believe her neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

San. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, madam, unless he were to see my lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

Dor. Name it, and he assured of anything in my power, honest Sancho.

San. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master that I might not be sent home after my lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

Dor. Bravely said, noble squire.

AIR V. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England a roast beef!
Then, Britons, from all nice dainties, refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.

Oh the roast beef, &c.

San. Oh the roast beef, &c.

Dor. I have been told, noble squire, that you once imposed a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has anybody else that I can hear of; and whom my lady Dulcinea should he I don't know, unless she be one of your charmed ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have followed his errandics so long.

Dor. Fie! do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

San. Nay, madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes—'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I shan't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to 'em; and yet he has talked what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plums that make a pudding; physic makes you first sick and then well; wine first makes you well and then sick.

Jez. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

Dor. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the lady Dulcinea is in the castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

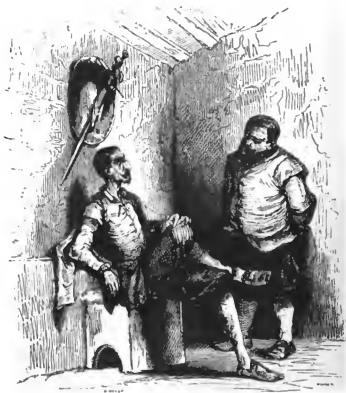
San. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him I do not fear that; he that can swallow a goose will hardly keek at a gander; the bear may well dance when the ass plays on the fiddle. *Exit.*

SCENE VII.—DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were described: we shall have rare diversion.

Jez. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so! I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame



SANCRO.—"I should make a rare landlord."

my innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence; and, to confess a truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI. *From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.*

Happy the animals who stray
In freedom through the grove;
No laws in love they e'er obey;
But those prescribed by love:
While we, confin'd to parents' rules,
Unfortunate, are told,
None follow love's sweet laws but fools;
The wise are slaves to gold.

SCENE VIII.—*The street.*—Mayor, Voter.

May. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town, Don Quixote, as he calls himself?

[should I think!]

Vot. Think I why, that he's a madman. What May. 'Ecod! It runs in my head that he is come to stand for parliament-man.

[he's a Spaniard!]

Vot. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me May. What's that to us! let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house that's his fault.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promised sir Thomas Loveland and Mr. Bouncer.

May. Pugh! all promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

Vot. No, no, neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse; but, rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought sir Thomas intended to steal us in this manner he should have no vote of mine I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

May. Then suppose we were to go in a body and solicit sir Don Quixote to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam, it does not signify.

Vot. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

May. What's that, prithee?

[him.]

Vot. They say he has brought no money with

May. Ay, that indeed; but though he hath no money with him here, I am assured by his servant that he hath a very large estate; and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him; for you know at last we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.—GUZZLE, Mayor, RETAIL.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good-morrow to you, sir; are you for a whet this morning?

May. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller?

Guz. He's laid down to sleep, I believe, pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him I can't tell.

May. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of as much as any man. Now, d'yee see, we have taken it into consideration whether we should not ask this sir Don to represent us.

Guz. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

May. You are too cautious, Master Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the court interest.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the court side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

May. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

[free-quarter.]

Guz. He seems, indeed, to be damnable fond of Ret. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him, for then you know if he spends never so much we shall not be obliged to choose him?

May. Brother alderman, I have reproved you already for that way of reasoning; it savours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be obliged to vote against his party; therefore when we invite a gentleman to stand we invite him to spend his money for the honour of his party; and when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country interest to all my brethren; but before that I recommended the town interest, that is, the interest of this corporation; and, first of all, I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning that he that serves me best will serve the town best; and he that serves the town best will serve the country best.

Guz. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

May. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink success to the corporation: these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A chamber in the inn.*—

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. Thou hast by this time fully perceived, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

[your worship.]

San. Ay, and of squire-errantry too, an't please

Quix. But virtue is its own reward.

San. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps; but, to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making; and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak—

Quix. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing which is fit for me to give or thee to take.

San. Then, if your worship would be so good as to set me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

Quix. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble wretch!

San. Anything to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for, if I durst speak it—

Quix. Speak fearlessly—I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

San. Why then I find, sir, that we are looked on

here to be neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concerned at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favourites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often called an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villain's cause, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? But why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of: and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the good opinion of men: nay, and that which is professed to be paid to virtue is seldom anything more than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good-natured man? Why, one who, seeing the want of his friend, cries, he pities him! Is this real? No: if it was he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

San. Oh! good your worship, proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

SCENE II.—GUZZLE, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Guiz. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the mean while, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and heaven prosper thy embassy!

San. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. *[Aside.]*

SCENE III.—MAYOR, DON QUIXOTE.

May. I am your honour's most humble servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

May. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you came hither.

Quix. Be seated, sir; you are a worthy man, and, to your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

May. I can't answer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any in all England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and, notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long Purse, if you oppose him briskly I dare answer for your success.

Quix. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Though he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

May. This is a special stick of wood, I find.—A benefit ticket, adod. *[Aside.]*

Quix. I see the reason of your apprehension; you

have heard of my ill success in my last adventure—that was not my fault! *[Sighing.]*

May. I see he has been thrown out at some place already. I don't in the least, sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

Quix. Ah! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not so passionate, sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town.

Quix. Be assured it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

May. I assure you, sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us we shall make very little difficulty in the affair; but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, sir: a little circulation of money amongst us would—

Quix. Sir, you make me concerned that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this,—there is not one whom you shall recommend that shall not within this twelvemonth be governor of an island.

May. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises. *[Aside.]*

Quix. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

May. Yes, sir, he is now at Loveland castle, a seat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

Quix. Hump! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in Spain.—How are they armed?

May. Armed, sir!

Quix. Ay; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha! ha! your honour is pleased to be merry: why truly, sir, they were pretty well armed when they went out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

Quix. Base-born cowards! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine! But be easy, sir; within these two days not one of them shall be alive.

May. Marry, heaven forbid! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the county.

Quix. Ha! honest! and in the train of the knight of the Long Purse! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a despoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives?—

May. Who, sir Thomas Loveland, sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natured, civil a gentleman, as a man may say—

Quix. Why then do you petition me against him?

May. Nay, sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it; but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most would not have the least chance.

Quix. Ha! caltiff! dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think that my money should make me their knight? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle, but dangers, difficulties, toils, and enchantments! Hence from my sight! or by the peerless Dukinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour. Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of La Mancha? Gods! to what will mankind be—

generate, where not only the vile necessities of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money!

SCENE IV.—*Another chamber, BADGER, SCUT his Huntsman, GUZZLE.*

Bad. That's it, honeys; Oh! that's it. What, have you no company in the house, innsdord! Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

Guz. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit this officer is just gone out of the house; your worship would have liked him hugely; he is rare good company.

Bad. Well, but hang it! hast thou nobody?

Guz. I have not one guest in the house, sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

Bad. Squire! Who, prithee?

Guz. Squire—It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember. Squire Pancho Sancho he calls himself.

[Hey!]

Bad. Prithee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory?

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of them; I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master.

Bad. What, has the squire a master? [both.]

Guz. I don't know which is master nor which is man, not I; sometimes I think one is master, and then again I think it is t'other. I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house; there is no laying down anything eatable, but, if you turn your back, slap he has it up. As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows than eating: would I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in the yard, to guard the castle as he calls it; but I am afraid his design is to rob the house if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chancers, and magicians, and Dulcineas; he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

Bad. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my service to him, and tell him I should be glad of his company; go.

Guz. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drenched just now.

Bad. Well, prithee go and call him; here is some of the best physic for him. Come, Scut, sit down and sing that song once more.

AIR VII. *Mother, worth Hodge, &c.*

Scut. The doctor is feed for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the dispensaries taught.

'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.

But here's the juice

Of sovereign use:

'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be:

In body or spirit,

Whenever you hear it;

Take of this a large dose, and it soon acts you free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your self,

Your lones a dose of good claret can heal;

Or if you have been a director yourself,

'Twill teach you an loss of your honour to feel.

Stocks fall or rise,

Tell truth or lies,

Your fame and your fortune here remedy find;

If Silvia be cruel,

Take this water-guel;

'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE V.—DON QUIKOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, BADGER.

Quix. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

Bad. Your servant, sir, your servant—A devilish odd figure this! [Aside.]

Quix. To meet a person of your distinction is a happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

Bad. Or of the Black Cap, sir, if you please.

Quix. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle; and I wish the achievement of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by the cursed power of enchantment, foiled, may be reserved for you.

Bad. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March-hare. [Aside.]

Quix. Would you guess, sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls the most beautiful princess in the universe?

Bad. The devil he does!

Quix. Enchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that enchanter Merlin. I humbly suppose the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle!

Bad. Ay, ay! sir, I'll deliver her I warrant you: hnt come, sir,—pray, sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

Quix. I am known, sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Bad. Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, sir knight of the Woeful Figure, have you been in those parts?

Quix. It is not, sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourned longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

Bad. Oh! numberless!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

Quix. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

Bad. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a hunting song. Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country seat. Come, Scut, sing away:

AIR VIII. *There was a jovial beggar.*

Scut. The dusky night rides down the sky,

And ushers in the morn:

The hounds all join in jovial cry:

The huntsman winds his horn:

And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms, and begs his stay:

My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows;

You will not hunt to-day.

But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood

Secure to find we seek;

For why? I carried sound and good,

A cartload there last week.

And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,

Their steeds all spur and switch:

Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,

And some thrown in a ditch:

But a hunting we will go.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,

Poor Haynard ceases fight;

Then hungry homeward we return,

To feast away the night:

Then a drinking we will go.

Bad. Ha! ha! sir knight of the Woeful Figure; this is the life, sir, of most of our knights in England.

Quix. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a

knight-errant to rid the world of other sorts of animals than foxes.

Bad. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Quix. Ha! catiff! dost thou dare say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

Bad. Throw by your spit, sir; throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Shud! I'll bent your lantern jaws into your throat, you rascal.

[*Offers to strike DON QUIXOTE.*]

Guz. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! dear squire, let him alone.

Quix. Ha! have I discovered thee, impostor! Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

SCENE VI.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, BADGER.

San. Oh, sir, I have been seeking your honour; I have such news to tell you!

Quix. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

San. My lady Dulcinea, sir—

Quix. Has been abused, has been injured, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

San. But, sir—

Quix. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word till that catiff hath felt thy fist.

San. Nay, sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff or two goes.—I hate your squire-errants that carry arms about them.

Bad. I'll box you first one hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you. If I don't lamh thee!— [They both strip.

San. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carried out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many a stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeons; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, though not so honourable; a wise man would be a soldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

SCENE VII.—MRS. GUZZLE, BADGER, SANCHE.

Mrs. G. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your master out of my house, for a couple of pickpockets as you are. Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

Bad. Stand away, landlord, stand away. If I don't lick him!—

San. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

Mrs. G. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you; I'll teach you to fight with your betters, your villain, you; I'll curry you, sirrah!

SCENE VIII.—FAIRLOVE, BADGER.

Fair. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

Bad. I hope you are no knight-errant, sir.

Fair. Sir!

Bad. I say, sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, [sir]

Fair. You are merry, sir.

Bad. Ay, sir, and you would have been merry too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your rival, sir!

Bad. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't.

Who knows but this may be that son of a whore Fairlove, whom I have been told on!

Fair. Ha!

Bad. As sure as a gun, this is he! Odsbodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste I can tell you that.

Fair. Do you travel towards London, sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

Bad. No, sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to sir Thomas Loveland's.

Bad. Do you know sir Thomas then, sir?

Fair. Very intimately well, sir.

Bad. Give me your hand, sir. You are an honest cock, I warrant you. Why, sir, I am going to fall in love with sir Thomas's daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

Bad. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit; Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife as her having more sense than himself.

AIR IX. *Lilabulero.*

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a less
More trouble than joy to her husband may bring.

Fair. The fault's in the miser, and not in the man;

He knows not to use so precious a thing.

Bad.

Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;

Fair. A price for that treasure some husbands have paid.

But wit will conceal it;

And, if you don't feel it,

A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

SCENE IX.—FAIRLOVE, BADGER, JOHN.

John. Sir, sir!

Fair. Well, what now? [John whispers.] How?

here?

John. I saw her, sir, upon my honour.

Fair. I am the happiest of mankind. [Aside.]

Brother traveller, farewell.

Bad. What, shan't we drink together?

Fair. Another time, sir; I am in a little haste at present.—[Aside.] Hark ye, John; I leave you with my rival; I need say no more. Dear Dorothea, ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [Exit.]

SCENE X.—JOHN, BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

Bad. Hark ye, mister; what is your master's name, pray!

John. Master, sir!

Bad. I say, your master's name.

John. What do you see in me that should make you ask my master's name? I suppose you would take it very ill of me if I were to ask you what your master's name is? Do I look so little like a gentleman as to stand in need of a master?

Bad. Oh, sir, I ask your pardon; your dress, sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

John. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

Bad. May be, sir, then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

John. A travelling acquaintance.

Bad. May I crave his name, sir?

John. Oh, sir, his name, his name, sir, is sir Gregory Nebuchaddonczar. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a-going into Cornwall to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a-year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress.

with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, sir, universally esteemed in the beau monde.

Bad. Beau monde! Pray, what's that?

John. Beau monde, sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure: when you say he is a man of the beau monde, you mean just such another person as I am.

Bad. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

John. Oh, sir! we of the beau monde are never *Quix.* [Within.] Avaunt, caitiffs!—Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

Bad. Hey-day! what's the matter now!

Coachman. [Within.] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad? [he opened at your peril.]

Quix. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to *John.* One might think, by this noise, that we were at the outside of the Opera-house at a ridotto.

SCENE XI.—MRS. GUZZLE, JOHN, BADGER.

Mrs. G. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer the stage-coach to come into the yard. Dear, good gentlemen, come and speak to him.—Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

John. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress.—Come, sir.

Bad. After you, sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O, dear sir.

SCENE XII.—A yard.—DON QUIXOTE, armed cap-à-pie, his lance in his hand; SANCHE, GUZZLE, BADGER, JOHN, MRS. GUZZLE.

Coachman. [Within.] If you don't open the gates this instant I'll go to another inn.

Brief. [Within.] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard.—Will you let me open the gates or no, sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will show thee that I want no walls to secure me.—Open them, I say.—You shall see the force of one single knight.

Mrs. G. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

John. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life.

Bad. If I have anything to say to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts?

Guz. There, the gates are open. [that moment]

Quix. Now, thou peerless princess Dulcinea. [Exit.]

Coach. Gee, gee, boys, hup! [Exit SANCHE, &c.]

SCENE XIII.—MRS. GUZZLE, BRIEF, DRENCH, SNEAK, MRS. and Miss SNEAK; Maid with candles.

Mrs. S. Don't be frightened, my dear; there is no danger now.

Sneak. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advised, we had been in a fine condition. [all this rout]

Brief. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caused *Mrs. G.* Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightened out of my wits: he is the devil I think. I can't get him out of my house.

Brief. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring justice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, and physic is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself after supper.

Mrs. S. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

Sneak. Yes, my dear. [Exit.]

Brief. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.—Ladies, how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm. [Come, child.]

Mrs. S. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor.

Mrs. G. This way, ladies. [Exit women.]

SCENE XIV.—BRIEF, DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, BADGER, JOHN.

Bad. Huzza! Hark! hark!—Agad, he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return but that you both repair immediately to Tohoso, and render yourselves at her feet.

Drench. Poor man! poor man! he must be put to bed. I shall apply some proper remedies. His frenzy is very high; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

Brief. His frenzy! His roguery. The fellow's a rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

Quix. Sancha, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments. Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchanter; but he not alarmed at it, for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for Tohoso.

Drench. Galen calls this frenzy the phrenabracum. [number of common cheats.]

Brief. My lord Coke brings these people into the *Drench.* I shall order him bleeding, glistening, vomiting, purging, blistering, and cupping.

Brief. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him. In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds, I don't question but to action him out on't.—Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [Exit.]

Bad. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these people were you called princes?

Quix. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

Bad. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

Quix. Monstrous enchantment! what odd shapes this Merlin transforms the greatest people into! But knight-errantry will be too hard for him at last. [Exit.]

John. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

Bad. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

John. With all my heart, sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champagne in his house. [Exit.]

San. Hey! is the coast cleared? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancha, what will become of thee! Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin! And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island; and then perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government. Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors—fall to plundering as fast as I can and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. *Black joke.*

The more we see of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
In every land as well as Spain;
For, would he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains he must live;
For would he not require to vales remain.
The miser and the man will trick,
The madman and the maid will uick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore.
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*A room.*—FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

Fair. Depend on it you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustained from this beroic knight and his squire.

Mrs. G. You look like a very honourable gentleman, sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

Mrs. G. About a month ago, madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they staid for above a fortnight acting their shows; but I don't know how it happened, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; so at last they all ran away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to show for their whole reckoning. [cass]

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling prim-

Mrs. G. The devil travel with her to the world's end, so she travel not hither. Send me anything but stage-players and knight-errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyship think it, madam? beside other articles, she ran in tick twenty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.—JEEBEL, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

Dor. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso. [approach of his mistress]

Fair. Is the knight apprised, Mr. Sancho, of the

San. Yes, sir; it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it he gave me such a bug that I thought I should never have fetched breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the lady Dulcinea herself.

Dor. But why bootied and spurred, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

San. Yes, madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my lady Dulcinea; so what does me —I—but rides into the kitchen? where I whipped and spurred about a sirloin of roast-beef for a full half-hour. Then slap I returned to my master, whom I found leaning on his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts. As soon as he sees me, "Sancho," says he, with a voice like a great gun, "wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet?—wilt thou never set out for Toboso?" "Heavens bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses," says I; "I am just returned from thence. I am sure, if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance." "Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by enchantment," "I don't know whether I travelled by enchantment, but this I know, that about five miles off I met my lady Dulcinea." "How!" says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. "Ay," says I; "sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory

ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman who walks the streets ought to know whether they are paved or not."

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he's one of your high-bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

Jez. Should he offer to touch me, I should faint.

San. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place, where you may see my master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

Mrs. G. I'll go see this show, I am resolved; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

SCENE III.—FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

Dor. Shall we follow to the window and see the sport? [this time]

Fair. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at

Dor. Had I found you at my first arrival I should scarce have invented this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

Fair. Why should we not fly away this instant? who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

Dor. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures I shall not be missed till then. Besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter, that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will as it will be in your power to make me happy; but when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

Fair. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI. *Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty?*

Would fortune, the truth to discover,
Of him you suspect as a rover,
Bid me be to some princess a lover.

No princess would billy pursue.

Dor. Would Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch should meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

Fair. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying
Is a feast that could never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.

Dor. With thee I'm so blest beyond measure,
I laugh at all offers of treasure;
I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
Thou art all my joy and my store.

Both. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.—*Servants with lights before Sir Thomas and GUZZLE.*

Sir Tho. Landlord, bow fares it! You seem to drive a humming trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, considering the bardness of the times, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Better times are a coming; a new election is not far off.

Guz. Any, sir; if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a year! why, thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But prithee, whom hast thou in thy house? any honest fellows? Ha!

Guz. Here's lawyer Brief, sir, and Dr. Drenen; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; and there's one squire Badger, of Somersetshire.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

Guz. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Exit.*]

Sir Tho. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney; the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law that is to be, whom I long mightily to see; I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and, if he be described right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

SCENE V.—*SIR THOMAS, BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.*

Guz. Here's the squire, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. Badger, I'm your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

Bad. I suppose, sir, you may be sir Thomas Love-
Sir Tho. At your service, sir. [*Ind.*]

Bad. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, sir.

Bad. Ay, sir; and you would have been merry if you had been in such company as I have been in. My lord! 'Shud! where's my lord! 'Shud! sir Thomas, my lord Slang is one of the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories!

John. I protest, sir, you are so extremely well-bred you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Tho. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

Bad. I wish, my lord, you would tell sir Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what-d'ye-call-her. Oddsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a—to a—

John. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

Bad. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Shud, sir, if I was not partly engaged in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord, where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before as I do now, I believe I should scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says here a man may have your great sort of ladies only for wearing a brodered coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow! [*Je against your inclination.*]

Sir Tho. I believe, sir, my daughter won't force

Bad. Force me! no; I believe not, leod! I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, sir, I'm not afraid of you nor your daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*] You misunderstand me, sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of from either me or my daughter.

Bad. Nay, sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine that is to be, what say you to a cherishing cup! and you shall hear some of my lord's stories. [*Not exceed.*]

Sir Tho. As far as one bottle, squire, but you must

Bad. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please; my lord and I here are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Tho. A very hopeful spark this! But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI.—*The yard.*—*DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.*

Quix. How far do you think the advanced guards are yet from the castle!

San. Sir!

Quix. But perhaps she may choose to travel incognito, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those cursed, useless, heavy troops, her horseguards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

San. Truly, sir, they were so many I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round haker's dozen at least.

Quix. Sancho, thou wilt never leave degrading the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the test! Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low rihaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm—

San. Oh, spare me, spare me!—And if ever I offend your worship any more—if ever I crack a jest on my lady Dulcinea—

Quix. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

San. They make such a glittering, sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world at a distance like a flock of sheep.

Quix. Ha! again!

San. Nay, sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown! An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

Quix. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me is not the knight of the Black Eagle there?

San. Ay, marry is he, sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, sir, cheek by jole, sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twould have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like— [*of crows.*]

Quix. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight

San. To all the world like a new half-crown-piece amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

SCENE VII.—*Drawer with a light, BAILEY, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.*

Draw. This way, sir; take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone prithee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what, do you mean to rob me, hey?

[*not know me!*]

Quix. Is it possible the mighty Fulgoran should

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, sirrah, you may be tried on the black act for going about disguised in this manner; and, but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment would lie on that act—

Quix. Behold, sir, my lady Dulcinea herself.

Brief. Light on, boy; the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

SCENE VIII.—*DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, JEZEEL.*

Quix. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what look shall I behold you! With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to

Jer. Rise, sir. [*your unworthy knight!*]

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; though to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness;

for, O most adorable princess, this castle is enchanted; giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

Jez. Could I but be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but, alas! there are so many instances of perjured men.

AIR XII. Cold and raw, &c.
A virgin once was walking along,
In the sweet month of July,
Blooming, beautiful, and young,
She met with a swain amply;
Within his arms the nymph he caught,
And swore he'd love her truly;
The maid remember'd, the man forgot,
What pass'd in this month of July.

Quix. Eternal curses light on all such perjured wretches!

Jez. But though you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

Quix. Rather may the universal frame of nature be dissolved; perish first all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

Jez. Could I always remain young as I am now!—but, alas—a-day, I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men—you all love young flesh. You all sing—

AIR XIII. Glaisius's misnet.
Sweet's the little maid
That has not learn'd her trade;
Fears, yet languiques to be taught;
Though she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

Quix. Oh, most divine princess! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale: Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.

SCENE IX.—DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Pity, illustrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety but from your victorious arm. This instant I am pursued by a mighty giant.

Quix. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me less; Oh! the devil take all giant adventures! now shall I have my bones broke, I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

Quix. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front and receive the first onset of the enemy; that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

San. Ah, sir, I have been a squire-errant to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, sir, every man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.—JOHN, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

John. Oh, sir, undone, ruined! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discovered, and here he comes with an hundred and fifty people to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thousand—I'll show him one single knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side before I'll lose her.

Quix. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [Within.] Where is my daughter, villains! where is my daughter!

Quix. Oh, thou cursed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice; have at thee, catiff.

Dor. Dear Jezebel, I am frightened out of my wits; my father or Mr. Fairlove will be destroyed. I am resolved I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

Jez. Do so; and in the mean time I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frightened myself.

SCENE XI.—SANCHE, *solo.*

There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knocked on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again! I begin to think this house or castle is haunted; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like—what is it like! Ecod, 'tis like nothing but my master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day, you deserve it; I'll say that for you; and if you get well drubbed, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess, and be hang'd to her! Besides, I very believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity, and, while all the rest are knocking one another on the head, I'll into the pantry and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.—SIR THOMAS, DOROTHEA.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclinations have occasioned!

Dor. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery; if Fairlove be destroyed, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a manner that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

Dor. Thus on my knees, sir, I entreat you, by all the tenderness you ever professed to me! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment upon him but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his heart! Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themselves! to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself! Oh, hear me, sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

Sir Tho. Away, you're no child of mine.

Dor. Would you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be some comfort in his absence. I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings! Were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched



SANCHO STUFFING HIMSELF IN THE PANTRY.

alone; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.—GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, SIR THOMAS, CONSTABLE, DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

Guz. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

Mrs. G. Our house is ruined for ever; there is not one whole window in it; the stage-coachman swears he'll never bring company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragon.

Sir Tho. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this. As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Harkee, fellow; what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

Quiz. It is your time now, and you may use it. I perceive this adventure is not reserved for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me, you rascal?

Quiz. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words. (I will so.)

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently. *Quiz.* Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo? Yet think not, because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

Sir Tho. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

Mrs. G. Do you hear, husband! I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship than if he were talking to a fiddler.

Guz. I wish your worship would send him to gaol; he seems to look most cursedly mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

Fair. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and though my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assured, if you do, you shall answer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.—BADGER, SIR THOMAS, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, MRS. GUZZLE.

Bad. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn, that you won't let a man sleep? I was as fast on the table as if I had been in a feather-bed. 'Shud, what's the matter? Where's my lord Slang?

Sir Tho. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

Bad. Oons, sir! do you say that I am drunk? I say, sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, an't I!—sober now?

Dor. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

Bad. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench! I'll have a kiss; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear sir; this is my daughter.

Bad. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

Dor. For Heaven's sake! somebody defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, dogs! Villain! thou hadst better est thy fingers than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addresses.

Bad. Well, sir, and an't I making addresses to her, sir, hey?

Sir Tho. Let me beseech you, sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Bad. Prithee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy, if thou didst know who I was, thou wouldst not talk to me so; if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock. Come, madam, since I have promised to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbedlikins! I find there's nothing in making love when a man's but once got well into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound 'prentice to it.

Quiz. Sir, one word with you, if you please: I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of a person.

Sir Tho. What?

Quiz. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't stand in need of a governor.

Sir Tho. Hey!

Quiz. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

Sir Tho. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him I can prefer three thousand to one.

Quiz. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake or your own? If for her's, sure 'tis something whimsical to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the entire absence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thousand.

Sir Tho. What have we here? A philosophical pimp! I can't help saying but the fellow has some truth on his side.

Dor. You are my eternal aversion.

Bad. Lookye, madam; I can take a joke, or so; but if you are in earnest—

Dor. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

Bad. Do you? Then you may kiss—'Shud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here. Sir, what's your name, and I'll have satisfaction.

Quiz. Oh, that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

Bad. Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My daughter, sir—

Bad. Sir, your daughter, sir, is a son of a whore, sir. 'Shud, I'll go find my lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too; I'll have satisfaction. (Exit.)

Quiz. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband.

Sir Tho. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shown you on this wretch's account?

Fair. and *Dor.* Ha!

Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue; you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; hark, I believe, you have already.

Fair. Oh transport! Oh blessed moment!

Dor. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

Fair. Thus the merchant, who with pleasure,
Long adventur'd on the main,
Hugging fast his darling treasure
Gaily smiles
On past toils,
Well repaid for all his pain.
Dor. Thus the nymph whom death affrighting
With her lover's death alarms,
Wakes with transports all delighting:
Madly blest'd,
When carous'd,
In his warm outwining arms.

Mrs. G. Lard bless 'em! Who could have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak!

Quiz. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind. I find some adventures are reserved for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sir Tho. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha?

Quiz. Truly, sir, I have had so much to do with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

Sir Tho. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great achievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

Quiz. A search of adventures, sir; no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plentiful stock of monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.—DON QUIXOTE, SIR THOMAS, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, BRIEF, DRENCH.

Brief. I'll have satisfaction; I won't be used after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or justice, or jury, or crown-office, or actions of damages, or on the case, or trespasses, or assaults and batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter Mr. Counsellor?

Brief. Oh, sir Thomas! I am abused, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismembered, killed, massacred, and murdered, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I shan't be able to appear at Westminster-hall the whole term. It will be as good as three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

Drench. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blistered, vomited, purged, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of frenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

Brief. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am. I should be finely off if he could be proved *non compos mentis*; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness *ex post facto*.

Drench. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that. [think.]

Drench. Very plain symptoms of madness, I

Brief. Very fine, indeed! very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's besting another is a proof of madness. So that, if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead *non compos mentis*, and he's acquitted of course; so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

SCENE the last.—SIR THOMAS, COOK, DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, DRENCH, SERVANTS *lauding in* SANCHEO.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along. Ah, master, no wonder you have complained so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out

in the yard this rogue has been stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only douse that, but everything he could not eat he has crammed into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

Quiz. Thou scandal to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

San. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief; and you'd have been glad, let me tell you, afterwards of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox, are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

Quiz. Slave! caltiff!

Sir Tho. Dear knight, be not angry with the trusty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire. [he would make me his squire.]

San. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish *Quiz.* I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, he easy; whatever you may have suffered by Mr. Sancho or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

Quiz. Sir, I accept your offer; and, unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news, I faith! Give me your wedding-adventures; the devil take all the rest. [madman home with you to your house?]

Drench. Sure, sir Thomas, you will not take a

Quiz. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For, alas! could it be proved, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degrees deserve! Who would doubt the noisy boisterous squire who was here just now to be mad! Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch! You, doctor, are mad too, though not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he would not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

Sir Tho. Ha! ha! ha! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself. [point.]

Fair. Perhaps, sir Thomas, that is no such difficult

AIR XV. Country bumpkin.

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;

Some for places,

Some embraces;

Some are mad to keep up gain,

And others mad to spend it.

Courtiers are may madmen rate,

Four to one

In deceptions;

Some are mad to hurt the state,

And others mad to mend it.

Dor. Lawyers are far Bédlam fit,

Or they never

Could endeavour

Half the rogueries to commit

Which we're so mad to let 'em.

Poets madmen are no doubt,

With projections,

And directions;

Fair. Women are all mad throughout,

And we more mad to get 'em.

Since your madness is so plain,

Each spectator

Of good-nature

With applause will entertain

His brother of La Mancha:

With applause will entertain

Don Quixote and squire Sancho

AN OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM; OR, THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

A FARCE, AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS, 1734

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Goodwill*, Mr. SUFFARD; *Wister*, an apothecary, Mr. HARPER; *Coeper*, a dancing-master, Mr. LAURENCE; *Quiver*, a singing-master, Mr. SALWAY; *Footman*, a lawyer, Mr. MACKIN; *Mr. Thomas*, a footman, Mr. EVRA; *Lucy*, Goodwill's daughter, Mrs. CLIVE.—**SCENE**, A HALL IN GOODWILL'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

GOODWILL, solus.

WELL! It is to me surprising, that, out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless, a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven and my own industry, worth a good ten thousand pound and an only daughter, both of which I have determined to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make. How happily must my old age slide away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child and the grateful return I may expect from a so much obliged son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes, come hither, child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

[school, papa.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never denied you anything but for your own good; indeed, I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have denied myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from rearing a farm of five hundred a-year, amassed the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frightened, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question—What does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la! [band?

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach? [band?

Good. No, no; what has that to do with a husband? *Lucy.* Why you know, papa, sir John Wealthby's daughter was carried away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours that I was to have a coach when I was married. Indeed, I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing!

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [Aside.]—I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband. [husband?

Good. What, had you rather have a coach than a husband? *Lucy.* Hum—I don't know that. But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR I. Thomas, I cannot.

Do you, papa, but find a coach,
And leave the other to me, sir;
For that will make the lover approach,
And I warrant we shan't disagree, sir;

No sparks will talk
To girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I consider it:

Do you then fix
My coach and six,
I warrant I get out to ride in't, to ride in't.
I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussy! who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flantit says a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom should you like best for a husband?

Lucy. O fie, papa, I must not tell. [husband?

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole lifetime, I like Mr. Thomas, my lord Pounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh, fie upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either squire Foxbase, or squire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like one too. His head is so prettily dressed, done all down upon the top with sugar, like a frosted cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's, with a little bat, and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legged fowl; and he always carries a great swingeing stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with who was to offer to bite me. A footman, indeed! why Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of are just such persons as he is.—Icod, I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach, and that methinks I had rather have a great deal.

Good. I am amazed! but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worse than all.—What, child, would you have any one with a coach? would you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes, indeed, would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR II. *Wally Honey.*

When he in a coach can be carried,
What need has a man to go?
That women for coaches are married,
I'm not such a child but I know,
Not if the poor crippled elf
In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I may go by myself,
And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blis. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your message—

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose; truly, coz, I sent for you on a better account.—Lucy, this is a relation of yours you have not seen a great while, my cousin Blister, the apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband.

Blis. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant you. [what she deals in.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are

Blis. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physic between whiles. [talk with your cousin.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart.—I hope I shall never see that great thing again. [Exit.

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message, and will perhaps more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolved to see her settled without further delay. I am far from thinking vast wealth necessary to happiness; wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will please me that the fruits of my labour should not go out of the family. I have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Blis. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much obliged to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse. [health.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health. A little feverish.—I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no, I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physic to yourself, dear cousin. [Exit.

Blis. This man is near seventy, and I have heard never took any physic in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his lifetime. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better.—What a strange dowry 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse.

AIR III. *Round, round the mill.*

In women we beauty or wit may admire;
Sing, Trol, lerol!
But sure as we have them, as surely they'll die;
Oh ho, will they so?
Aboard for these dainties the wise therefore roam,
Sing Trol, lerol!
And frugally keep but a plain dish at home;
Oh ho, do they so?

Who marries a beauty must hate her when old;
Sing Trol, lerol!
But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
Oh ho, is it so?

Enter LUCY.

Oh, here comes my mistress: what a pox shall I say to her! I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come: but they say I shall be whipped there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Blis. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, sir.—Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [Aside.

Blis. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Blis. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o' nights?

Lucy. How! why upon my back generally.

Blis. But I mean do you sleep without interruption? Are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blis. Hum! pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Blis. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nunchion.

Blis. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that; I wish he was gone with all my heart.

Blis. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him in making me the happiest man upon earth? [what he bids me.

Lucy. You need not ask me; you know I must do

Blis. May I then hope you will make me your

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me. [husband?

Blis. What makes you cry, miss? Pray tell me what is the matter. [you.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me if I tell

Blis. I angry! it is not in my power; I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do. [what I will?

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do

Blis. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, hy goles! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Blis. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth I should hate you still.

Blis. Did not you tell me just now you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR IV. *Now ponder well, he.*

Ah, be not angry, good dear sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For though I can't abide you, sir,
I'll marry you—O la!

Blis. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you ha ve

not a right notion of a married life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we!

Bliss. Ha, ha, ha! an't we? no! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*]—Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously.—Ah, but there is one thing though—an't we to lie together?

Bliss. A fortnight—no longer. [*be over.*]

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time; but it will *Bliss.* Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I?—then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by *gods!* Why, this is pure! La! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married I must never have liked any one but my husband, and that if I should be would kill me; but I thought one thing though with myself—that I could like another man without letting him know it; and then I sig for him.

Bliss. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories. I warrant they have told you you must be governed

Lucy. My papa tells me so. [*by your husband.*]

Bliss. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already; for they say I must not be governed by a husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage and another afterwards—for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Bliss. No, child; I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance: I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you? that's pure. Ha, ha! what a comical figure you will make! But bow will you make 'em grow?

Bliss. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? By *gods!* then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! Do tell me how I shall do it.

Bliss. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By *gods,* then, you shall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V. Buff coat.

Ab, sir! I guess
You are a flitting creature.

Bliss. Because, dear miss,
You know not human nature.

Lucy. Married men, I'll be sworn,
I have seen without horns.

Bliss. Ah, child! you want art to unlock it:
The secret here lies,—

Men now are so wise

To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your head; for I shall like them better than any other thing about you.

Bliss. Well then, miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliss. Yes, my dear. [*call me so.*]

Lucy. Ah, wul don't call me so; I hate you should *Bliss.* O, child! all married people call one another my dear, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well, then, my dear—I am—I think there is not any great matter in the word, neither.

Bliss. Why, amongst your fine gentry, there is scarce any meaning in anything they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Bliss. Your servant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ngly fellow! Well, marriage is a charming thing, though; I long to be married more than ever I did for anything in my life. Since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By *gods,* I'll make him know who is at home. Let me see—I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and, eod! hy all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as anything else. Now, says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" "Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you." "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day." "Indeed, my dear, I can't." "Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" "No, my dear." "Then you will stay at home?" "No, my dear." "Shall we ride out?" "No, my dear." "Shall we go a visiting?" "No, my dear."—"I will never do anything I am bid—that I am resolved; and then, Mr. Thomas—O, good! I am out of my wits.

AIR VI. Bessy Bell.

La! what swageling lies some people will tell!

I thought, when another I'd wedded,

I must have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,

And none but my husband have bedded.

But I find I'm deceived: for, as Michaelmas-day

Is still the fore-runner of Lammas,

So wedding another is but the right way

To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, cousin; but your father has been so kind to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. O, Gemini Caner! what a fine charming man this is!

Coup. My name, madam, is Coupee; and I have the honour to be a daneing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to danee?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty danee. Did you never learn to danee?

Lucy. No, sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness for you to amend it by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, sir, but I am not to have a daneing-master. My papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says! What signifies what your papa says?

Lucy. What—must I not mind what my papa

Coup. No, no; you are to follow your own inclinations.—I think, if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*]—Your father is a very comical, queer old fellow—a very odd kind of a silly fellow—and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon, though, for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for, between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you. To lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance! Why, madam, not learning to dance is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read?

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and spell too.

Cousp. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lord, sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things.—He's a pure man. [*Aside.*]

Cousp. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love—the least spark, madam, would blow up a flame in me that nothing ever could quench. O, hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed. Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aside.*]

Cousp. Will you not answer me! [*what to say.*]

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not *Cousp.* Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-master would have cured you of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but—

AIR VII. *Tured side.*

O press me not, sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So sweet a fine gentleman's life
Should never be sour'd with that fate.
But soon as I married have been;
Ungrateful I will not be named;
Oh, stay but a fortnight, and then,
And then you shall—Oh, I'm ashamed.

Cousp. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of—of—Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever lived; live a fortnight after you are married! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O, do not do that. But, indeed, I can never hate you; and the apothecary says no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Cousp. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but, when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O, but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you I don't love you. I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you; indeed I don't.

Cousp. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lord, sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*]

Cousp. Hope, madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants, deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope. Hope, indeed! What do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face.—It is a pure thing to give oneself airs. [*Aside.*]

Cousp. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfied, even at that price. [*Pulls out his kit.*] Ha! cursed fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword which won't draw. But I have thought of a way: within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there—there, madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;

As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.

Lucy. O, stay! La, sir! you are so hasty.—Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flanitt has been courted these two years by half-a-dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet; and mus. not I be courted at all! I will be courted—indeed, so I will.

Cousp. And so you shall. I will court you after *Lucy.* But will you indeed? [*we are married.*]

Cousp. Yes, indeed; but, if I should not, there are others enough that would.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted, though.

Cousp. That's all owing to your not learning to dance. Why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason; as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you. But hold; there is one thing—but that does not much signify.

Cousp. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promised the apothecary just now; that's all. [*in readiness?*]

Cousp. Well, shall I fly then, and put everything

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Cousp. Oue kiss before I go, my dearest angel! And now one, two, three, and away. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Oh! dear, sweet man! He's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He's handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and, I'ed, almost as well dressed. I see now why my father would never let me learn to dance. For, hy goles, if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O, la! now I think on't, he pulled out his fiddling thing, and I did not ask him to play a tune upon 't. But, when we are married, I'll make him play upon 't; I'ed, he shall teach me to dance too. He shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O, la! what's here? Another beau!

Enter QUAVE.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, sir, my papa has not told me anything about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, madam; I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*—Yes, madam, I will be proud to teach you anything in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, madam, may be acquired—a voice cannot. A voice must be the gift of nature; and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences. Whoever knows music knows everything.

Lucy. Come, then, begin to teach me; for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But, at present, I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR VIII. *Dimi Cero.*

Quav. Dearest charmer!

Will you then bid me tell

What you desire so well,

By my expiring sighs,

My doting eyes,

Look through the instructive grove,

Each object prompts to love;

See how the turtles play;

Each object prompts to love:

All nature tells you what I'd say,

Lucy. O charming! delightful!

Quao. May I hope you'll grant—

Lucy. Another song, and I'll do anything.

Quar. Dearest creature,
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Gave me trances.
Dearest, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!

Quao. May I hope you'll be mine?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?

Quao. And every night, too, my angel.

Enter COUPEE.

Coupe. Heyday! what do I see! my mistress in another man's arms! Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady?

Quao. Pray, sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coupe. Sir!

Quao. Sir!

Coupe. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quao. I beg to be excused for that, sir.

Coupe. Sir!

Quao. Sir!

AIR IX. Of all the simple, &c.

Coupe. Excuse me, sir; sounds! what d'ye mean?

I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quao. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;

Indeed, good sir, not I.

Coupe. Sounds, sir, if you had I'd been mad;

But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quao. Do you challenge me, sir?

Coupe. Not I, indeed, sir.

Quao. Indeed, sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you speak to me one of you. [his arms?]

Coupe. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in

Quao. And have I not reason? Did he not say

you was his mistress to my face!

AIR X. Molly Mog.

Lucy. Did mortal e'er see two such fools?

For nothing they're going to fight;

I begin to find men are but tools.

And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With you I am ready to go, sir;

I'll give 't'other foul a rebuff. [To COUPEE.]

Stay you but a fortnight or so, sir,

I warrant I'll grant you enough. [To QUAO.]

Quao. Damnation!

Coupe. Hell and confusion!

[*They draw; LUCY runs out.*]

Enter BLISTER.

Blister. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what's the matter! I profess I am afraid you are both disordered. Pray, sir, give me leave to fool your polse: I wish you are not light-headed!

Coupe. What is it to you, sir, what I am?

Quao. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, sirrah? [about your head, you dog!]

Coupe. I have a great mind to break my sword

Quao. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you rascal!

Coupe. Do you know who we are? [do with!]

Quao. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to

Blister. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. I wish I had nothing to do with you—I meant no harm.

Coupe. So much the worse, sirrah; so much the worse. [men!]

Quao. Do you know what it is to anger gentle-

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday! what are you fencing here, gentlemen! [no out of my senses, I am sure.]

Blister. Fencing, quotha! They have almost fenced

Coupe. I shall take another time.

Quao. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you! You are nearer relations than you imagine to each

other. Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr. Coupee, have lived all your lifetime in London; but I assure you you are cousins-german. Let me introduce you to each other.

Coupe. Dear cousin Quaver.

Quao. Dear cousin Coupee. [I find.]

Blister. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks,

Coupe. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation, too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister, the apothecary.

Coupe. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blister. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Worm. Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master Blister? The roads are very dirty, but I obey your summons you see.

Good. Mr. Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood, the attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, sir. I suppose, by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a family lawsuit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my instructions as soon as possible; for I must carry away some of your neighbours' goods with executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the account of no lawsuit this time. In short, I have resolved to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, cousin Wormwood, with ten thousand pounds, and you should happen to be her choice—

Blister. That's impossible; for she has promised me already.

Coupe. And me!

Quao. And me!

Worm. How! has she promised three of you? Why, then the two that miss her will have very good actions against him that has her.

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blister. No, sir, I cannot consent to leave off my trade. [ah!]

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reason-

All. Oh, certainly, certainly. [indeed!]

Coupe. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary,

Quao. Not leave off his trade!

Coupe. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she should make choice of you.

Coupe. There is some difference though between us; mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judged by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quao. Very reasonable, very reasonable. This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quao. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find—

Coupe. And I find too—

Blister. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that men should be such fools that they should hesitate at leaving off their professions for ten thousand pounds.

Good. Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-masters. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What would you do without lawyers! Who'd know his own property! [he was well]

Bliss. Or, without physicians, who'd know when

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quar. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! confusion! what do I see! my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter LUCY and THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing; I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr. Thomas. [make to my fatherly fondness]

Good. Oh, Lucy! Lucy! is this the return you

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me; I won't do so any more—indeed, I should have been perjured if I had not had him. And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frightened and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have a good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other clothes on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Hark ye, Mr. Goodwill; your daughter is an heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this fellow.

Bliss. Did you not promise me, madam!

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, madam!

Quar. And me too!

Lucy. You have none of you any reason to complain; if I did promise you all I promised him first.

Worm. Look ye, gentlemen; if any of you will employ me I'll undertake we shall recover part of her fortune.

Quar. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt music, it would have put softer things into her head.

Bliss. This comes of your contempt of physic. If she had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and blistering, this had never happened.

Worm. You should have sent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the Temple, that she might have conversed with the young gentlemen of the law, and seen the world.

AIR XI. Rush of Boon.

Lucy. Oh, dear papa! don't look so grim;

Forgive me, and be good:

For, though he's not so great as some,

He still is flesh and blood.

What though he's not so fine as beaux,
In gold and silver gay;
Yet he, perhaps, without their clothes,
May have more charms than they.

Tho. Your daughter has married a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who, by his love to her and obedience to you, will try to deserve your favours. As for my having worn a livery, let not that grieve you: as I have lived in a great family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has; the world pays no regard at present to anything but money; and if my own industry should add to your fortune, so as to entitle any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no reason against making my son or grandson a lord, that his father or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow, and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgment at present, and pass it hereafter according to your behaviour. [your.]

Tho. I will try to deserve it should be in my favour.

Worm. I hope, cousin, you don't expect I should lose my time. I expect six-and-eightpence for my journey.

Good. Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinced 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. The Yorkshire ballad.

Bliss. Had your daughter been physic'd well, sir, as she ought, With bleeding, and blistering, and vomit, and draught, This footman had never been once in her thought,

With his Down, down, &c.

Coup. Had pretty miss been at a dancing-school bred, Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread, God's curse! 'twould have put better things in her head

Than his Down, down, &c.

Quar. Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers, To languish and die at Italian soft airs, A footman had never thus tickled her ears

With his Down, down, &c.

Lucy. You may physic, and music, and dancing enhance, To one I have got them all three by good chance, My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,

With his Down, down, &c.

And though soft Italians the ladies control, He swears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole! More than an Italian can do for his soul,

With his Down, down, &c.

My fate then, spectators, hangs on your decree; I have brought kind papa here, at least to agree; If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,

With my Down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce then o'er critics pass,
But like honest-hearted good natur'd men do,
And clap to please us who have sweet to please you,

With our Down, down, &c.

choirs.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.

THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT:

OR, THE

DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

A COMEDY. FIRST ACTED IN 1734.

Infelix habitum temporis hujus habet.—Ovin.

TO HIS GRACE CHARLES DUKE OF MAREBOROUGH.

Mr Lord,—The unhappy fate which these scenes have met with may to some make my presumption in offering them to your protection appear extravagant; but distrust puts on a different face in your grace's eye, with whom I know it will plead in their favour that, though they do not merit so great a patron, they at least want him.

To join the torrent of success, to smile with fortune, and to appear with the world, are within the limits of no inferior name and narrower capacity. It has been the glory of a duke of Marlborough to support the falling, to protect the distressed, to raise a sinking cause, and (I will venture on the expression) to direct Fortune, instead of being directed by her.

But these are laurels, my lord, which will to latest ages flourish in the historian and the epic poet. Comedy looks no farther than private life, where we see you acting with the same spirit of humanity that fired your noble ancestor in public. Poverty has imposed chains on mankind equal with tyranny; and your grace has shown as great an eagerness to deliver meo from the former as your illustrious grandfather did to rescue them from the latter.

Those who are happier than myself in your intimacy will celebrate your other virtues: the fame of your humanity, my lord, reaches at a distance, and it is a virtue which never relays alone; any, which seldom enters into a breast that is not rich in all other.

I am sure I give a convincing proof in how high a degree I am persuaded you possess this virtue, when I hope your pardon for this presumption. But I will trespass no farther on it than to assure you that I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, most devoted humble servant.

HENRY FIELDING.

Buckingham-street, Feb. 12.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The cruel usage this poor play hath met with may justly surprise the author who in his whole life never did an injury to any one person living. What could increase a number of people to attack it with such an inveterate prejudice, it is not easy to determine; for prejudice must be allowed, be the play good or bad, when it is condemned unheeded.

I have heard that there are some young gentlemen about this town who make a jest of darning plays; but did they seriously consider the cruelty they are guilty of by such a practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every man who produces a play on the stage must propose to himself some acquisition either of pleasure, reputation, or profit, to its success; for, though perhaps he may receive some pleasure from the first indulgence of the itch of scribbling, yet the labour and trouble he must undergo before his play comes on the stage must set the prospect of some future reward before him, or I believe he would decline the undertaking. If pleasure or reputation be the reward he proposes, it is sure an inexhaustible barter to any noisome or unprovoked person to defeat the happiness of another; but if his views be of the last kind, if he be so unfortunate to depend on the success of his labours for his bread, he must be as inhuman creature, indeed, who would out of sport and wantonness prevent a man from getting a livelihood in so honest and inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family.

Authors whose works have been rejected at the theatres are of all persons, they say, the most inveterate; but of all persons I am the last they should attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the success of others, but never assisted at the condemnation of any one.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

BOLD is the attempt in this nice-judging age
To try at fame by pleasing on the stage.
So eager to condemn as you are grown,
Writing seems war declar'd against the town.
Whichever way the poet seeks applause,
The critic's ready still to damn his cause.
If for new characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten road,
In monsters then unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he stails.

If wit has aims at you, the traps can show.
If serious, be it dull; if humorous, low.
Some would maintain one laugh throughout a play;
Some would be grave, and tear fine things away.
How is it possible at once to please
Tastes so directly opposite as these?
Not be offended with us if we fear,
From us some weak old entertainment here.
'Tis not the poet's wit affords the jest,
But who can catch him, or whose best?
Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs, consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us.
If any base ill-nature we disclose,
If private characters these scenes expose,
Then we expect—for then we merit—foes.
But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice,
Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us, at least, our share of smiles receive;
Nor, while you consume us, keep all your boons
For soft Italian airs and French buffoons.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.—Mr. Mondish, Mr. QUIN; Mr. Gwyther, Mr. W. MILLS; Captain Spark, Mr. CIBBER; Sir Simon Rafter, Mr. GRIFFIN; Colonel Rafter, Mr. HADSPER; Lady Rafter, Mrs. BETLER; Mrs. Rafter, Mrs. HENON; Clarinda, Miss HOLLIDAY.—SCENE, LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MONDISH's apartment.—
MONDISH, with a letter in his hand, speaking
to a Servant.

Mon. Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Rafter.

Serv. Must I bring an answer, sir?

Mon. Yes, sir, if you receive any— [Exit. Serv.]

And now let me read thee again, thou picture of woman-kind. [Reads.]

"Sir,—I suppose you will be surprised that a woman who hath been guilty of so imprudent a passion should so suddenly and calmly reclaim it; but I am at length happily convinced that you are the fastest of mankind. I am assured, it is not in your power to persuade me any longer to the contrary; wherefore I desire that henceforth all familiarity may cease between us. And, as you know me sensible how good a friend you are to Mrs. Rafter, you may easily believe the fewest visits in the world at this house will be welcome to me. Farewell for ever."

This coldness is not the resentment of an incensed mistress, but the slight of an indifferent one. I am supplanted by some other in her favour. Rare woman, faith! the sex grow so purely inconstant, that a gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a woman to himself as a husband.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, colonel Rafter has sent to know whether you are at home.

Mon. Yes, yes,—his visit is opportune enough. I may likely learn from him who this successful rival is, by knowing who has visited his wife most lately—nay, or by finding who is his chief favourite; for he is one of those wise men to whose friendship you must have his wife's recommendation, and, so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don't like her.

Enter COL. RAFTER.

Dear colonel, good-morrow.

Col. Oh, you're a fine gentleman! a very fine

gentleman indeed! when we had sent after you all over the town, not to leave your bottle for a party at quadrille with the ladies! You have a rare reputation among 'em, I assure you; there is an irreconcilable quarrel with my wife. I have strict orders never to mention your name to her.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, colonel; your wife's orders to you, who have the most obedient wife in Christendom! [house.]

Col. Yes, I thank heaven, I am master of my own

Mon. Then I hope you will lay your commands on her to forgive me.

Col. Well, well, I don't know but I may, since you ask it. I am glad I have brought you to that. I believe I have made up an hundred quarrels between you, and could never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had reason on my side: I have been with us yourself, you would not have left us for cards.

Col. No, I hate 'em of all things in the world—that's half my quarrel to you, for I was forced to supply your place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. Ay, and with my wife.

Mon. True, a wife often makes one's pleasure distasteful; what is in itself disagreeable she must make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are master of your own house, colonel, don't banish cards out of it, since you dislike 'em so much.

Col. Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my wife so plausibly out of humour, and that I can't bear; besides, Mr. Mondish, let me tell you a matrimonial secret. Let a man be never so much the master of his house, if his wife be continually in an ill humour, he leads but an uneasy life in't.

Mon. But methinks so good a lady as yours should now and then give in to the sentiments of her husband.

Col. Oh, no one readier; but, then, you know, she can't help her temper: and if she complies against her will, you know it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her complaisance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the vapours, a man must be the greatest of brutes to persist. Besides, my wife is the most unfortunate person in the world: for, though she loves me of all things, and knows that seeing her in the vapours makes me miserable, yet I never denied her any one thing in the world but, alas, it immediately threw her into 'em. If it was not for those cursed vapours, we should be the happiest couple living.

Mon. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. Truly, I believe we may; at least we have such a picture of the contrary before our eyes.

Mon. Who, sir Simon and his lady?

Col. Ay, sir Simon; call him anything but my brother—he's not a-kin to me, I am sure; for, next to mine, he has the best wife in the world, and yet he never suffers her to have an easy hour from his cursed jealousy. I intend to part families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer. He affronted a gentleman t'other day for taking up his lady's glove; and it was no longer ago than yesterday that my wife and she were gone only to an auction (where, by the by, they did not go to throw away their money neither, for they bought nothing), when this cursed brother of mine finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forced 'em away home. My house is an arrant garrison in time of war, no one enters or goes out without being searched; and if a laced coat passes by the window, his eye is never off him till he is out of the street.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Simon Rastler, sir.

Col. Oh, the devil! I'll be gone.

Mon. No, colonel, that's unkind.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir Simon, your most obedient servant.

Sir S. Mr. Mondish, good-morrow! Oh, brother, are you here?

Col. How do you, brother? I hope your lady's well this morning?

Sir S. Must you always ask impertinent questions? A husband is a proper person, indeed, to inquire of about his wife. If you ask your own, when you see her next, she will inform you, for I suppose they are gadding together.

Col. Sir Simon, you may behave to your own lady as you please; but I desire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir S. And you may let your wife behave as she pleases; but I desire she may be no pattern to mine. I think one enough in a family.

Col. One! I don't know what you mean—I don't understand you.

Mon. Oh, dear gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this misunderstanding in my house. You are both too hot, indeed.

Col. I am appeased. But let me tell you, brother—

Mon. Dear colonel, no more. Well, sir Simon, what news have you in town?

Sir S. Nothing but cuckoldom, sir; cuckoldom everywhere. Women run away from their husbands—actions brought in Westminster-hall. I expect shortly to see it made an article in the newspapers, and "cuckolds since our last list" as regularly inserted as bankrupts are now.

Col. Oh lud! oh lud! poor man! poor man! You make me sick, brother, indeed you do.

Sir S. And you'll make me mad, brother, indeed you will.

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you. Colonel, you know the excessive jealousy of sir Simon's temper, and I wonder a man of your excellent sense will think it worth your while to argue with him. [Aside to Col. Rast.]

Col. Mondish is certainly a fellow of the best sense in the world. [Aside.]

Mon. Sir Simon, you know the colonel's easy temper so well that I am surprised one of your good understanding will reason with a man who will defend his wife's running about this town every day. [Aside to Sir S.]

Sir S. This man has a most excellent understanding. [Aside.]

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends, and let us have no more animosities.

Col. With all my heart.

Sir S. And mine. And now, gentlemen, we are amongst ourselves, I believe I have my honour, I am sure of it, I don't suspect I have it not, but I think it ought to be valued.

Mon. Doubtless, doubtless, sir Simon.

Sir S. I am not one of those jealous people that are afraid of every wind that blows. A woman may sit by a man once at a play without any design, and once a-year may go to court, or an assembly, nay, and may speak to one of her husband's he-friends there—if he be a relation, indeed, I should like it better. But why all those curtles to every fellow she knows? Why always running to that church where the youngest parson is?

Mon. Why fond of operas, masquerades?

Sir S. I almost swoon at the name.

Col. I shall, I'm sure, if I stay any longer—so your servant.

Mon. Then those cursed rendezvous of the sexes, which are called auctions.

Sir S. I thank heaven there are none to-day; I have searched all the advertisements.

Mon. But there are shops—shops, s.r. Simon.

Sir S. I wish they were shut up with all my heart! especially those brothels the milliners' shops, in which cuckoldom is the chief trade that is carried on.

Mon. Hey-day! is the colonel gone?

Sir S. I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleasure in his company. Mr. Mondish, you are a man of honour, and my friend; and as you are intimate in the family must, I dare swear, have observed with concern the multitude of idle young fellows that swarm at our house. There is one particularly, who almost lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behaved before this like a thorough fine gentleman and a man of gallantry.

Mon. Who is he, pray?

Sir S. Oh, a fellow who is never out of lace and embroidery—a tall, strapping, well-looking, ill-looking rascal! whom I would as soon admit into my family as a wolf into a sheepfold.

Mon. What is his name?

Sir S. S. Gaylove, I think they call him: my blood runs cold when I think of him.

Mon. Sir Simon, you need be under no apprehension; for my lady Raffles is a woman of that prudence and discretion—

Sir S. Yes, sir; but very prudent and discreet women have made very odd monsters of their husbands. I had rather trust to my own prudence than hers, I thank you.

Mon. Was I married to that woman, I should be the most contented man alive; for, on my honour, I think she surpasses the rest of womankind as much in virtue as beauty.

Sir S. Ha! what!

Mon. Nay more, in my opinion—for to tell you a truth (which I know you will excuse me for), I do not think her so handsome as the rest of the world think her.

Sir S. Nor I neither—I am glad to hear you don't; I began to be in a heat. But, dear Mondish, though my wife be as you say, a virtuous woman, and I know she is—I am sure of it, and was never jealous of her in my life; yet I take virtue to be that sort of gold in a wife, which, the less it is tried, the brighter it shines; besides, you know there is a trouble in resisting temptation, and I am willing to spare my wife all the trouble I can.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, captain Spark to wait on you.

Sir S. Who is he, pray?

Mon. A relation of mine, a courtier, and so fine a gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine women in town.

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

Spark. Dear cousin Mondish, your very humble servant: I only call to ask you how you do—for I cannot stay ten minutes with you. I have just left some ladies, whom I have promised to meet in the park. Hark'ye. [*Whispers Mon.*]

Sir S. I hope my wife is not one of them. A very impudent-looking fellow, this courtier, and has, I warrant, as many cuckolds in the city as that has debtors at court.

Spark. The devil take me if it is not the very woman! but pray take her: I dangled after her long enough too. You must know the last time I saw her was at an assembly.

Sir S. That is another name for a bawdy-house.

[*Aside.*]

Spark. And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vowed she'd never speak to me again;

and indeed she kept her word, till yesterday I met her at an auction—there was another lady with her: at first she put on an air of indifference. O ho! thinks I, are you at that sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, sir, I goes up to the other lady, who happened to be her sister and an intimate acquaintance of mine—But I ask pardon; this is a dull entertainment to you, sir.

[*To Sir S.*]

Sir S. Far from it, sir: but I beg I may not be thought impertinent if I ask whether this lady was

Spark. A short woman, sir. [*short or tall!*]

Sir S. Then I am safe. [*Aside*—But perhaps some people think her tall.

Spark. Yes, sir; I know several who think her so.

Sir S. I am on the rack. [*Aside*—Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons; but was she a brown or a fair woman?

Spark. Oh, sir! no harm. She was a brown

Sir S. Rather inclining to fair! [*woman, sir.*]

Spark. Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir S. I am undone! if I was to ask her name I should hear my own. I will go tear her eyes out. Mr. Mondish, your servant! your servant!

Mon. Be not in such a hurry, sir: Simon.

Sir S. I am in a great hurry, sir: your humble servant!

[*Exit.*]

Spark. Prithce, dear coz, what queer fellow is that! God, I began to think he suspected me with some relation of his.

Mon. Faith, probable enough—for he would suspect a more unlikely man than you.

Spark. Ha, ha! George, I believe I am suspected in town. I believe there are women I say no more; but I believe there are women, I say—no more.

Mon. And upon my soul, I believe thou can't say no more on thy own knowledge.

[*Aside.*]

Spark. Here, here, you must not ask to see the name. [*Pulls out several letters.*] May I be cursed if this be not from a woman of the first distinction—Nay, if he is here, I must put it up again.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Good morrow, George! Ha! monsieur Le Spark!

Spark. My dear Gaylove, how long hast thou been

Gay. About a fortnight, sir. [*in town!*]

Spark. Mondish, this is the best friend I have in the world; if it had not been for him, I had died of the spleen in country quarters—I made his house my own.

Gay. Upon my honour he did, and so entirely, that, if he had not been ordered away, I believe I should shortly have given it him.

Spark. Thou art a pleasant fellow! but prithee how do all the girls? How do Miss Flirt, and Miss Flareit, Miss Caper, Miss Lasp, and my dear Jenny Thumpfloor?

Gay. All at your service, sir; but methinks you should have asked after your dear Clarinda.

Spark. O! yes, Clarinda! how does she do? upon my soul I was fond of that wench; but she grew so fond again, that the world began to take notice of us, and yet, if ever anything passed between us, at least anything that ought not, may I be—But what signifies swearing. Come, I know you are a suspicious rogue.

Gay. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For, as I am confident she would not grant anything dishonourable, so I am confident thou wouldst not take it.

Mon. And if you will be evidence for the lady, I will for the gentleman.

Spark. Your servant, your servant, my dear friends; you have made me a compliment at a cheap rate: I shall not risk your consciences; yet, in my

sense of the word dishonourable, you might swear it; for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between man and woman.

Mon. Excellent doctrine indeed!

Goy. I am not of your opinion: for I think it very dishonourable in a fine gentleman to solicit favours from a lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she would grant 'em.

Spark. O! a sad dog! ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Unless it be not in his power to accept 'em, Gaylove. The bravest fellow may be beaten, you know, without loss of honour.

Spark. Well, well; you may suspect what you please.—You poor devils, that never had anything above a sempstress, make such a rout about the reputation of a woman a little above the ordinary rank: you make as much noise in town about a man's having a woman of quality as they would in the country if one had run away with a Justice of peace's eldest daughter. Now, to me, women of quality are like other women.

Goy. Thou know'st no difference, I dare swear.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady Fop-hunter's coach is at the door.

Spark. She has sent it for me; I am to call on her at lady Slightly's—damn her! I wish she had forgot the appointment. Gaylove, will you go with me?

Goy. No, excuse me.

Spark. Well, gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me too—so I am your very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Mon. I wish thou hadst been here sooner, I have had some rare diversion this morning: here have been sir Simon and the colonel, and have quarrelled about their wives. But, what is better still, the noble captain just now departed hath sent sir Simon away fully persuaded that he has an affair with his wife.

Goy. Then we shall have it in the afternoon at Mrs. Raffier's tea-table.

Mon. I think you live there, Gaylove.

Goy. I have pretty much lately; for, to let you into a secret, George, I have a mistress there.

Mon. What, has the captain infected you, that you are so open-hearted? or is this a particular mark of your confidence in me?

Goy. Neither. It is impossible it should be a secret long, and I am not ashamed of having an honourable passion for a woman, from which I hope to reap better fruits than the captain usually proposes from his amours.

Mon. I rather fear thou wilt find worse. These sort of gentlemen are the only persons who engage with women without danger. The reputation of an amour is what they propose, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their vanity at the price of all that is dear to a woman, the world is good-natured enough to make one person ridiculously happy, at the expense of making another seriously miserable.

Goy. Hang 'em! I believe they screen more reputations than they hurt. I fancy women, by an affected intimacy with these fellows, have diverted the world from discovering a good substantial amour in another place.

Mon. Do you think so? then I would advise you to introduce my kinsman here to Mrs. Raffier.

Goy. Are there reputations there, then, that want

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! *[clocks?]*

Goy. Nay, prithee tell me seriously, for the deuce take me if these two years' retirement hath not made me such a stranger to the town—

Mon. Then, seriously, I think there is no cloak wanted; for a true, credulous husband is the best cloak in the world. And if a man will put his

horns in his pocket, none will ever pick his pocket of them. If he will be so good as to be very easy under being a cuckold, the good-natured world will suffer his wife to be easy under making him one.

Goy. A word to the wise, George. But, faith! thou hast informed me of what I did not suspect before. *[of what they knew before.]*

Mon. The wise do not want a word to inform them

Goy. What dost thou mean?

Mon. Then, in a word, my close friend, this mighty secret, which you have discovered to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the world knows it.

Goy. Let them know it. I am so far from being ashamed of my passion, that I'm vain of my choice.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a fellow of thy sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the captain as no extraordinary character. Vain of your choice! Ha, ha, ha! now am I vain of my good-nature—for I could so reduce that vanity of yours!

Goy. I suppose thou art prepared with some cool lecture of modern economy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the road of right wisdom: I tell thee, George, let the world say what they will, there is more true happiness in the folly of love than in all the wisdom of philosophy.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Goy. It is the fashion of the world to laugh at a man who owns his passion, and thou art a true follower of the world.

Mon. Thou art a follower of the world, I am sure. You must be modest, indeed, to be ashamed of your passion, since you have such multitudes to keep you in countenance.

Goy. So much the better. Rivals keep a man's passion up; it gives continual new pleasure in the arms of a mistress to think half the excoombs in the town are sighing for what you are in possession of.

Mon. Ay, faith, and the gallant has a pleasure sometimes to think a husband is in possession of what he is weary of.

Goy. How the happy man triumphs in his heart when he sees his woman walking through a crowd of fellows in the mall or a drawing-room, some sighing, some ogling, all envying him; and retiring immediately to toast her at the next tavern.

Mon. When he wishes himself, as heartily as they do themselves, with her, which perhaps some of them are in their turn. And I would not have you too sure that may not be your case.

Goy. Pugh! you have heard Spark talk of her, I suppose, or heard her talked of for Spark. I should be no more jealous of her with him than with one of her own sex. Now, in my own opinion, a squirrel is a more dangerous rival than a heau; for he is more liable to share her heart, and—

Mon. Why, this is a good credulous marriageable opinion, and would sit well on a husband.

Goy. Well! and I see no terrors in that name.

Mon. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmless name. Besides, the colonel is a rare instance of the contrary. If a man can be happy in marriage, I dare swear he is: his wife is young, handsome, witty, and constant—in his opinion.

Goy. And that is the same as if she were so in reality; for if a man be happy in his own opinion, I see little reason why he should trouble himself about the world's.

Mon. Or suppose she were inconstant, if she is fond of you while you are with her, why should you like her the less! I don't see why he is not as selfish who would love by himself as he who would drink by himself. Sure he is a nice and a dull sot who

quarrels with his wine because another drinks out of the same cask. Nay, perhaps it were better to have two or three companions in both, and would prevent the glass coming round too fast.

Gay. Thou art in a strange whimsical humour to-day. I fancy something has disturbed you.

Mon. No, faith! though something has happened which might have disturbed another: I have been discarded this morning. Here's my discharge, do you know the hand? *[Giving the letter.]*

Gay. Hum—"I suppose you will be surprised—woman—imprudent—a passion—convinced—falsest of mankind!"—

Mon. His countenance does not alter.—If he does not know her hand, sure. *[Aside.]*

Gay. *[Reading.]* "Friend you are to Mrs. Rattler"—the devil!

Mon. What think you now?

Gay. Think! that thou art a happy man.

Mon. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my happiness.

Gay. Not I, upon my honour.

Mon. Thou art an obliging, good-natured fellow; and now I will wait on you where you please to dinner.

Gay. I have a short visit to make, but will meet you anywhere at three.

Mon. At the Key and Garter, if you please.

Gay. I will be there: adieu. *[Exit.]*

Mon. This cool reception of my letter ill agrees with the warm professions he made before. Nor did he show a sufficient surprise—she certainly had acquainted him with it: it is natural to suppose her fear that I might discover it to him might set her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this behaviour in Gaylove is not agreeable to his nature, which I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—I will see her in the afternoon myself—damn her! I was weary of the affair, and she has found out the only way to renew my eagerness. The whole pleasure of life is pursuit:

Our game though we are eager to embrace,
The pleasure's always over with the chase.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—SIR SIMON'S house.—Enter LADY RATTLER AND MRS. RATTLER.

Lady R. Never tell me, sister; it is notorious that a woman of my virtue, and discretion, and prudence, should be eternally tormented with the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband.

Mrs. R. I own it, but I only propose to you the best method to quiet them. You cannot alter his nature, and if you would condescend to flatter it a little you would make your life much easier.

Lady R. I flatter it! I assure you I shan't. If my virtue be not clear enough of itself I shall use no art to make it so. Must I give a husband an account of all my words and actions? must I satisfy his groundless fears? I am no such poor-spirited wretch; and I solemnly declare, if I knew any one thing that would make him more jealous than another, I would do it.

Mrs. R. Then you would do wrong, my dear, and only revenge your husband's jealousy on yourself.

Lady R. Sister, sister, don't preach up any of your maxims to me. If the colonel was of sir Simon's temper you would lead a worse life than I do.

Mrs. R. Indeed you are mistaken; if my husband was as jealous and as cunning as the devil, I would engage to make an arrant ass of him. *[Of him.]*

Lady R. You would make another sort of a beast

Mrs. R. I don't tell you that. But if I should, he had better be so than suspect it; his horns would hurt him less on his forehead than in his eyes.

Lady R. I wonder you can talk such stuff to me; I can't hear to hear it; the very name of whore makes me swoon; if any set of words could ever raise the devil, that single word would do more than all.

Mrs. R. Dear sister, don't be so outrageously virtuous.

Lady R. It would be well for you if the colonel had a little of sir Simon's temper. I can't help telling you there are some actions of your life which I am far from approving.

Mrs. R. Come, don't be censorious. I never refused giving my husband an account of any of my actions, when he desires it; and that is more than you can say.

Lady R. My actions give an account of themselves, I am not afraid of the world's looking into 'em.

Mrs. R. Take my word for it, child, pure nature won't do; the world will easily see your faults, but your virtues must be shown artfully, or they will not be discovered. Art goes beyond nature; and a woman who has only virtue in her face will pass much better through the world than she who has it only in her heart.

Lady R. I don't know what you mean, madam; I am sure my conduct has been always careful of appearances; but as for the suspicions of my husband I despise, and neither can nor will give myself any trouble about them.

Mrs. R. Soh! here he comes, and I suppose we shall have the usual dialogue.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir S. Your servant, ladies! why, you are at home early to-day. What, could you find no diversions in town? is there no opera rehearsal, no auctions, no mall? *[To be at home.]*

Lady R. No, none; besides, my sister had a mind

Sir S. You need not have said that, my dear; I should not have suspected you.

Lady R. I think I seldom give you reason of suspecting your fondness for my own house.

Sir S. No, nor of anything else. I am not jealous of you, my dear. *[You was.]*

Lady R. It would give me no uneasiness if Sir S. I am not jealous even of captain Spark.

Lady R. Captain Spark! who is he?

Sir S. Though he is a very pretty gentleman, and is very agreeable company.

Lady R. I long to see him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my dear?

Sir S. Why should I invite him when you can meet him at an auction as well? Besides, it seems, he is not proper company for me, or you would not have shuffled him away yesterday when I came. You need not have taken such care to hide him; I should not have been jealous of him, my dear.

Mrs. R. This must be some strange chimera of his own: no such person was with us. *[Aside.]*

Lady R. No, my dear, I know you would not, though he is a very pretty fellow.

Sir S. The devil take all such pretty fellows! with all my heart and soul. *[Aside.]*

Lady R. Don't you know, sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining creature in the world?

Mrs. R. Think whom so? *[Name!]*

Lady R. Oh, the captain; captain—what's his Sir S. Captain Spark, madam. I'll assist you.

Lady R. Ay, captain Spark.

Mrs. R. I know no captain Spark, nor was any such person with us yesterday.

Lady R. Don't believe her, my dear.

Sir S. No, my dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this right, my dear?

Lady R. What right?

Sir S. Why, being particular with an idle, rake-belly young fellow.

Lady R. Sir Simon, I shall not have my company prescribed to me by any one. I will keep what company I please; I shall answer to the world for my actions.

Sir S. Yes, madam, I am to answer to the world for your actions too: I am most concerned to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater part of the shame if you don't.

Lady R. Sir, this is a usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your base, groundless suspicions: I believe the whole world is sensible how unworthy you are of a woman of my virtue; but, henceforth, whenever any of these chimeras are raised in your head, I shall leave you to lay them at your leisure. [Exit.]

Sir S. Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable? this is the comfortable state that a man is wished joy of by his friends; and yet no man wishes a man joy of being condemned, or of getting the plague. But when a man is married, Give you joy, sir, cries one fool, I wish you joy, says another; and thus the wretch is ushered into the galleries with the same triumph as he could be exalted with to the empire of the Great Mogul.

Mrs. R. You yourself make it so, brother: if you had less jealousy in your temper, or lady Raffer more complaisance, you might be very happy. You torment yourself with groundless fears, and she depends on her own innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the case just now: for, whatever put this captain Spark into your head, I will take my oath she spoke to no such man at the auction.

Sir S. You are a trusty confidant, I find—but I had it from his own mouth.

Mrs. R. What had you from his own mouth?

Sir S. What! why, that my wife was a tall woman. [Loud, indeed.]

Mrs. R. Ha, ha, ha! a very good reason to be jealous.

Sir S. Yes, madam, and that she was a fair woman.

Mrs. R. Well, and—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir S. Look ye, sister, if he had told me this at first, I should not have regarded it: but I pumped it out of him. He is a very close fellow, and proper to be trusted with a secret, I can tell you; for he told me just the contrary; but truth will out, sister; besides, did you not hear my wife confess it?

Mrs. R. That was only in revenge, to plague you.

Sir S. A very charitable good sort of a lady, truly.

Mrs. R. I wish she was of my temper, brother, and would give you satisfaction in everything. For my part, I own, if I was your wife, your jealousy would give me no pain, and I should take a pleasure in quieting it: I should never be uneasy at your inquiring into any of my actions—I should rather take it for a proof of your love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir S. Yes, madam, but I do not desire my wife should be like you, neither.

Mrs. R. Why so, brother? what do you dislike in me?

Sir S. Truly, madam, that rendezvous of fellows you continually keep at your house, and which, if your husband was of my mind—

Mrs. R. He would be jealous of, I suppose.

Sir S. Particularly that tall fellow who breakfasts here, dines here, sups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very shortly.

Mrs. R. Hold, brother, I desire you would not grow scurrilous; no wonder my sister can't bear with this cursed temper of yours.

Sir S. What can a married woman mean by an intimacy with any other but her husband?

Mrs. R. What's that to you, brother? who made

you the inquisitor of my actions? Do you think to call me to an account as you do your wife? Oh! it I was married to such a jealous—if I did not give him enough of his jealousy in one week—if I did not make him heartily weary on't—

Sir S. Oh rare! this is the woman that would take a pleasure in stifling her husband's doubts.

Mrs. R. Look ye, sir Simon, your temper is so intolerable that you are the by-word of every one; the whole town compasses my sister's case; and if I was she, if a virtuous woman could not content you, you should have your content another way. If you would have an account of everything I did, I would do something worth giving you an account of.

Sir S. I believe it, I easily believe it. It is very plain who is my wife's counsellor. But I shall take care to get some better advice; for I will not be a cuckold if I can help it, madam.

Enter CLARINDA.

Cl. There's my poor lady Raffer within in the most terrible way. She has taken a whole bottle of hartshorn to keep up her spirits. It has thrown me into the vapours to see her in such a condition, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. R. Can you have lived a fortnight in the house and want to know it? Sir Simon has abused her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked man. [the world.]

Cl. I am sure she is one of the best women in
Mrs. R. Any one but a brute might be happy with such a wife. [woman.]

Cl. He that can't I am sure can be happy with no
Mrs. R. Oh! that I had but a jealous husband for one month.

Cl. Heaven forbid I should ever have one.
Sir S. So the enemy is reinforced, and bravery can hold out no longer. [and ask her pardon.]

Cl. Dear uncle, you shall go and comfort her,
Mrs. R. She is too good if she forgives such base suspicions.

Cl. I am sure she never gave you any reason for them. I don't believe she would do anything to bring her conduct into question for the world.

Mrs. R. She is too cautious. If I was in her case, I'd make the house too hot for him.

Sir S. So it is already. Who's there? bring my chariot this instant, or, if that he not ready, get me a chair, get me anything that will convey me away.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Gaylove desires to know if you are at home.

Mrs. R. Yes, I shall be glad to see him.
Sir S. Heaven be praised, my wife is not in a condition to see company. [Exit.]

Mrs. R. Here's a picture of matrimony for you, dear Clarinda: what say you now to a coach and six with such a husband? [of my life.]

Cl. That I had rather walk on foot all the days
Mrs. R. What difference is there between Mr. Gaylove's temper and your uncle's! how happy would a woman be with him!

Cl. I am not sure of that. Men often appear before marriage different creatures from what they are after it. Besides, there is something in him so—something so—in short, something in him I don't like, and of all women in the world I shall never envy Mrs. Gaylove.

Mrs. R. That's a lie, I am sure [Aside.] Nay, the man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

Cl. I don't think so.

Mrs. R. He has a great deal of wit. [himself.]
Cl. Then he has wisdom enough to keep it to
Mrs. R. And the best-natured creature in the world.

Clia. It is very good-natured in you to think him so.

Mrs. R. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed, and so it would. For I have been only telling you the opinion of the world. In my own he has none of these qualities; and I wonder how the world came ever to give them to him.

Clia. So do I if he does not deserve them; for the world seldom errs on that side the question.

Mrs. R. And yet it does in him. For to me he is the most disagreeable creature on earth.

Clia. Well, I cannot be of your opinion: there is somewhat in his countenance when he smiles so extremely good-humoured; I love dearly to see him smile, and you know he's always a smiling—and his eyes laugh so comically, and have so much sweetness in them. Then he is the most entertaining creature upon earth, and I have heard some very good-natured actions of his too. The world, I dare swear, does not think one whit better of him than he deserves.

Mrs. R. Oh, say you so, madam?

Enter GAYLOVE and MONDISH.

Oh! here he is. Are you there too?

Gay. Ladies, your servant. To find Mrs. Raffles at home, and without company at this high visiting season, is so surprising—

Mrs. R. Lord, I suppose you think us like those country ladies you have lately conversed with, who never owe a visit at the week's end to any of their husbands' tenants' wives. Do you think we have nothing else to do in this sweet town but to ride about the streets to see if the knockers of the people's doors are fast! Indeed you have here and there a country gentlewoman (her husband being sent up to parliament for the sake of his country and the destruction of his family) who drives regularly round the town to see the streets and her acquaintance and relations, that she may know when she may be sure of meeting some one to court to at the drawing-room; and once a-week very charitably gives her horses rest at the expense of her wax candles; when she sits in her own dining-room, chair-woman of a committee of fools, to criticise on fashions and register the weather.

Gay. But I think it is a pity so good a custom is left off, if it were only for the better propagation of scandal.

Mrs. R. What signifies scandal when no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to?

Gay. Yes, there is some pleasure in spreading it, when it is not true. For though no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to, they may be ashamed of being supposed to do what they have no mind to.

[of anything.]

Mrs. R. I know very few people who are ashamed

Mon. I believe, madam, none of your acquaintances have any reason for that passion.

Mrs. R. Are you sure of that?

Mon. None who have at present that honour at least: for I have that good opinion of you, that such a discovery would soon banish them from it.

Mrs. R. That, I believe, you have seen a very late instance of.

Clia. Well, since you are so solicitous about the song, if you will go with me to the spinnet you shall hear it. My playing, madam, I am sure is not worth your hearing; but since this creature will not let me be at quiet—

Mrs. R. Lord, child, I believe you do not want so much entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you and your music.

Clia. Madam, I ask your pardon. Come, Mr. Gaylove.

[Exit.]

Mon. I received a letter from you this morning.

madam, but of a nature so different from some I have had from you, that I could wish your hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. R. To save you the trouble of a long speech, I sent you a letter, and the last I ever intend to send you; since I find it has not the effect I desired, which was to prevent my ever seeing your face again.

Mon. So cruel a banishment, so sudden, and so unexpected, ought surely to have some reasons given for it.

[I'm to you.]

Mrs. R. Ask your own heart that can suggest. *Mon.* My heart is conscious of no other than what is too often a reason to your sex for exercising all manner of tyranny over us—too much fondness.

Mrs. R. Fondness! impudence! to pretend fondness to a woman after a week's neglect. Did I not meet you at an assembly, where you made me a bow as distant as if we had been scarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our acquaintance?

Mon. Was not that hundred-eyed monster of jealousy, sir Simun, with you? Do you object my care of your reputation to want of fondness?

Mrs. R. The old excuse for indifference. I wonder men have not contrived to make it scandalous for their wives to be seen with 'em, that they might have an excuse to them too. 'Tis likely, indeed, that you should have more care of my reputation than I myself! It was not the jealousy of my husband, but my rival, you was aware of; and yet you was not so tender of her reputation, but that I discovered her.

Mon. Excellent justice! for since I am to be punished for your falsehood, it is but just I should be convicted of it. My sweet! what would I give to believe what you are endeavouring to persuade me! Come, I will assist you with all my force of credulity; for, was your opinion of my falsehood real, I would give you such convincing proofs to the contrary.—But your love to another is no more a secret to me than it is that I owe to that your slights, your letter, and your cruel, unjust accusation.

Mrs. R. Insupportable insolence! A husband may plead a title to be jealous; our love is his due—but a wretch who owes his happiness to our free gift—

Mon. Faith, I think otherwise. Love to a husband is a tradesman's debt, the law gives him the security of your person for it; but love to a gallant is a debt of honour, which every gentlemanwoman is obliged to pay. It would be a treasure indeed finely bestowed on such a husband as yours.

Mrs. R. I am henceforth resolved to give it to no other. I am so much obliged to his good opinion, I should hate myself if I did not try to deserve it—and by thinking me honest he shall keep me so.

Mon. He must know less than I who is so imposed on. But you shall not keep my rival a secret from me, he assured you shall not; I'll haunt you with that constant assiduity, you shall not speak to a man without my knowledge. You shall find that the jealousy of twenty husbands is not equal to that of one abused gallant.

Mrs. R. Villain! was it not you that ruined me, that deceived me, that robbed me of my virtue?

Mon. How have I robbed you? How deceived you? Have I not paid you the price of your virtue—eternal constancy? Have I not met your passion still with fresh desires? Has not each stolen meeting been a scene of joy, which eager bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to dishonour you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in fondness? Has some fresh

lover burnt with warmer passion! Has some beau dressed himself into your heart, or some wit talked himself into it! Be generous, and confess what has ruined me in that dear bosom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmless husband.

Mrs. R. Good manners should oblige you to mention him with more civility to me.

Mon. And after what has passed between us, I think you should mention him to me with less. Besides, I think you have sometimes been of my opinion.

Mrs. R. Women, you know, are subject to change, and I may think better of him, as well as worse of you.

Mon. This is trifling with my passion, the cruellest insult you can put upon it.—But I will find out my rival, and will be revenged.

Mrs. R. Revenged! ha! ha!

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Mon. Death and torments!

Col. Heyday! What, are they acting a tragedy?

Mrs. R. And how will you be revenged, sweet sir, if you should find him out? or why should you desire it? The man acts like a man, and does by you as you have done by another.

Mon. This usage would justify anything. My own honour secures me, madam.

Mrs. R. I hope you would not tell my husband—but he would not believe it if you did.

Mon. Harkye, madam, the town will—

Col. Hold, hold, I must interpose. If you will quarrel, let it be at a distance. What will I not believe! I'll tell you what I believe—that you are in the wrong. [sure.]

Mrs. R. Ay, ay; you will take his part, to be *Col. Mr.* Mondish is a friend of mine, and it is strange that you are eternally quarrelling with all my friends.

Mrs. R. I desire then, sir, you would keep your friends to yourself, for I shall not endure their impertinence: so I'll leave you together. But I must tell your friend one thing before I go—that I desire I may never see his face again. [Exit.]

Col. All this a man must hear that is married.

Mon. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. Why, it is true—and yet have a good wife. I have the best wife in the world, but women have humours.

Mon. Pox take their humours! let their husbands hear 'em. Must we pay the price of another's folly?—In short, colonel, I am the most unfit person in the world for that gentle office you have assigned me, of entertaining your lady in your absence. Besides, I'll tell you a secret—it is impossible to be very intimate and well with a woman without making love to her.

Col. Well; and why don't you make love to her? Ha, ha! make love to her, indeed! She'd love you, I believe; she'd give you enough of making love!

Mon. Why, do you think no one has made love to her, then?

Col. I think nothing; I am sure no one ever has; for I am sure, if they had, she would have told me. Perhaps that's a secret you don't know, that she never kept one secret from me in her life. I am certain, if it were possible for her to make me a cuckold, she would tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have such a security that one is not one. Dear Mondish, do make love to my wife, I beseech you.

Mon. Excuse me, dear colonel—but I'll do as well; I'll recommend one to you that shall.

Col. Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. Gaylove! Beside, I believe it will please your lady better.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! I could die with laughing: ha, ha, ha! This is the man now that knows the world, and mankind, and womankind. You have happened to name the very man whom she detests of all men breathing. She told me so this very morning.

Mon. Then I am satisfied. Damnation and hell! Now can I scarce forbear telling this fellow he is a cuckold to his face. 'Sdeath! I have hit of a way. [Aside.] Hark'e, colonel, you have put a very pleasant conceit into my head. I think I have heard you say that you have great pleasure in seeing the disdain your lady shows to all mankind: now I have the same pleasure: suppose therefore it was possible to work up Gaylove to make his address to her, and you and I could convey ourselves where we might see her treat him as he deserves!

Col. I like it vastly: how I shall hug myself all the while! I know exactly how she will behave to him. I shall certainly die with pleasure. Let me tell you, my dear sir, let me tell you, there is a great deal of pride in having a virtuous wife.

Mon. If brilliants were not scarce they would not be valuable: and virtue in a wife perhaps may be valued for the same reason.

Col. But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has vanity enough to be easily persuaded that a woman may be fond of him, and gallantry enough not to let her fondness be thrown away.

Col. I am charmed with the contrivance. But he must never know that I knew anything of the matter. I shan't know how to behave to him if he should.

Mon. You may learn from half your acquaintance. How many husbands do we see caressing men whose intrigues with their wives they must be blinder than darkness itself not to see! It is a civil communicative age we live in, colonel. And it is no more a breach of friendship to make use of your wife than of your chariot.

Col. It is a devilish cuckolding age, that's the truth on't; and heaven be praised I'm out of fashion.

Mon. Ay, there's the glory; wealth, power, everything is known by comparison: were all women virtuous, you would not taste half of your blessing. The joy, the pride, the triumph is to see

The fills a neighbour in a wife endures,
And have a wife as good and chaste as yours.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—A street.—MONDISH, GAYLOVE.

Gay. And art thou really in earnest! and art thou perfectly sure she has this passion for me?

Mon. Thou art blind thyself, or thou must have discovered it; all her looks, words, actions, betray it.

Gay. Thou art a nice observer, George, and perhaps in this case your own passion may heighten your suspicion; I know thy temper is inclined to jealousy.

Mon. Far from it; I never doubt the affections of a woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are blessings to us, if we do not ourselves make 'em otherwise. I have just love enough to assist 'em in giving me pleasure, but not to put it in their power to give me pain; and I could wish as much ease see thee in the arms of Mrs. Raffler as of any woman in town.

Gay. Wouldst thou! She's young, handsome, and

witty; and, faith! I could almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable engagement; but a man's having settled his whole estate should not prevent his being charitable, George.

Mon. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his estate.

Gay. Very true; therefore, if I was sure the lady was in necessity, I don't know how far my good-nature might carry me; for the devil take me if I am not one of the best-natured creatures in the world.

Mon. I think I am acting a very good-natured part too; a man is obliged in honour to provide for a cast mistress, but I do more, I provide for a mistress who has cast me off.

Gay. I begin to suspect thou hast some design of making me an instrument in your reconciliation; I don't see how my addresses can be of any use to you; but if they can, they are at your service.

Mon. I thank you with all my heart; they serve me at least so far as to discover whether you are my innocent rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere; besides, if you are really the person, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing captain Spark with her, you may pique her back.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha! [again to me.

Mon. Pristee, what dost thou laugh at!

Gay. To see so cool a lover as thou art, who carest for a woman no longer than she is kind, take such pains to get her again after she has jilted you.

Mon. Pahaw! that—I—well—

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. You are merry, sir.—But I would not have you think that I have any love for her. She has hurt my pride; 'tis that, and not my love, that I want to cure. Damn her! if I had her but in my power, could I but triumph over her, I should have the end of my desires; and then, if her husband, or the town, or the devil had her, it would give me no pain.

Gay. I dare swear thou wilt use thy power very gently. I shall sup there this evening, and if I have an opportunity with her I'll do there all the service I can, though I can't promise to behave exactly up to the character of captain Spark if she should be very kind. [please.

Mon. Well, make use of your victory as you

Gay. But methinks you take a preposterous way. Would it not be better to alarm her with another mistress?

Mon. That, perhaps, I intend too.

Gay. I have overstaid my time with you,—besides, I see one coming for whose company I have no great relish; so your servant. [Exit.

Mon. Whom? O, sir Simon. I'll avoid him too.

Enter Sir Simon.

*Sir S. Mr. Mondish, Mr. Mondish—*Is there anything frightful in me, that you run away from me? I fancy my horns are out, and people think I shall butt at 'em. As for that handsome gentleman, who sneaked off so prettily, I shall not go after him; and I wish I may have seen the last of him, with all my heart. Is he an acquaintance of yours, pray? for I saw you speak to him.

Mon. Ay, sir Simon. [such company.

Sir S. I am sorry for it; I am sorry you keep

Mon. How so, sir Simon? he's a man of honour, I hope.

Sir S. Oh, a man of very nice honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every man's wife he comes near.

Mon. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small offences that way.

Sir S. Small offences! and yet to break open a house and rob on the highway are great offences. A man that robs me of five shillings is a rogue, and

to be hanged; but he that robs me of my wife is a fine gentleman and a man of honour. [sions.

Mon. The laws should be severer on these occasions. *Sir S.* The laws should give us more power over our wives. If a man was to carry his treasure about openly among thieves, I believe the laws would be very little security to him.

Mon. And as to prevent robbing, they have put down all night-houses, and other places of rendezvous; so to prevent cuckoldom, we should put down all assemblies, balls, operas, plays—in short, all the public places.

Sir S. Ay, ay; public places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give people an opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in private places.

Mon. An assembly, sir Simon, is an exchange for cuckoldom, where the traders meet, and make their bargains, and then adjourn to a private room to sign and seal.

Sir S. Mr. Mondish, I know you are my friend; there has been a long acquaintance and friendship between our families; I shall tell you, therefore, what I would not tell any other living. I have not the least jealousy in my temper, but I have a wife that would make the devil jealous—Oh, here comes the man I have been looking after.

Mon. Sir Simon, your humble servant.

Sir S. Nay, but stay a moment.

Mon. I have business of consequence, and can't possibly. Your humble servant. [Exit

Sir S. Well, your servant.

Enter Capt. Spark.

What in the name of mischief is he reading? A letter from my wife, I suppose.

Spark. Sir, your most humble servant. I think I had the honour of seeing you at my cousin Mondish's this morning.

Sir S. Yes, sir,—and I should be glad to have the honour of seeing you hanged this afternoon. [Aside.

Spark. Pray, sir, what's o'clock? because I have an engagement at six.

Sir S. Oh, sir, it wants considerably of that; but perhaps your engagement is with a lady, and that makes the time longer.

Spark. Why, faith! to be sincere with you, it is; but I beg you would not mention that to anybody; though, if you should, as long as you don't know her name, there's no reputation hurt.

Sir S. I suppose, captain, it is the whom you met at the auction.

Spark. How the devil came you to guess that?

Sir S. Well, but I have guessed right!

Spark. I am not obliged to tell—but this I will tell you, sir, you have a very good knack at guessing. And yet I will show you her christian name, and lay you a wager you don't find out her surname.

Sir S. Anne—the devil! It is not my wife's hand, but it is her name.

Spark. Hold, sir, that is not fair. [surname.

Sir S. Let me but see the two first letters of her

Spark. To oblige you, you shall—but if you should guess afterwards, you are a man of honour.

Sir S. Sir, I am satisfied—I am the happiest man in the world. Dear captain, I give you ten thousand thanks. You have quieted my curiosity. I thought, by your description this morning, you had meant

Spark. Whom did you think? [another lady.

Sir S. Really I thought the lady's name was Raffles, whom you described.

Spark. Mrs. Raffles, indeed! ba, ha!

Sir S. Why, do you know Mrs. Raffles?

Spark. Know her, ay; who the devil does not know her?

Sir S. What, what, what do you know of her?

Spark. Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lord help you, know of her indeed!—and with a grave face, as if you had never heard anything of us two.

Sir S. My brother is an arrant downright cuckold. I never was better pleased with any news in my life.

Spark. Is she a relation of yours, that you are so anxious?

Sir S. No, sir, no, no relation of mine, upon my honour. I have some acquaintance with a lady of her name, one lady Raffles.

Spark. Ay, that's a good one too.

Sir S. What, do you know my lady Raffles?

Spark. Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha!—faith, I remember that woman a very fine woman; nay she's well enough still: I can't help saying I like her better than her sister.

Sir S. I suppose you have had them both.

Spark. Who! I! ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of them; you are the most suspicious person—though I believe the world has talked pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the world you know is a censorious world, and yet, pox take the women! they owe more discoveries to their own imprudence. I never had a woman fond of me in my life that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a secret for me.

Sir S. Well, sir, it is no secret, I assure you—Ten thousand devils take 'em both!

Spark. I defy any one to say he ever heard me brag of my amours, and yet I have had a few.

Sir S. And you have had lady Raffles then?

Spark. No, that's too much to own.

Sir S. Not at all; no one is ashamed to own their amours now. Fine gentlemen talk of women of quality in the same manner as of their laundresses. Besides, it is known already; you may own it, especially to me; for it shall go no farther, I assure you.

Spark. Well then, in confidence that you are a man of honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir S. Would the devil had had you! Now, if I had the spirit of a worm, I would beat this fellow to death; but I think I have spirit enough to beat my wife. She shall pay for all; and that immediately. Your servant.

Spark. I hope you won't discover a word, since I place such confidence in you.

Sir S. Never fear me, sir—I am much beholden to your confidence; I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! horns! daggers! fire and furies!

[*Exit.*]

Spark. The gentleman seems in a passion. Now don't I know what in the world to do with myself. Hum, hum! I hear Clarinda's in town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one fortnight here, the world will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to Sir Simon's house.—Enter GAY-LOVE, CLARINDA.

Cl. And so you have told captain Spark I am in town; I am very much obliged to you.

Gay. It shows you, at least, I am not of sir Simon's temper, not inclined to jealousy.

Cl. No, people are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

Gay. Faith, I have no notion of being so at all; for if there can be no jealousy without fondness, I am sure I could never be fond of any woman who would give me reason to be jealous.

Cl. Yes, but some men are jealous without reason.

Gay. And some men are fond without any reason. The lover who can be the one gives you a brewer's cause of suspicion that he may afterwards prove the other.

Cl. Well, then, I think I may suspect you will one day or other prove the most jealous husband in the universe.

Gay. I'll suffer you to speak what you don't think of yourself, since you just now spoke what you don't think of me, at least, what if I was assured you did think of me, I should be the most miserable creature breathing.

Cl. Hum! that may be my case too, I am afraid.

[*Aside.*]

Gay. I hope my actions hitherto have convinced you of the contrary; but if they have not, I desire no greater happiness than to complete your conviction by an undeniable one; nor do I see any reason, if indifference be not on your side, why you any longer deny the opportunity of giving it you.

Cl. I see you have a mind to divert yourself.

Gay. Oh, Clarinda! Diversion is too poor a word for my desires, they aim at such a height of happiness, such transcendent joys, yet none but what this dear breast should be a partaker of.

Enter LADY RAFFLES and MRS. RAFFLES.

Lady R. Heyday! what, are you at romps, good people! I desire none of these games may be carried on in my house: if you have been bred up in the country to suffer these indecent familiarities, I desire you would leave 'em off now you are under my roof.

Gay. I hope, madam, I shall under no roof offer anything which this lady may not justifiably suffer.

Lady R. Give me leave, sir, to be judge what she ought to suffer. There's no good ever comes of romping and palming; I never gave my hand to any man without a glove, except Sir Simon.

Mrs. R. I wonder, Gaylove, how you can bear girls' company. Your visit is thrown away upon 'em, but all you creatures are so fond of green fruit.

Gay. So, I think she has given me my cue. [*Aside.*]

Cl. Lord, madam! I know some girls that are as good company as any women in England.

Mrs. R. Indeed, Mrs. Pert! are you attempting to show your wit?

Gay. She shows her bravery, madam, in attacking the very woman of her sex that has the most.

Mrs. R. I fancy, then, she has more bravery than you have, sir.

Gay. Gad, I am afraid so too.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. R. Fie, fie, that a man celebrated for his wit should put his wit to a girl!

Cl. I am no such girl, madam; I don't see why a man should not put his wit to a girl as well as to any one. As contemptuously as you speak of girls, I have known some girls that have wit enough to be too hard for most men.

Mrs. R. Upon my word, madam, you seem to come on finely; I don't know but you may be a very good match for him.

Lady R. Upon my word, if I mistake not, you come both very finely on—Well, the forwardness of some women!

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. R. Look ye, sir, I am too generous to insult a man who already appears to have been vanquished; but if you dare meet me another time this will give you instructions where I am to be found.

[*Aside. Giving him a letter.*]

Cl. I am astonished at her impudence!—I can't hear it. To take him away from me before my face!—I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he must be sure it would have pleased me.

Lady R. I desire the conversation may be more general—here's such whispering! Sister, I am surprised at you. This particularity with a young fellow is very indecent.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir S. Your servant, ladies, your very humble ser-

*ant. What, but one poor gentleman amongst you all? And he too of our own family, for I think he does us the honour of making this house his own.

Gay. I have indeed, sir, lately done myself that honour.

Sir S. Oh, sir, you are too obliging—you are too complaisant indeed—you misplace the obligation. We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with such entertainment as this poor house can afford—And I assure you you are very welcome to everything in it—everything.

Gay. Sir, I know not how to return this favour; but I assure you there is that in it that will make me the happiest of mankind.

Sir S. That's my wife, I suppose—I shall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil fellow if he does—for most of the rascals about this town take our wives without asking us.

Lady R. I hope, my dear, you are in a better humour than when you went out to-day.

Sir S. Oh, my dear, I am in a pure good humour: I am quite satisfied in my mind.

Enter Servant who whispers GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mr. Mondiah, say you?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Mrs. R. Mr. Gaylove, you sup here, I hope.

Gay. There's no fear, madam, of my falling so agreeable an engagement. *[Exit.]*

Sir S. Yes, my dear, I am so happy, so easy, so satisfied; the colonel himself does not go beyond me. I have not the least doubt or jealousy; and if I was to see you and your sister in two hackney-coaches with each a young fellow, I should think no more harm than I do now.

Lady R. Indeed, my dear, I shall never give you the trial.

Sir S. Indeed I believe thee, my dear, thou art too prudent.

Lady R. How happy shall I be if this change in your temper continue! But pray what has wrought it so suddenly?

Sir S. What satisfies every reasonable man—I am convinced I have found it out.

Lady R. What, my dear?

Sir S. Why, my dear, that I am a very honest, sober, fashionable gentleman, very fit to have a handsome wife, and to keep civil company. And that you are a very fine, fashionable, good-humoured lady, fit to be married to a good honest husband, and mighty proper for any company whatsoever.

Mrs. R. This begins to have an ill aspect.

Lady R. I don't understand you.

Sir S. Nor captain Spark neither, I dare swear.

Lady R. What do you tell me of captain Spark for?

Sir S. You don't know him, I warrant you.

Lady R. Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir S. Nay, it is but grateful in you not to deny your acquaintance with a gentleman who is so fond of owning an acquaintance with you.

Lady R. I hope I am acquainted with no gentleman who is ashamed of owning it.

Sir S. Look ye, madam, he has told me all that ever passed between you.

Lady R. Indeed! then he has a much better memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. R. Brother, this is some cursed suspicion of yours; she has no such acquaintance I am confident; if she had I must have known it.

Lady R. There is no occasion for your denying it, sister; I think captain Spark a very civil, well-behaved man, and I shall converse with him, in spite of any jealous husband in England.—Though I never saw this fellow in my life I am resolved

not to deny his acquaintance were I to be hanged for it.

Cla. If all persons have my opinion of him I think there is not more innocent company upon earth. *[Aside.]*

Sir S. Oh, oh, you are acquainted with him too! and I dare swear, if I had asked him, he has had you too.

Mrs. R. In short, sir Simon, you are a monster to abuse the best of wives thus! the town shall ring of you for it. *[my word for it.]*

Sir S. And Westminster-hall shall ring too, take

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Col. How now! What's the matter?

Mrs. R. The matter! the matter, my dear, is that sir Simon is a brute, and has abused my poor sister for her intimacy with a man whom she never saw.

Sir S. Nor you never saw neither! *[saved.]*

Mrs. R. Never to my knowledge, as I hope to be

Sir S. You never saw captain Spark?

Mrs. R. No, never.

Col. Who gives you authority to inquire, pray?

Sir S. The care of your honour, sir,—nay, don't look stern at me, sir, for we are both—

Col. What! what are we both?

Sir S. Captain Spark's very humble servants—a couple of useful persons which no fine gentleman should be without. *[know him?]*

Col. Who is this captain Spark, sister? I do you

Lady R. Look ye, brother, since you ask me, I will do that to satisfy you which he never should have extorted from me. Upon my honour I do

Mrs. R. Nor I, upon mine. *[not know him.]*

Col. Now are you not ashamed of yourself? Can you ever look the world in the face again if this were known in it? If you was not my own brother I should know how to deal with you for your suspicions of my wife. However, I insist on it you immediately ask her pardon, and, if you have any honour, you will do the same to your own.

Sir S. I ask their pardon!

Col. Ay, are you not fully convinced of being in the wrong? Have they not both solemnly attested that they know no such person?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies, captain Spark's below.

Sir S. Who? who? who? *[very eagerly.]*

Serv. Captain Spark.

Sir S. Tol, lol, lol! brother, your servant—

Ladies, your servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thousand pardons—Tol, lol, lol! I believe I am at this moment the merriest cuckold in the universe.

Cla. Pray, desire the captain to walk in.

Sir S. Now, brother, I am a jealous-pated fool; I suppose I am in the wrong—I am convicted—they don't know him. If a woman was to tell me the sun shone at noon-day, I would not believe it.

Col. Well, here's a gentleman come to wait upon my niece, and what of that?

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

Sir S. 'Tis he, 'tis he! tol, lol, lol!

Spark. Miss Clarinda, your most obedient servant. Ladies, your most humble servant.—Oh, sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

Sir S. No, I believe you did not. *[Aside.]*

Spark. If I had known you had been in town sooner, madam, I should have done myself the honour before. *[to the ladies.]*

Cla. And now perhaps this visit is not to me, but

Spark. Really, madam, these ladies I have not the honour to be acquainted with.

Col. Oh, your servant, brother, I ask your pardon—who is convicted now? *[seen you there.]*

Lady R. Unless at an auction, captain; I have

Spark. Madam, you do me too much honour; yes, madam, I have indeed had the happiness—though the devil take me if I know when or where.

Sir S. Oh, I thought they would know one another by and by.

Lady R. I think you laid out a great deal of money that morning, captain.—You bid for almost everything.

Spark. Yes, madam, I am a pretty good customer to 'em generally.—Either I have a damned short memory, or this lady wants a good one.

Mrs. R. I think, captain, I ought to be affronted you don't remember me too, for I was at the same place with my sister.

Spark. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. Your most obedient servant, madam. Harkee, sir, will you be so good as to tell me what these ladies' names are? for I have possibly forgot.

Sir S. I am surprised at that, sir; why, sir, that is my good lady—my lady Raffier, for your favours to whom I am very much obliged to you; and the other, sir, is Mrs. Raffier, wife to that gentleman, who is as much obliged to you for your civilities to her.

Spark. So, I'm in a fine way, faith!—Oh, curse on my lying tongue! If I get well out of this amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

Sir S. Look ye, sir; as for me, I'm an honest, sober citizen, and shall take my revenge another way; but my brother here is a fighting man, and will return your favour as fighting men generally do return favours, by cutting your throat. Harkee, brother; you don't deserve it of me, yet I must let you know that this gentleman assured me to-day that he had done you the favour with your wife.

Mrs. R. With me!

Col. What favour!

Sir S. The favour, the only favour which fine gentlemen do such sort of people as us; but he not dejected, brother, I am your fellow-sufferer; he has had my wife too; he confessed it to my face.

Spark. Not I, upon my soul, sir—a likely thing I should say that I had an amour with a woman that I never saw before to my knowledge!

Sir S. And have you the assurance to deny to my face—

Spark. I think, sir, your assurance is greater, to assert a thing to my face which I never said; I never named either of the ladies in my life.

Sir S. What, sir! did you not mention Mrs. Raffier's name?

Spark. Mrs. Raffier! Oh, then it is out—What a confusion had the mistake of a name like to have occasioned! Ladies, I am under the greatest concern that I should be even the innocent occasion of the least uneasiness to you. But I believe, sir, I shall end yours when I have put myself to the blush, by confessing that it was only a Dutch lady of pleasure, whom I knew in Amsterdam, that caused your jealousy.

Sir S. What! and did you not name my lady Raffier too?

Spark. Yes, sometimes she is called Mrs. Raffier, and sometimes my lady Raffier.

Col. An impudent jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have several names and titles.—Come, come, brother, all you have to do is to ask pardon of the gentleman and your wife and mine. Are not you ashamed to put all the company into this confusion, because there is a woman of the town who wears the same name with your own wife?

Sir S. A man has some reason for confusion, though, let me tell you, when a gentleman who does not know him tells him to his face that he has lain

with a woman, who wears the same name with his wife. And I think he may be excused if he thinks she wears the same clothes too. [should happen.]

Col. Sir, I am very sorry anything of this nature *Spark.* Oh, sir, things of this nature are so usual with me, I beg no apology.

Sir S. Please Heaven! I'll make a voyage to Holland, and search all the hawdy-houses in Amsterdam, but I will find out whether there be such a woman or no.

Col. Come, brother, ask the gentleman's pardon—I am ashamed of you.

Sir S. Well, sir! (I don't know how to do it) If I have injured you, I ask your pardon; and yet I can't help thinking still it was my lady Raffier you mentioned, and I believe you spoke truth too.

Spark. Sir, I can easily forgive you suspecting me to be the happiest person upon earth; if you have this lady's pardon, you have mine.

Sir S. What, is the rascal making love to her before my face? But I won't give him an opportunity of cutting my throat before her; for I would not willingly give her so much pleasure.

Col. I believe, madam, the captain will make a fourth at quadrille.

Spark. You honour me too much, madam; but if you will bear with a very bad player—

Lady R. Though I hate cards, I will play with him, if it be only to torment my husband.

Mrs. R. This is opportune enough—I will set 'em together, and shall soon get some one to hold my cards, while I go to a better appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the cards. [Exeunt.]

MANENT STR. SIMON and COL. RAFFIER.

Sir S. This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly! This is a rare country, and a rare age we live in, where a man is obliged to put his horns in his pocket, whether he will or no.

Col. Fie upon you, brother, fie upon you! For you, who have one of the most virtuous women in the world to your wife, to be thus tormenting yourself and her, your friends and every one, with those groundless suspicions, such unheard-of jealousies!

Sir S. Sir, you injure me if you call me jealous; I have not a grain of jealousy within me. I am not indeed so foolishly blind as you are.

Col. And you injure me if you think I am not jealous: I am all over jealousy; and if there was but the least occasion to show it—

Sir S. Occasion! why is not your wife at this very instant at cards with a young fellow?

Col. Well, sir, and is not your wife with her?

Sir S. So, against my will, I assure you. What, I suppose you are one of those wise men who think one woman is a guard upon another. Now, it is my opinion that a plurality of women only tend to the making a plurality of cuckolds. Thieves indeed discover one another, because the discoverer often saves his life by it; but women do not save their reputation after the same manner, and therefore every woman keeps her neighbour's secret in order to have her own kept.

Col. Pshaw, sir! I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other—I rely upon my wife's virtue.

Sir S. Why truly, sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

Col. How, sir! don't you think my wife virtuous?—Now, sir, to show you, to your confusion, what an excellent creature this is: I gave her leave once to go to a masquerade, and I followed her thither myself, where, though I knew her dress, I did not

find her,—and where do you think she was? where do you think this good creature was? but at supper in private with a poor female relation of hers, who keeps a milliner's shop at St. James's.

Sir S. O lud! O lud! O lud! And are you, brother, really wise enough to think she was there? Or if she was there, do you think she was alone with this poor female relation? who is a relation of mine too, I thank Heaven; and is, I dare swear, as useful a woman as any in the parish of St. James's.

Col. Brother, you are—

Sir S. What am I, brother?

Col. I can bear this no longer. You are—I need not tell you; you know what you are.

Sir S. And I know what you are too: you are a cuckold, and so am I, I dare swear, notwithstanding this evasion of the captain's. However, it shall not rest so. If I am what I think, I will make an ample discovery of it; though if I was to find them in one another's arms, the poor husband would always be found in the wrong.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—*Sir Simon's House.*—*Monday, Col. RAFFLER.*

Col. Ha, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful! And so the poor dog fell into the trap at once, and is absolutely persuaded my wife is fond of him.

Mon. That he is, I'll be answerable for him.

Col. How purely she'll use him! I would not be in his coat for a considerable sum; my only one is that she'll do him a mischief.—Lord! Lord! how far the vanity of young men will carry them! Methinks, too, he is not acting the handsomest part by me all this while: I think I ought to cut his throat seriously.

Mon. Oh, fie, colonel! I don't think of anything of that nature: you know we have drawn him into it; and really Mrs. Raffler is so fine a woman, that such a temptation is not easily resisted.

Col. That's true, that's true; she is a fine woman, a very fine woman; I am not a little vain of her.

Mon. And so chaste, so constant, and so virtuous a woman, colonel.

Col. They are blessings, indeed, very great blessings! I beg this thing may be kept a severe secret; for I should never be able to look her in the face again if she should discover it: she would never forgive me.

Mon. For my own sake, colonel, you may depend upon my keeping it a secret. [*Looks on his watch.*] Ay, it is now the hour of appointment, so if you will, we will go round the other way to the closet.

Col. With all my heart; I can't help hugging myself with the thought.

Mon. You will see more people hugged beside yourself, I believe. This is not the most generous action that I am about, but she has plucked my pride, and, whatever be the consequence, I am resolved to be revenged of her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another apartment in Sir Simon's house.* Enter *GAYLOVE.*

Gay. How happy would some men think themselves to have so agreeable an engagement upon their hands! But the deuce take me if I have any great stomach to it; and, considering I have another mistress in the house, I think it is bravely done. Yet I could not find in my heart to refuse the invitation. Well, what pleasure women find in denying I can't imagine; for the devil take me if ever I could deny a fine woman in my life. [*Enter Mrs. RAFFLER.*] Oh, here she comes; now hark me if I know what

to say. Whether shall I address her at a distance or boldly fall on at once? [*ment.*]

Mrs. R. So, sir, you are punctual to the appointment. *Gay.* Faith, madam, I have a strange oddity in my temper that inclines me to be extremely eager after happiness.

Mrs. R. If you had proposed any such happiness in my conversation, I believe you know you might have had it oftener.

Gay. You wrong me if you impute my fear of disobliging you to want of passion. By those dear eyes, by that dear hand, and all those thousand joys which you can bestow—

Mrs. R. Hold, sir, what do you mean? I am afraid you think otherwise of this assignation than it was meant.

Gay. I think nothing, but that I am the happiest of my sex, and you the most charming and heat-natured of yours.

Mrs. R. Come, sir, this is no way of showing your wit; I invited you to make a trial of that, which is seldom shown in compliments; those are foreign to our purpose.

Gay. I think so too, and therefore, without any further compliment, my dear lovely angel—

Mrs. R. Lud, what do you mean?

Gay. I mean, madam, to take immediate possession of all the raptures which this lovely person can give me.

Mrs. R. O heavens! you will not make any bad use of the confidence I have reposed in you; if you offer anything rude, I will never trust myself along with you again. [*unity.*]

Gay. Then I must make the best of this opportunity.

Mrs. R. I'll die before I'll consent; I'll—

Gay. I must trust to your good-nature.

LADY RAFFLER at the door.

Lady R. Sister, sister! what! have you locked yourself in?

Mrs. R. Let me go. Oh, my dear, is it you? I have ordered this vile lock to be mended—the bolt is so apt to fall down of its own accord.—Is your pool out?

Lady R. No, sister, no; I came to see what was the matter with you. I was afraid you was ill, that you left us. But I see you have company with you.

Mrs. R. I was just coming back to you, hut—

Gay. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio. I ask pardon for differing from you.—Oh, is your ladyship there? I pray, which opinion are you of?

Lady R. Don't apply to me, sir, I am no judge of pictures.

Gay. Most great connoisseurs are shy of owning their skill; but if your ladyship pleases to observe, there is not that boldness. There is, indeed, a great deal of the master—and I never saw more spirit in a copy. But, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original.—I hope your ladyship will excuse the freedom I take.

Lady R. My sister will excuse your freedom, and that is all as well. [*card-table.*]

Mrs. R. Come, my dear, will you return to the *Lady R.* I wish this gentleman—would be so kind to hold my cards a few minutes; I have a word or two to speak with you.

Gay. You will have a bad deputy, madam, but I will do the best I can. [*Exit.*]

Lady R. Sister, I am ashamed of you, to be locked up alone with a young fellow.

Mrs. R. Lord, child, can I help it if the bolt falls down of its own accord?

Lady R. But you was not looking at pictures before I came into the room; I saw you closer together

—I saw you in his arms, and heard you cry out:—this I'll swear.

Mrs. R. Well, and can I help this? I own he was a little frolicsome, and offered to kiss me—that's all.

Lady R. All—monstrous! that's all! if an odious fellow was to offer to kiss me I'd tear his eyes out.

Mrs. R. Yes, and so would I, if it was an odious fellow. {thing, and the least breath sullies it.

Lady R. The honour of a woman is a very nice

Mrs. R. So it seems, indeed, if he be to be hurt by a kiss. {venture to take more.

Lady R. The man to whom you give that will know, when he does venture to take more.

Lady R. I don't like jesting with serious things.

Mrs. R. What, is a kiss a serious thing, then? now, on my conscience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe, my dear, you are very confident I could do nothing contrary to the rules of honour; but I hate being solicitous about trifles.

Lady R. Sister, it behoves a garrison to take care of its out-works: for my part I am resolved to stand buff at the first entrance; nor will I ever give an inch of ground to an assailant. And let me tell you that the woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass will never defend the last.

Mrs. R. Well, well, good, dear, military sister, pray defend yourself, and do not come to my assistance till you are called. I thank heaven I have no such governor as yours. I should fancy myself besieged indeed, had I a continual alarm ringing in my ears. I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so. It is a complaisance I owe to his opinion; but you may value yourself upon your virtue as much as you please; Sir Simon every day tells you you have none; and how can she be a good wife who is continually giving the lie to her husband? {think so serious!

Lady R. Why will you thus rally on a subject!

Mrs. R. And why will you be so serious on a subject I think so ridiculous—but if you don't like my railery let us go back to our cards, and that will stop both our mouths.

Lady R. I wish any odious fellow durst kiss me!

{Exeunt.

Enter COL. RAFFLER, MONDISH.

Col. Now, Mr. Mondish, now; what think you now? am not I the happiest man in the world in a wife?

Mon. Ay, faith are you; so happy, that was I possessed of the same talent for happiness I would marry to-morrow.

Col. Why, why don't you? you will have just such a wife as mine, to be sure; oh, they are very plenty—ay, ay, very plenty: you can't miss of just such another: they grow in every garden about town.

Mon. I believe they grow in most houses about town.

Col. Oh—ay, ay, ay,—here was one here just now; my lady Raffler is just such another, a damn'd, infamous, suspicious prude, every whit as bad as her husband. If you had not held me, Mondish, I am afraid I could scarce have kept my hands off from her. But hold, hold; there is one thing which shall go down in my pocket-book—"I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so." Then thou shalt be virtuous till doomsday, my sweet angel. Here is a woman for you, who puts her virtue into her husband's keeping.—Oh, Mondish! if that lady Raffler had not come in—

Mon. Ay, if she had not come in, colonel—

Col. She would have handled him—we should have seen him handled—we should have seen handling; Mondish, we should have seen handling.

Mon. Indeed I believe we should. Dence take the interruption! {Aside.

Col. But what an age do we live in though, sincerely, Mr. Mondish! why, we shall have our wives ravished shortly in the middle of the streets; an impudent, saucy rascal! and when she told him that she would cry out—

Mon. That he should not believe her.—But then her art, colonel, in giving in to his evasion about the pictures. Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden forgiveness—something so nobly serene in her resolving herself so soon from a most abandoned fright into a perfect tranquillity.

Col. Ay, now, that is your highest sort of virtue, —that is as high as virtue can go.

Mon. Why should not calm virtue be admired in a woman as well as calm courage in a general, colonel! Your lady is a perfect heroine: she laid about her most furiously during the attack,—but the moment the foe retired became all gentle and mild again.

Col. But come, as all things are safe, we will go, my dear Mondish, and drink my wife's health in one bottle of Burgundy. Ah, she's an excellent woman!

{Exeunt.

Enter SIR SIMON with a letter.

Sir S. Here it is—the plot is so well laid now, that, unless fortune conspire with a thousand devils against me, I shall discover myself to be a rank cuckold. Have I not watched her with as much care as ever miser did his gold? and yet I am, I am, an arrant, downright—a—as any little sneaking courtier or subaltern officer in the kingdom; and what an unhappy rascal am I, that have not been able to find it out—not to convict her fairly in ten long years' marriage! If I could but discover it, it were some satisfaction. Well, this letter will I send to captain Spark—no hand was ever better counterfeited: if he had seen never so many quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any difference. If after all this I should not discover her, I must be the most miserable dog that ever wore horns. {Exit.

Enter LADY RAFFLER and CLARINDA.

Lady R. I tell you, niece, you have suffered too great freedoms from Mr. Gaylove; I can't bear those monstrous indecorums which the young women of this age give into: the first time a woman's hand should be touched is in the church.

Cl. Lud, madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my hand.

Lady R. Yes, madam, but I can. Besides, I think I caught you in one another's arms. I hope you conceive some harm in that.

Cl. I can confide in Mr. Gaylove's honour, and if his passion hurried him—

Lady R. His passion! what passion! he has never declared any honourable passion for you to your uncle.

Cl. No, I should have hated him if he had.

Lady R. Give me leave to tell you, miss, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his circumstances were found convenient, sir Simon would have mentioned it to you; and so it would have come properly. A woman of any prudence and decency gives her consent to her relations, not to her husband. For it should be still supposed that you endure matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you would not appear to have any fondness for a fellow.

Cl. I hope I should have fondness for a fellow I would make a husband of.

Lady R. Child, you shock me! 'sir Simon!

Cl. Why, pray, madam, had you no fondness for Lady R. No, I defy the world to say it.

Cla. How came you to marry him then?

Lady R. Out of obedience to my father: he thought it a proper match.

Cla. And ought not a woman to be fond of a man after she is married to him?

Lady R. No, she ought to have friendship and esteem, but no fondness; it is a nauseous word, and I detest it. A woman must have vile inclinations before she can bring herself to think of it.

Cla. Now, I am resolved never to marry any man whom I have not these vile inclinations for.

Lady R. O, monstrous!

Cla. Whom I do not love to such distraction as to place my whole happiness in pleasing him, to which I would give my thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that power I should become indifferent to everything else.

Lady R. Infamous! I desire you would prepare to return into the country immediately. For I will not live in the house with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the man you have placed this violent affection on is a villain, and has designs on your aunt.

Cla. What, on your ladyship?

Lady R. On me! on me! I wish I could see the man that dared—I thank Heaven, the awe of my virtue has still protected me.

Cla. I ask your pardon, madam; on the good colonel's lady then.—That there have been designs between them, I am not ignorant, though I am not quite so confident they are on his side; and to say the truth, my aunt is an agreeable woman, and I don't expect a man of his years to be proof against all temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I—lud, whom am I defending? I know not—somebody—who is it that your ladyship means? for I am sure I should not know him by the marks you set on him.

Lady R. Oh! madam, you seem to want no marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his name, 'tis Gaylove.

Cla. Mr. Gaylove!

Lady R. Mr. Gaylove! yes, Mr. Gaylove—I'll repeat it to you to oblige you.

Cla. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Lady R. That you know best—I believe he is, or will be, to you, what he should not be.

Cla. If I had any affection for him, I should neither be afraid of his designs upon me, nor jealous of his designs on any other.

Lady R. Look ye, child, you may deary your affection for him, if you please; nay, I commend you for it. It is an affection you may well be ashamed of.

Cla. According to your ladyship's opinion, we ought to be ashamed of all affection—but really, if one might be indulged in any, I think Mr. Gaylove might keep it in countenance as well as another.

Lady R. It is easy enough to keep you in countenance, you don't seem to be easily put out of it. [Gaylove laughs within.] Oh, that's his laugh—He's coming, I am sure—I'll get out of the way. Niece, I would have you prepare yourself for returning into the country. If you will ruin yourself, I'll not be witness to it—nor will I ever live in the house with a woman that can own herself capable of being fond of a fellow.

Cla. Then let me go as soon as I will, I find I am not likely to lose much good company.

Enter CAPT. SPARK, GAYLOVE, MRS. RAFFLER.

Spark. No, that's too much, Gaylove, too much—I hope you don't believe him, madam,—prithce—lung it! this is past a jest.

Mrs. R. Upon my word, I think so, especially with regard to the reputation of the ladies.

Spark. Yes, madam, that's it. Upon their account, methinks, he should forbear. Deuce take me, you will force me to be serious.

Gay. Nay, prithce don't affect concealing what is publicly known. Miss Clarinda here shall be my evidence whether at his last quarters he was not talked of for the whole place.

Cla. He was an universal contagion; not one woman escaped.

Mrs. R. This is a conviction, captain.

Spark. Gaylove, this is your doing now—all might have been a secret in town, but for you—country towns, madam, are censorious; I don't deny, indeed, but that they had some reason; but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed—and yet perhaps it was my own fault that I had not all.

Mrs. R. I think it is too hard, indeed, to insist on

Gay. Well, but confess now, how many? [all]

Spark. Well, then, I will confess two dozen.

Lady R. and Mrs. R. Two dozen! [fellow.]

Gay. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest

Mrs. R. He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroyed by the men as a monopoliser.

Cla. No, I think the men are obliged to him, for he has found out more beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Spark. Pray, let's turn the discourse.

Gay. I am trifling with this fool, when I might employ my time better. Miss Clarinda, you know you was interrupted to-day. You promised me the first opportunity.

Cla. I am a strict observer of a promise. Aunt, you are not fond of music; I won't invite you to so dull an entertainment.

Mrs. R. I think I am in a humour to hear it—at least I am not in a humour to leave you alone together. [Exeunt.]

Enter Servant with a letter, whispers SPARK.

Spark. Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an eye.—What's here! a woman's hand, by Jupiter!—some damned milliner's dun or other,—though I think it will pass for an assignation well enough with the ladies that are just gone—Ha! Raffer! "Sir—As sir Simon will be abroad this evening, I shall have an opportunity of seeing you alone"—hum!—"If you please, therefore, it shall be in the dining-room at nine—there is a couch will hold us both." The devil there is—"The company will be all assembled in the parlour, and you will be very safe with your humble servant, MARY RAFFLER." Poo! pox, what shall I do? I would not give a farthing for her—Ha! can't I contrive to be surprised together! That ridiculous dog, Mondish, sups here—If I could but convince him of this amour, he will believe all I ever told him. Now if he could but see this letter some way without my showing it him—Fgad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good luck here he is.

Enter MONISH.

Mon. So, I have made one man extremely happy—the colonel is most nobly intoxicated with wine and his wife. This bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too. Now if I could but find my dear inconstant alone—Ha, Spark! what the devil art thou dodging after here? In quest of some amour or other, I know thee to be—

Spark. What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damned incredulous fellow, and think'st every woman virtuous that puts a grave face upon the matter. Now, George, take my word for it, every woman in England is to be had.

Mon. What, hast thou had them all then, that I must take thy word for it? [laughter.]

Spark. Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with *Mon.* Then I must leave you to die by yourself.

Spark. Nay, but dear George—harkce, hark stay. [Draws MONNIE over the letter.]

Mon. I am in haste—besides, I keep you from some intrigue or other.

Spark. I might perhaps have visited my lady Loller—hnt damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tired of her—besides, I have a mind to stay with you. [with you.]

Mon. But I positively neither can nor will stay

Spark. The devil is in it if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you: so your servant. [Exit.]

Mon. A letter dropped! To captain Spark—The .ogus counterfeits a woman's hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her hand so exactly, without having seen letters from her—Why then may not this be from her? Is she not a woman, a prude!—the devil can say no more.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mondiah, your servant, where have you bestowed yourself this afternoon?

Mon. Where I fancy I fared better than you—I have been entertained with Burgundy and the colonel, while you have been loitering with sir Simon and the ladies.

Gay. Faith, I am afraid thou art in the right on't; for, to say truth, I grew weary of their company, and have left the gallant Mr. Spark to entertain them.

Mon. Well, what success in your amour?

Gay. Oh, success that would make humility vain—success that has made me think thy happiness not so extraordinary; in a word, had not my lady Raffer come in and raised the siege, I believe I should have been able, before now, to have given thee a pretty good account of the citadel. Pox take all virtuous women for me!—they are of no other use but to spoil others' sport.

Mon. Yes, faith! such virtuous women as her ladyship will sometimes condescend to make sport as well as spoil it. There, read that, and then give me thy opinion if thou think'st there is one such woman in the world as thou hast mentioned.

Gay. To captain Spark—sir Simon—ahround this evening—in the dining-room—couch will hold us both. Ha! ha!—the captain improves—safe with your humble servant—Mary Raffer. Well said, my little spark! now, from this moment, shall I have a very great opinion of thee: thou art a genius—a hero—to forge a letter from a woman, and drop it in her own house. There is more impudence thrown away on this fellow than would have made six court pages, and as many attorneys. He is an errant walking contagion on women's reputations, and was sent into the world as a judgment on the sex.

Mon. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own hand!

Gay. By all that is not infamous, I would scarce have believed my own eyes had they seen her write it!

Mon. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the colonel. What, I suppose you have heard her rail against wicked women, and declaim in praise of chastity. Does a good sermon from the pulpit persuade thee that a parson is a saint? or a charge from the bench that the judge is incorrupt? If thou wilt believe in professions, thou wilt find scarce one fool that is not wise, one rogue that is not honest, one courtier that is not fit to make a friend, or one whore that is not fit to make a wife.

Gay. But common sense would preserve her from

an affair with a fellow who, she is sure, will publish it to the whole world.

Mon. I am not sure of that: perhaps she does not know his character, or if she does she may think herself safe in the world's knowing it; besides, if he is beliered in the bragging of his amours, I know no man breathing so likely to dehauch the whole sex,—for amours increase with a man of pleasure as money does with a man of business; and women we most ready to trust their reputations, as we our cash, with him that has most business.

Gay. It is most natural to suppose he best understands his business. But still this letter of lady Raffer's staggers me.

Mon. Arc you so concerned for her reputation?

Gay. Hum! I should at least wish well to a family I intend to take a wife out of.

Mon. A wife out of?

Gay. Why, are you surprised? did I not tell you this morning I had a mistress in the house?

Mon. Yes; but they are two things, I think. Heaven forbid we should be obliged to take a wife out of every house in this town wherein we have had a mistress.

Gay. You, I think, George, take good care to make that impossible, by making mistresses of other men's wives.

Mon. Why, it is my opinion that in our commerce with the other sex it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making mistresses of other men's wives or wives of other men's mistresses; so I choose the former. But when am I to wish you joy, friend? Methinks I long to see thee wedded—I am as impatient on thy behalf as if I was principally concerned myself.

Gay. I see thou art planting the battery of railing, so I shall run off before you can hit me. [Exit.]

Mon. We shall be able to hit your wife I hope, and that will do as well. Here's another friend's wife will shortly want to be provided for; if my friends marry so fast, I shall be obliged to be deficient in a very main point of friendship, and leave them their wives on their own hands. I think my suspicions relating to Mrs. Raffer are now fully cleared up on his side, and fully fixed on hers.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

Your most humble servant, madam! he is hnt just Mrs. R. Who gone? [goue.]

Mrs. M. Mr. Gaylove.

Mrs. R. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Mon. Nothing—he is a very good judge of pic-

Mrs. R. Ha!—what do you mean? [tures.]

Mon. Nothing.

Mrs. R. I will know.

Mon. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you; and I hope shortly your knowledge will be as comprehensive in another branch of your favourite science.

Mrs. R. I don't understand you.

Mon. "I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carracel; for if you please to observe, there is not that boldness; there is, indeed, a great deal of the master, and I never saw more spirit in a copy: hnt, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original!"

Mrs. R. I believe the colonel bought it as an original. [knew no more than one instance of it.]

Mon. The colonel may be deceived—I wish I Mrs. R. Gaylove must be a villain, and have discovered me. [Aside.]

Mon. It may be, perhaps, some people's interest to wish all persons as easily deceived as the colonel; what pity 'tis a gallant should not be as blind as a blind-

Mrs. R. Mr. Mondish, I will not bear this: it would be foolish to dissemble understanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me. I will be no slave to your jealousy, for, if I have more gallants, be assured I will have but one husband.

Mon. Spoken so bravely, that I am at least in love with your spirit still: and to convince you I have that affection and no other, deal sincerely with me, and I will be so far from troubling you any longer with my own passion that I will assist you in the pursuit of another.

Mrs. R. Then, to deal sincerely with you;—lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

Mon. Ay, come, struggle a little—a woman must undergo some trouble to be delivered of truth.

Mrs. R. Then, to deal sincerely with you, I am in love with another.

Mon. With Gaylove—I'll assist you—out with it!

Mrs. R. Well, ay, perhaps; but now I must insist on truth from you—how came you to suspect him?

Mon. I'll tell you some other time.

Mrs. R. Resolve me this only—was it he?

Mon. No, upon my honour.

Mrs. R. Then it must have been my sister!

Mon. Hal!

Mrs. R. Nay, don't hesitate: it is vain to deny it.

Mon. I do not deny it.

Mrs. R. Now may the united curses of age, disease, ugliness, vain desire, and infamy overtake her!

Mon. It works rarely.

Mrs. R. Revenge, revenge! Mr. Mondish, my reputation is in your hands. I know you to be a man of honour, and am easy; but to have it in the power of a woman must be an eternal rack. We know one another too well to be easy when we are in one another's power—against her tongue there is no safeguard.

Mon. Yes, one.

Mrs. R. What!

Mon. To have her reputation in your power.

Mrs. R. That is impossible to hope. She will take care of her reputation, for it is on that alone she supports her pride, her malice, her ill-nature: these have raised her a train of watchful enemies that would catch her at the first trip—but she has neither warmth nor generosity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well: she will keep her virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual plague to her husband.

Mon. Well, whatever difficulty there be in the attempt, I have resolution enough under your conduct to begin. Perhaps I am of an opinion which you may excuse, that no woman's virtue is proof against the attacks of a resolute lover.

Mrs. R. But her fear, her self-love, her coldness, and her vanity may.

Mon. I can give you more substantial reasons for our hope than you imagine; but may I depend upon your assistance?

Mrs. R. If I fail you, may my husband be jealous of me, or may I lose the power or inclination to give him cause!

Mon. That's ugly, generously said; and now, methinks, you and I appear like a man and wife to each other—at least, it would be better for the world if they all acted as wise a part; and, instead of lying, and whining, and canting with virtue and constancy, instead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying passion with jealousies and upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one breast to be happy in another.

Lends them abroad, and teaches them to roam,
For what no longer they can find at home.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A chamber.—Enter SIR SIMON and COL. RAFFLER.

Sir S. I desire but this trial; if I do not convince you I have reason for my jealousy, I will be contented all my life after to wear my horns in my pocket, and be as happy and submissive a husband as any within the sound of Bow-bell.

Col. A good reasonable penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy husband of a virtuous wife.

Sir S. And perhaps penalty enough too, if it was so; a virtuous wife may have it in her power to play very odd tricks with her husband. A virtuous woman may contradict him, may tease him, may expose him, nay, ruin him; and such virtuous wives as some people have may cuckold him into the bargain.

Col. Well, on condition that, if your suspicions be found to be groundless, you never presume to suspect her or my wife hereafter, but suffer them peaceably to enjoy their innocent freedoms; and, on condition that you give me leave to laugh at you one whole hour, I am content to do what you desire.

Sir S. Ay, anything if my suspicions be found true, brother.

Col. Why then, brother, you will find yourself to be a cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty hours if you will.

Sir S. I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. Faith! brother, you are a very unhappy fellow, faith; you are.

Sir S. Why so, pray!

Col. To marry a wife that you have not been able to find any fault in in ten years' time. If you had good luck in your choice you might have been a cuckold in half the time—you might indeed.

Sir S. Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. But suppose, brother, it should be as you say; suppose you should find out what you have a desire to find; don't you think you are entirely indebted to yourself?

Sir S. I don't understand you.

Col. Why, to your own suspicions. Can a wife give so good a reason for going astray as the suspicions of her husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own wife has told me she could not have answered for herself with a suspicious husband.

Sir S. But it wants now a little more than a quarter of eight; so pray away to the closet; we shall have the rascal before his time else, and be disappointed.

Col. So I find you suspect the amount to be but of a short date.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LADY RAFFLER and MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady R. Lud, sister, you are grown as great a plague to me as my husband. I know not whether he teases me more for doing what I should not than you for doing what I should.

Mrs. R. A woman never acts as she should but when she acts against her husband. He is a prince who is ever endeavouring to grow absolute, and it should be our constant endeavour to restrain him. You are a member of the commonwealth of women, and when you give way to your husband you betray the liberty of your sex.

Lady R. You are always for turning everything into ridicule: but I am not that poor-spirited creature you would represent me; nor did I ever give way to my husband in any one thing in my life, contrary to my own opinion. I would not have you

think I do not resent his suspicions of me, and I defy you to say I ever submitted to any method of quieting 'em. All that I am solicitous about is, not to give the world an opportunity of suspecting me.

Mrs. R. But, as the world is a witness of his suspecting you, were I in your case, I should think my honour engaged to let the world be witness of my revenge.

Lady R. Then the world would condemn me, as it now does him. Had I a mind to be as ludicrous as you, I might tell you that a woman who parts with her virtue makes her husband absolute, and betrays the liberty of her sex. Sister, sister, believe me, it is the power of one honest woman to be a greater plague to her husband than all the vile vicious creatures upon earth.

Mrs. R. Give me your hand, my dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main point—that is, enmity to a husband. I proceed now to the second point, which every good woman ought to consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving gallant.

Lady R. That is a subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

Mrs. R. I hope we shall, my dear; that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

Lady R. I desire we may never discourse more on this head; for I shall be inclined to say things which you will not like; and, as I fear they will be of no service to you, I desire to avoid it.

Mrs. R. Oh, yes, they will be of great service to me; they will make me laugh immoderately. Come, confess honestly—I know you suspect me with Gaylove.

Lady R. If you put me to it, I cannot call your conduct unquestionable. If I should suspect, it would not be without reason.

Mrs. R. Nay, if you allow reason, I have reason to suspect you with not half so pretty a fellow.

Lady R. Me! I defy you; pure virtue will confront suspicion.

Mrs. R. Pure virtue seems to have a pretty good front indeed. Let us try the cause fairly between us; you found me and a young fellow alone together; and very comical things may happen, I own, between a man and a woman alone together. But when a lady sends an assignation to a gentleman to meet her in the dark on a couch, then, if nothing comical happens to pure virtue, they must be a comical couple indeed.

Lady R. You are such a laughing, giggling creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. R. Read that; and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at. Now I shall see how far a prude can carry it. Not one blush yet! I find blushing is one of the things which pure virtue can't do.

Lady R. I am amazed and confounded! Whers had you this?

Mrs. R. From a very good friend of yours, in whose hands your reputation will be safer than in the captain's, where you placed it.

Lady R. What, do you then believe—

Mrs. R. Nothing but my own eyes. You will not deny it is your own hand?

Lady R. Some devil has counterfeited it. I beseech you tell me how you came by it.

Mrs. R. Mondish gave it me.

Lady R. Then he writ it.

Mrs. R. Nay, the captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely person to have counterfeited it. But it is well done, and sure whoever did it must have seen your writing.

Lady R. I'll search all the depths of hell but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a guard upon every

look, word, and action of my life! for this shunned even speaking to any woman in public of the least doubtful character! for this been all my life the forwarder to censure the imprudence of others! have I defended my reputation in the face of the sun, to have it thus undermined in the dark!

Mrs. R. Most women's reputations are undermined in the dark. You see, child, how foolish it is to take so much care about what is so easily lost; at least, I hope, you will learn to take care of no one's reputation but your own.

Lady R. It wants but little of the appointed hour; sister, will you go with me?

Mrs. R. Oh! no; two to one will not be fair.—If you had appointed him to have brought his second indeed—

Lady R. I see you are incorrigible; but I will go find my niece, or my brother, or sir Simon himself. I will raise the world, and the dead, and the devil, but I will find out the bottom of this affair. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. R. Hugh! what a terrible combustion is pure virtue in! Now will I convey myself, if possible, into the closet, and be an humble spectator of the battle. Well, a virtuous wife is a most precious jewel; but if all jewels were as easily counterfeited, he would be an egregious ass who would venture to lay out his money in them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Another room in Sir Simon's house.—

Enter Sir Simon, in women's clothes.

Sir S. My evidence is posted, the colonel is in the closet, and can overhear all. The time of appointment draws near. I am strangely pleased with my stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my wife's voice as well as I have her hand, I may defy him to discover me, for there is not a glimpse of light. I am as much delighted as any young whoremaster can be in expectation of meeting another man's wife. And yet I am afraid I shall not discover myself to be what I fear, neither; and if I should not I will bang myself incontinently. Oh! thou damned couch! thou art not ten years old, and yet what cuckoldom hast thou been witness of! I will be revenged on thee; for I will burn thee this evening in triumph, please Heaven!—Hush, hush! here he comes. *[Lies on a couch.]*

Enter Mondish.

Mon. This is the field of battle. If I know anything of the captain, he will not be in haste; and if she comes here before him I think she will not have the impudence to deny any favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as bell! let a prude alone for contriving a proper place for an assignation. Poor sir Simon—faith! thou hast more cause for thy jealousy than I imagined.

Sir S. Ay, or than I imagined either. I am over head and ears in it—I am the arrantest cuckold in town. *[Aside.]*

Mon. 'Sdeath! I shall never be able to find this couch out—sure it need to be somewhere hereabouts. It has been the scene of my happiness too often for me to forget it.

Sir S. Oh! it has! Oh! thou damned villain! I wish thou could'st feel torments, that I might be an age in burning thee. *[Aside.]*

Mon. Ha! I hear a door open—it is a woman's tread. I know the dear, dear trip of a soft foot.

Enter Mrs. Rattler, who falls into Mondish's arms.

Mrs. R. In the name of goodness who are you?

Mon. An evil spirit. I find you are used to meet them in the dark, by your readiness in speaking to 'em.

Mrs. R. Mr. Mondish!

Sir S. Here will be rare caterwauling. [*Aside.*]

Mon. What do you do here?

Mrs. R. Trouble not yourself about that, I will not spoil your sport.

Mon. But tell me, have you seen your sister?

Mrs. R. Yes.

Mon. Well, and bow?

Mrs. R. Oh, she raves like a princess in a tragedy, and swears that some devil has contrived it.

Mon. Then she persists in her innocence?

Mrs. R. Yes, and will after conviction—nay, even after execution.

Mon. A very hardened criminal indeed! But pray what is your opinion of my success?

Mrs. R. Oh! thou wicked seducer! It would be hard indeed that I should think you not able to succeed, after such a one as you have described the captain to be, when you prevailed on my innocent heart, and triumphed over what I imagined an impregnable fortress.

Mon. And was I really thy first seducer?

Mrs. R. By heavens! the only one that ever has yet injured my husband.

Sir S. What do I hear?

Mon. Why do I not still enjoy that happiness singly! What have I done to forfeit one grain of your esteem?

Mrs. R. To your fresh game, sportsman; and I wish you a good chase.

Mon. Whither are you going?

Mrs. R. Concern not yourself with me; your new mistress will soon be with you. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. This is better than my hopes! This is killing two birds with one stone. My brother will be rewarded for the pains he takes on my account—Ha! there's a light—I think I shall be secure behind the couch.

Enter LADY RAFFLER with a candle.

Lady R. I think there is some plot laid against me; the whole family are run out of the house. But virtue will protect her adherents. Ha! who's that!

Mon. Be not startled, madam; it is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

Lady R. I know not that, sir; I shall always think I have just reason to fear one who lurks privately about in dark corners. Persons who have no ill design never seek hiding-places; but, however, you are the person I desired to meet.

Mon. That would make me happy indeed!

Lady R. Whence, sir, had you that letter which you this day gave my sister, and which was signed with my name?

Mon. The letter, madam!

Lady R. Yes, sir, the letter! with that odious assiguation which I detest the apprehension of. My reputation shall be cleared, and I will know the author of this infamous forgery, whatever be the consequence.

Mon. Be mistress of yourself, madam, and he assured nothing in my power shall be ever left undone to vindicate your reputation or detect any calumny against it. The letter was dropped by the person to whom it was directed, dropped on purpose that I should take it up; which I did, and delivered it to your sister. Indeed, I even then suspected it a forgery. I thought I knew my lady Raffer too well to fear her capable of placing her affections unworthily.

Lady R. And you know no more?

Mon. I do not, upon my honour.

Lady R. Well, sir, whatever care you shall take of my reputation, sir Simon shall thank you for it.

Mon. Alas! madam, could I have any merit in

such a service, I should hope to have another reward than the very last person on whom I would confer an obligation.

Lady R. How, sir?

Mon. I ask pardon, madam; I know how tender the subject is to your ears; yet I hope the excess of tenderness which I have for you will plead—

Lady R. Tenderness for me? [*Angrily.*]

Mon. For your reputation, madam.

[*She looks pleased.*]

Lady R. That, I think, I may suffer.

Mon. Pardon me, madam, if that tenderness which I have for—your reputation, madam, will not permit me to be easy while I see it lavished on a man so worthless, so ungrateful, so insensible. And yet, madam, can even you, the best, the most reserved of wives, can you deny but that his jealousy is plain to you and to the whole world? Could he show more had he married one of the wanton coquets who encourage every man who addresses 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their iures for men who do not! Had he married one of these, nay, had he married a common avowed prostitute—

Lady R. Hold, you shock me.

Mon. And I shall shock myself. But the wounds must be laid open to be cured.

Lady R. What can I do?

Mon. Hate him.

Lady R. That, I think, virtue will allow me to do.

Mon. Justice commands you to do it: nay, more, it commands you to revenge—you ought for example sake. Pardon me, madam, if the love I have for you—I should rather say if the friendship I have contracted for your virtue—carries me too far: but I will undertake to prove that it is not only meritorious to fulfil his suspicions, but it would be criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it; the virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your virtue he injures; that demands a justification—that obliges you to—

Lady R. To hate him, to despise him: that a virtuous woman may do.

Mon. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous woman.

Lady R. Virtue is her greatest jewel.

Mon. Oh, 'tis a nice and tender thing—it will not bear suspicion; she would be a poor creature indeed who could bear to have her virtue suspected without revenge.

Lady R. What can she do?

Mon. Everything: part with it.

Lady R. Ha!

Mon. Not from her heart—I hope you don't think I mean that; but true virtue is no more concerned in punishing a husband than true mercy in punishing a criminal.

Lady R. But I have the comfort to think he is sufficiently punished in the torments of his own mind. Oh, I should be the most miserable creature alive if I could but even suspect he had an easy moment. Mr. Mondish, it would be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are so intimate in the family, my knowledge of his base, unjust suspicions; nor would I have you think me so poor-spirited a wretch not to hate and despise him for them. How unjust they are the whole world can evidence, for no woman upon earth could be more delicate in her conduct. Therefore, for Heaven's sake, assist me in the discovery of this letter.

Mon. I could not, I am sure, suspect you of so indiscreet a passion, though your hand is excellently forged.

Lady R. It must be by some one who has seen it. sure it could not be my sister!

Mon. Was it not sir Simon himself?

Lady R. Ha! it cannot be; he could not be such a villain. [give him.]

Mon. If he were, I think you ought not to for-

Lady R. Could I but prove it—

Mon. If I prove it for you, what shall be my reward? [good.]

Lady R. The greatest—the consciousness of doing

Mon. What good shall I do in discovering the criminal, unless you will punish him!

Lady R. I will do all in my power to punish him, and to reward you.

Mon. Your power is infinite, as is almost the happiness I now taste. O my fair injured creature, hadst thou been the lot of one who had truly known the value of virtue— [Kissing her hand.]

Lady R. Let me go; if you would preserve my good opinion of you—if you have a regard for me, show it in immediately vindicating my reputation.

Mon. I'll find out sir Simon; if he be the forger, I shall get it out of him. One earnest more. [Kissing her hand.]

Lady R. Away! we shall be overseen, and then I shall hate you for ever. [Exit.]

Sir S. Heaven he praised, they are parted this time. I was afraid it would have come to action. Why, if a husband had a hundred thousand eyes, he would have use for them all. A wife is a garrison without walls: while we are running to the defence of one quarter, she is taken at another. But what a rogue is this fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his friend, but has the impudence to insist on it as a meritorious action! The dog would persuade her that virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a number of ways are there by which a man may be made a cuckold! One goes to work with his purse, and buys my wife; a second brings his title—he is a lord forsooth, and has a patent to cuckold all mankind. A third shows a garter, a fourth a riband, a fifth a laced coat. One rascal has a smooth face, another a smooth tongue, another makes smooth verses; this sings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her ambition, another to her avarice, another to her vanity, another to her folly; this tickles her eyes, that her ears, another—in short, all her five senses and five thousand follies have their addressers. And that she may be safe on no side, here's a rascal comes and applies himself to the very thing that should defend her, and tries to make a bawd of her very virtue. He has the impudence to tell her that she can't be a woman of virtue without cuckolding her husband.—Hark! I hear a noise!—The captain, I suppose, or somebody else after my wife.

Enter CAPT. SPARK.

Spark. I am sure Mondish took up the letter, and it is now a full quarter of an hour after the time appointed. I know him so well that I could lay a wager he is listening somewhere hereshouts. Madam, madam! [Tread softly for Heaven's sake.]

Sir S. That is the rascal's voice—Is it you, captain?

Spark. Yes, and I wish I may tread surely too; for it is as dark as hell. Where are you, madam?

Sir S. Here sir, here on the couch.

Spark. Quite punctual to the place of assignation, I find. Where the devil can Mondish be! [Aside.] There, madam, there; I am safe now, I thank you. I don't know, madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind note your ladyship was so good as to

Sir S. O lord! sir. [send me.]

Spark. I assure you, madam, I think myself the happiest of mankind. I am, madam, upon my honour, so in my own opinion. Pray, madam, was not your ladyship at the last ridotto?

Sir S. No, sir.—I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [Aside.]

Spark. I think you are a great lover of country-dancing.

Sir S. Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing else to entertain one.

Spark. Very true, madam; quadrille is very much before it, in my opinion.

Sir S. You and I have seen better entertainments than that before now.

Spark. Oh, yes, yes, madam—I am very fond of the entertainments at the new house. I never go there for anything else. Pray, which is your ladyship's favourite? Most ladies are fond of Perseus and Andromeda.—What the devil is become of Mondish! [Aside.] But I think the operas are so far beyond all those things—Do you go to the drawing-room to-night, lady Raffles? [I have done.]

Sir S. I hope to pass my time better with you, as

Spark. I should be proud to make one of a party at quadrille; but, upon my honour, I am the most unfortunate person in the world, for I am engaged.

Sir S. Engaged!

Spark. I know what you think now—If one does but name an engagement, to be sure—I protest, one would think there was but one sort of engagement in the world—and I don't know how it comes to my share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some affairs in my life; that I don't deny; that I believe every one knows—and therefore I am not obliged to deny—

Sir S. But you was not obliged to confess it to sir Simon to-day.

Spark. Yes, ha! ha! The mistake of a name had like to have occasioned some confusion; I am heartily sorry for it, upon my word.

Sir S. And was it not me that you meant?

Spark. You are pleased to rally. You know it was impossible I should confess what never happened.

Sir S. What, did nothing ever pass between us?

Spark. Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble servant, or I shall begin to suspect there is some likeness of mine happier than myself. For your ladyship and sister were both pleased to mention something about an auction; and I never care to contradict a lady. Upon my soul, compliments aside, I never had the honour to see your face till this afternoon! [this afternoon!]

Sir S. How, how! did you never see my wife till

Spark. Your wife? [what I say.]

Sir S. Lord! I'm delirious I think; I know not

Spark. I hope you are not subject to fits: I shall be frightened out of my senses. For Heaven's sake let me call somebody—Lights! lights there! help! help!

Sir S. Hush! consider my reputation.

Spark. You had better lose your reputation than your life. Lights! lights! help there! my lady faints.

Sir S. What shall I do?

Spark. Will nobody hear! Help! help!

Enter MONDISH and LADY RAFFLES, with a light.

Lady R. What's the matter here?

Spark. For Heaven's sake bring some lights hither, somebody! my poor lady Raffles is fallen into a fit.

Mon. My lady Raffles!

Lady R. What can this mean?

Spark. Ha! hless me, madam, are you there? then who the devil is this?

Mon. Sir Simon!

Spark. Why, there's no masquerade to-night.

Sir S. It has happened just as I feared. There's some damned planet which attends all husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [Aside.]

Lady R. Münster! how have you the assurance to look in my injured face!

Mon. Death and hell! I hope he did not overhear what passed between me and his wife. [*Aside.*]

Sir S. What injury have I done you, my dear?

Lady R. Can you ask it! Have you not laid a plot against my reputation! Have you not counterfeited my hand! Did you not write this letter! look at it.

Sir S. No, my dear, no.

Lady R. How came it sealed then with this seal, which was only in your possession! Oh, I have no name bad enough.

Mon. Come, come, sir Simon, confess all; it is the only amends you can make your lady.

Sir S. Oh, sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny—

Enter COL. RAFFLER.

Col. Ay, indeed will it, for I will be evidence against you. Why, sure, you would not attempt to hold out any longer. If she forgives you, you have the most merciful as well as the most virtuous wife in the world. Come, come; in the first place ask your wife's pardon for having ever suspected her; for having counterfeited an assignation from her, and being the occasion of the confusion which she is at present in. In the second place, ask this gentleman's pardon for having ever suspected him. In the next place—

Sir S. Hold, bold, brother! not so fast. I own myself in the wrong! and, sir, I ask your pardon—I do with all my heart.

Spark. That is sufficient: though I don't know [your offence.]

Sir S. And, my dear, I ask your pardon; I am convinced of your virtue, I am indeed.

Lady R. But what amends can you make me for your wicked jealousy! Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very name, even the very thought of wantonness, to have had my name traduced! What devil could tempt you to write an assignation in my name to this gentleman!

Spark. Ha! [who writ to you, ha, ha!]

Mon. Even so, faith! Captain, this was the lady *Spark.* How, sir!

Col. Nay, sir, don't put on your angry face, good brother soldier; I do not perceive your expectations have been at all disappointed, and my brother seemed as proper to carry on the amour with you, as his wife; for in the method you proceeded, you would scarce ever have found out the difference.

Spark. I don't understand—

Mon. Nay, nay, no passion; here is nothing but railery, no harm meant.

Spark. Is not there! Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. Why, what a ridiculous figure do you make here—ha, ha, ha! You know I am to have my fill of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir S. Nay, nay, I have more reason to laugh than you; for if I am convinced of my wife's virtue, I think you may be convinced—

Col. Of what! Come, I'll bring up my *corps de reserve*, and put all your suspicions to flight at once. Come forth, my dear, come forth, and with the brightness of thy virtue dispel those clouds that would eclipse it.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

I desire you would throw yourself at this gentleman's feet, and give him a thousand thanks for the hand he has had in your affair.

Sir S. He would have had a hand in my affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably obliged to him, indeed.

Col. Yes, sir, that you are—for he knew you were

listening, sir. And all that love which you overheard him make to your wife, sir, was intended to convince you of her virtue, sir: it was a plot laid between my wife and him. Was it not, my dear.

Mrs. R. Yes, indeed was it.

Mon. Though I am afraid this lady will find some difficulty to forgive me, I am obliged to own the truth.

Lady R. I can pardon anything where the intention was good; though I confess I do not like such jests.

Col. Come, come, you shall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you shall thank him for them. And, then, sir, you shall ask my pardon.

Sir S. For what!

Col. Why, for being the occasion of my wife's imagining me as jealous-pated a fool as yourself; for you must know, sir, that she imagined that I was in the closet with the same design with which you disguised yourself in that pretty masquerade habit. Perhaps, though, you did not guess that she knew I was in the closet all the time.

Sir S. No, upon my word.

Col. Oh! you did not!—But that she did happen to know, sir; and so did this gentleman too. Mr. Mondish, you are a wag to put your friend into a sweat; but it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

Sir S. And so do I too, for having given me warning to keep my wife out of your clutches.

[*Aside.*]
Mon. Gentlemen, your humble servant. If I have served my friends, the action carries its reward with it. [*To Mrs. R. aside.*] Excellent creature! I am now more in love with your wit than I ever was with your beauty.

Sir S. And are you really, brother, wise enough to believe such a notable story as this! and are you thoroughly convinced!

Col. Why, are not you convinced!

Sir S. Yes, brother, I am.

Col. Oh! it is well.

Sir S. That you are an arrant English cuckold, and our friend an arrant rascal!

[*Aside.*]
Enter GAYLOVE and CLARINDA.

Gay. Your servant, good people!

Lady R. Oh! niece, where have you been, pray!

Cl. Nay, that I'll give you a twelvemonth to guess.

Lady R. Indeed, miss, it would have become you better to have told us before you went.

Gay. The resolution was too sudden, madam; we scarce knew ourselves till we put it in execution: but your niece, madam, has been in very good company, for we have been at the opera.

Lady R. You do well, madam, to make good use of your time; for, please Heaven, you shall go into the country next week. [gentleman's leave for.]

Cl. That, madam, you and I both must ask this *Gay.* Upon my word, madam, I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and shall take care henceforward she shall require no leave but her own for any of her actions. To-morrow, madam, she has promised to make me the happiest of men, in calling her mine for ever. [no worse an end.]

Lady R. I am glad her indiscretion is come to *Sir S.* But methinks, sir, as my niece is under my protection, you should have asked my consent. For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no—I am sure I do not much care to have you in the family. [*Aside.*]

Col. Indeed, sir, but you shall give it him, and so shall your lady, and so shall my wife, and so will I. Mr. Gaylove, I think the family is much honoured

by your alliance. Adod! the girl is happy in her choice.

Gay. I am infinitely obliged to your good opinion, *[Colonel.]*
Mon. Be not dismayed; this will only put back your affair a little, you must only stand out the first game of the pool, that's all.

Cof. Come, come, gentlemen and ladies, I hear the bell ring to supper; let us go all down stairs and be as merry as—as wit and good-humour can make us. I can't help saying my blood ran a little cold at one time, but I now defy appearances, and am convinced that jealousy is the foolishlest thing in the world, and that it is not in the power of mankind to hurt me with my wife.

Sir S. That captain's likeness sticks still in my stomach: if I was sure there was nothing in that, I think I should be a little easy; but that is not to be hoped. I am convinced now that I am a cuckold, and shall never find it out.

Mon. Sir Simon, here, shall be the merriest of us all. Believe me, knight, if it be the last day of your jealousy, it is the first of your happiness.

You husbands grow from these examples wise,
 View your wives' conduct still with partial eyes.
 If your opinions err, they better stray
 In the good colonel's than Sir Simon's way.
 At ease still sleeps the credulous husband's head;
 Style of his wife, within himself he's blest;
 The jealous their own miseries create,
 And make themselves the very thing they hate.

ÉPILOGUE. SPOKEN BY MRS. HERRON.

The play being done, according to our laws,
 I come to plead with you our author's cause.
 As for our smart gallants, I know they'll say,
 "Damn him! There's one sad character in a play
 What! on a couch, alone, and in the dark!
 Ladies, there's no such fellow as this SPARK.
 What can he mean in such an age as this is,
 When scarce a beast but keeps a brace of missus?
 They keep! why, gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
 So do our sweet Italian snavers too.
 What can one think of all the beaux in town,
 When with the ladies such gallants go down?
 Th' Italian dames, should this report grow common,
 Will surely pity us poor English women.
 By the vast sums we pay them for their strains,
 They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in brains.
 But should they hear their fingers burn gallants,
 Beaux, faith! they'll think brains not your only wants
 Now for the wits—but they so nice are grown,
 French only with their palates will go down,
 French plays applause have, like French dishes, got,
 Only because you understand them not.
 Happy old England, in those glorious days,
 When good plain English food and sense could please,
 When men were dress'd like men, nor curl'd their hair
 Instead of charming, to out-charm the fair.
 They knew by manly means soft hearts to move,
 Nor ask'd an enunch's voice to melt their nymphs to love.
 Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that age:
 Do you assid the satire of the stage;
 Teach foreign mimicry by a generous scorn.
 You're not ashamed of being Heltons born.
 Make it to your eternal honour known
 That men must bear your frowns whenever shown,
 That they prefer all countries to their own.

PASQUIN; A DRAMATIC SATIRE ON THE TIMES:

BEING

THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS: VIZ,

A COMEDY CALLED THE ELECTION, AND

A TRAGEDY CALLED THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COMMON SENSE.

FIRST ACTED IN APRIL, 1734.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Tragedy, Fustian* (authors), Mr. ROBERTS, Mr. LACY; *Secretwell* (a critic), Mr. MACKEY; several Players and Prompter.—*Persons in the Comedy: Lord Place, Colonel Promise, Sir Henry Fox-Chance, Squire Tankard* (candidates), Mrs. CHARRIS, Mr. FREEMAN, Mr. TUPHAM, Mr. SMITH; *Nogey, Mr. JONES; Aldermen, Voters, &c.; Mrs. Mayoresse, Mrs. EGGERTON; Miss Mayoresse, Miss J. JONES; Miss Stitch, Miss BROADSH; Servants, Mob, &c.*—*Persons in the Tragedy: Queen Common Sense, Mrs. EGGERTON; Queen Ignorance, Mr. SPRENGELMAN; Firebrand* (Priest of the Sun), Mr. ROBERTS; *Law, Mr. YATES; Physic, Mr. JONES; Ghost of Tragedy, Mr. FULLER; Ghost of Comedy, Mr. JONES; Third Ghost, Mr. WALLIS; Harlequin, Mr. FULLER; Officer, Mr. FULLER; Messenger, Mr. WALLIS; Drummer, Mr. LOWELL; Attendants on Ignorance; Maids of Honour, &c.*—SCENE. THE PLAY-HOUSE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*Enter several Players.*

1 *Play.* When does the rehearsal begin?

2 *Play.* I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning, for the author was arrested as he was going home from Klug's coffee-house; and, as I heard it was for upward of four pound, I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1 *Play.* Where's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

Wom. P. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths out together. I think it is very hard a woman of

my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I'll advertise against her. I'll let the town know how I am injured.

1 *Play.* Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets; upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long. I hope you are all quite perfect, for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard-cough he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1 *Play.* I wish you could cut the ghost out, sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damned if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, sir! He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

Prompt. Then, sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the person is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

Fust. Then he shall be carried, for no man in England can act a ghost like him. Sir, he was born a ghost—he was made for the part—and the part writ for him.

Prompt. Well, sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too. If it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have; but if ever such stuff, such damned, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go through three acts—Oh! he's here.

Enter TRAPWIT.

Dear Mr. Trapwit! your most humble servant, sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is: if it runs as long as it deserves you will engross the whole season to yourself.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But pray, sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2 Play. Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*

Fust. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

Trap. Excuse me, sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost, being ill, sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risk the life of my ghost on any account.

Trap. You are in the right on't, sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

Fust. Ay, sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are now-a-days too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter Player for the Prologue.

Come, sir, make a very low how to the audience; and show as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE.

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
Or, as a dancing master in a jig,
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
Or as a quack prescribes you different pills;
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down;
So does our author, rummaging his brain,
By various methods try to entertain;
Hinges a strange group of characters before you,
And shows you here at once both Whig and Tory;
Or court and country party you may call 'em;
But without fear and favour he will ma'nt 'em.
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

Trap. Oh! dear sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief: To you, then, mighty sages of the pit—

Prod. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit.
Our author humbly does his cause submit.
He tries to please—oh! take it not amiss:
And though it should be dull, oh! do not hiss;
Laugh, if you can—if you cannot laugh, weep;
When you can wake no longer—fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! very well, sir! You have affected me, I am sure. [*them.*

Fust. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for *Trap.* Oh, sir, you're too good-natured; but, sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserved it for my next play—a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

Prompt. Yes, sir, but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

Trap. Mr. Fustian you'll observe I do not begin this play, like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for, to tell you the truth, sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play. No, sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity. It is written, sir, in the exact and true spirit of Molière; and this I will say for it, that, except about a dozen, or a score, or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene: Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

Mayor and Aldermen discovered.

Fust. Pray, sir, who are these characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, sir?

Trap. Yes, sir, as yet; for you must know, sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

May. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my lord Place and colonel Promise; the country candidates are sir Henry Fox-chace and squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could choose them all four.

1 Ald. But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render them not liable to be bribed.

Fust. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbiassed in his principles as you represented him.

Trap. Fugh, sir! you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

May. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives an hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay.

[*Shaking their heads.*

May. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging,

and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1 Ald. Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth o'it; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

May. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas, if we choose my lord and the colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum! here are my lord and the colonel.

Enter LORD PLACE and COL. PROMISE.

Place. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

May. Your lordship and the colonel do us great honour; pray, my lord, be pleased to sit down; pray, colonel, be pleased to sit. More wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

Trap. Dear sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

Place. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation!

Fust. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and, if you please, will pledge his lordship:—success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. [*Drinks.*]

Trap. Give me a glass—sir, here's to your tragedy. Now, pray, no more interruption; for this scene is our continual joke, and if you open your lips in it you will break the thread of the jest.

May. My lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation, and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect o'it.

Place. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my slavery.

Trap. You, Mr., that act my lord, bribe a little more openly, if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play. [*table.*]

Place. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the

Trap. Then get it up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now, you gentlemen that act the mayor and aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my lord and the colonel, come to our end and bribe away with right and left.

Fust. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Yes, sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

Fust. But, methinks, colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

Trap. You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, sir, I before told you this is none of your plays wherein much is said and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

Omn. Yes, sir.

Trap. Then, my lord and the colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too. [*Exeunt PLACE and PROMISE.*]

Fust. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall show you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify his matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds, the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now,

sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call sir Harry and the squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise.

Fust. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough. I warrant you. [*Aside.*]

May. Come, here's a round to my lord and the colonel's health; a Place and a Promise, I say; they may talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiler squeeze by the hand in my life.

Trap. Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well; but show the gold at these words, sir, if you please.

May. I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

Fust. Ha, ba, ba! upon my word the courtiers have topped their part; the actor has outdone the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

Trap. Come, enter sir Harry and the squire. Where are they?

1 Play. Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1 Play. Yes, sir, and here's his answer.

Trap. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1 Play. Sir, I like the part so well that I have studied it in the hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir H. Halloo, hark forwards; hark, honest Neil, good-morrow to you; bow dost, master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily this morning? Come, come, sit down; the squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr. Mayor, here's—liberty and property and no excise.

May. Sir Harry, your health. [*drink no excise!*]

Sir H. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you

May. I don't love party healths, sir Harry.

All Ald. No, no; no party healths, no party healths.

Sir H. Say ye so, gentlemen! I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt I perceive; and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from you yourselves? Do you think a man who will give a bribe won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully, and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon submit an evidence at an assize as a vote at an election.

May. I do believe you, sir Harry.

Sir H. Mr. Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

May. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them that I have forgot the taste.

Sir H. We'll try to revive it—I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

May. You will surfeit us with venison: you will indeed; for it is a dry meat, sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir H. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town. Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable; you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more great coats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife; she likes the pattern so extremely she is resolved to hang her rooms with it: pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr. Timber, and you, Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too.

Fust. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Go on, go on, sir.

Sir H. That gentleman interrupts one so.—Oh, now I remember.—Mr. Timber, and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern critics, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when, if they would but stay till the joke came—

Fust. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. *[Aside.]*

Sir H. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

Sir H. For you, &c.—Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

May. And do you intend to rebuild your house, sir Harry?

Sir H. Positively.

May. Gentlemen, methinks sir Harry's toast stands still; will nobody drink liberty and property, and no excise? *[They all drink and huzza.]*

Sir H. Give me thy hand, mayor; I hate bribery and corruption; if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

May. And he that will deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

Trap. Do you take that joke, sir?

Fust. No, faith, sir.

Trap. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience who has no conscience at all?

1 Ald. Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox-chase and a Tankard!

Omes. A Fox-chase and a Tankard! huzza!

Sir H. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

May. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries Of liberty, and property, and no excise.

[Exeunt Mayor and Aldermen.]

Trap. How do you like that couplet, sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, sir!

Trap. This is the end of the first act, sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed squire Tankard to colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet uttered one syllable.

Trap. Why you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

Fust. Methinks, sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay* or a *no*.

Trap. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant, I am answered; but pray, sir, what is the action of this play?

Trap. The action, sir?

Fust. Yes sir, the fable, the design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married? Why, sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main design to which every

Trap. Yes, sir, *[thing conduces?]*

Fust. Faith, sir, I can't for the soul of me see

how what has hitherto passed can conduce at all to that end.

Trap. You can't! Indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole plot of my play; and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the bans of marriage between all the couples in their play in the first act? No, sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which everything conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised. But what's become of all our players?—Here, who begins the second act!—Prompter!

Enter 1st Player.

1 Play. Sir, the prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the green-room.

Trap. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1 Play. Sir, I dare not go into the green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pshaw! come along; your sister has merit enough for herself and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, Prompter, LORD PLACE, Mrs. and Miss Mayoress.*

Trap. I am afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my lord, come, begin. *[This lace cost a-yard!]*

Place. Pray, Mrs. Mayoress, what do you think

Fust. A very pretty beginning of polite conversation, truly.

Trap. Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature, nor is there anything said in this scene that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is called. *[than ten pounds a-yard.]*

Mrs. M. Indeed, my lord, I cannot guess it at less

Place. Pray, madam, was you at the last ridotto?

Fust. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trapwit!

Trap. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, sir, this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allowed to know something of the town; for you must know, sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. M. Oh, my lord! mention not those dear ridottos to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment but a set of hideous strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature till your lordship came to town. Heaven send us a controverted election! then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

Miss M. Yes, mamma, and then we shall see Furbelly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the playhouses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

Fust. By miss's taste I believe she has been bred up a woman of quality too.

Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, madam, the polite taste miss shows in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired

in the beau monde, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

Miss M. Keeping, my lord!

Place. Ay, that surprise looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, miss, every one now keeps and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

Mrs. M. My lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality who shall introduce her to 'em!

Place. That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won must be put into the box, which you must call *paying for the cards*; though it is indeed paying for your candles, your clothes, your lodgings, and, in short, everything you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

Mrs. M. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness!

Fust. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things!

Trap. 'Gad, that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into—a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

Place. Indeed, madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of; if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality who don't want money.

Fust. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, sir, you are so troublesome. Then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turned away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, sir! Go on, go on.

Place. Alack-a-day, madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanic trade, such as the canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such as gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

Trap. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [Enter a Servant.] Pray, sir, mind your cue of entrance. [Exit Servant.]

Place. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company. I am your most obedient servant. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss M. But must I go into keeping, mamma!

Mrs. M. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

Miss M. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. M. That can't be if your betters do it; people are punished for doing naughty things, but people of quality are never punished; therefore they never do any naughty things. [Inter.]

Fust. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear sir! don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing,

what signifies who says it!—Come, enter the mayor drunk.

Enter Mayor.

May. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

Mrs. M. Ab! filthy beast, come not near me.

May. But I will though; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

Mrs. M. Indeed, but you shall, sir.

Miss M. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking Tory, papa.

May. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

Miss M. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

May. No, nor I am't for a standing army.

Mrs. M. But I am for a standing army, sir; a standing army is a good thing; you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties—you are afraid of your wives and daughters; I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

May. The women don't, I believe.

Mrs. M. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be considered, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals—Ab! I wish we women were to choose. [then, indeed.]

May. Ay, we should have a fine set of members

Mrs. M. Yes, sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen—there should not be one man in the house of commons without a laced coat.

Miss M. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a laced coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a laced coat. [you say!]

May. What's that you say, minx!

Mrs. M. What's that to you, sir!

[daughter!]

May. Why, madam, must not I speak to my own

Mrs. M. You have the greater obligation to me, sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavoured to ruin your family, I would have seen you hanged before you should have had any

May. I ruin my family! [by me.]

Mrs. M. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

Miss M. You shall accept on't.

Mrs. M. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

Miss M. They are the finest men—

Mrs. M. The prettiest men—

Miss M. The sweetest men—

Mrs. M. And you shall vote for them.

May. I won't be bribed.

Mrs. M. A place is no bribe—ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

May. What is the place!

Mrs. M. I don't know what the place is, nor my lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swinging place.

May. I will have the place first. I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first. [Exit.]

Mrs. M. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while polley they boast,

They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

Trap. There ends act the second. [Exeunt Mrs. and Miss Mayoress.] Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore, might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Cæsar in Egypt has done; thus, sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all, bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we

are all under petticoat-government; and my third will—but you shall see. Enter my lord Place, colonel Promise, and several voters. My lord, you begin the third act.

Enter LD. PLACE, COL. PROMISE, and several Voters.

Place. Gentlemen, be assured I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places. (at court!)

1 Voter. Could not your lordship provide for me?

Place. Nothing easier: what sort of a place would you like?

1 Voter. Is not there a sort of employment, sir, called—beef-eating?—If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater, I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2 Voter. My lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine clothes, and have something to do in the kitchen or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack. (laureat.)

Place. Sack, say you? Odsso, you shall be poet.

2 Voter. Poet! no, my lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses. (make odes.)

Place. No matter for that,—you'll be able to

2 Voter. Odes, my lord! what are those?

Place. Faith, sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

Trap. Now, my lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

Prom. Depend upon it, sir; I'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring an hundred courtesians into my play, they should all say it—none of them do it.

3 Voter. An't please your honour, I have read in a book called *Fog's Journal* that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, sir, I have served my time to a wax work-maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

Prom. Sir, you may depend on me.

3 Voter. Are your officers to be made of wax too, sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

Prom. No, none but the chaplain.

3 Voter. O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

Trap. You see, sir the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet. Hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you and your brother candidate come into the middle of the stage; you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. (The mob attempt to break in.) Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my lord, and the colonel, you are at the head of your parties—but hold, hold, hold! you beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

Place, and Prom. Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

(My lord and the colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.)

Enter mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump! No courtiers! No Jacobites! Down with the pope! No excise! A

Place and a Promise! A Foxehase and a Tankard! At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.

Enter SIR HARRY, SQUIRE TANKARD, and Mayor.

Sir H. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

May. Ay, sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gulled in that manner; I may be taken like a fish in the water, by a bait; but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow. (your country.)

Sir H. I know you are an honest man, and love May. Faith, that I do, sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire. (very suddenly.)

Fust. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober. Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary; pray, sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

Tank. (drunk.) A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

May. So he is, noble squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk—A man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir H. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damned French fashions were brought over. Why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hoghead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

May. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir H. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

May. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turned out, who shall succeed them?

Sir H. Who? why we!

Tank. Ay, we!

Sir H. And then we may provide for our friends. I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

Tank. Ay, and so will mine me: but if ever we should get uppermost, sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir H. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Tank. I'll have no delay in it, sir.

May. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the squire speak; he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir H. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

Tank. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

May. Come to the tavern then:—There, while brisk wine improves our conversation, We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

Trap. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* SIR HARRY, TANKARD, and Mayor.

Fust. Pray, sir, what's the moral of this act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side: I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over: now, sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remembered it.

Prompt. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, and Miss.

Enter Mayor, Mrs. and Miss Mayoress.

Mrs. M. O! have I found you at last, sir! I have been bunting for you this hour.

Moy. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner; I have been drinking to the good old cause with sir Harry and the squire: you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs. M. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns or country squires.

Miss M. My mamma will converse with no Jacobites.

Moy. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now. [at last]

Mrs. M. O ho! then you will vote for my lord

Moy. No, my dear; sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs. M. A place in his dog-kennel?

Moy. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my lord; I am to be made an ambassador.

Mrs. M. What, is sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

Moy. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and sir Harry is to be—I don't know what to call him, not I—some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man I am to be made an ambassador of.

Mrs. M. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me that a bird in the band is worth two in the bush?

Moy. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs. M. Look'ye, Mr. Ambassador that is to be; will you vote as I would have you or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so, sir, I tell you you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruined because you have whims.

Miss M. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

Mrs. M. What signifies what he is in his heart! have not a hundred, whom everybody knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with the lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks; I only desire him to vote. [woman]

Miss M. I am sure mamma is a very reasonable

Mrs. M. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others. [Goes to a corner of the stage and takes a stick.]

Moy. Nay, then, liberty and property, and no excise! [Rings off.]

Mrs. M. I'll excise you, you villain!

[Runs after him.]

Miss M. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now. Would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog!

Fust. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

Prompt. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so: where is this servant! [Enter Servant.] Why don't you mind your cue?

Serv. O, ay, dog's my cue. Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the tailor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss M. Show her in. What can the impertinent flirt want with me! She knows I hate her too for being of the other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter Miss STITCH.

Dear miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss S. I am sure, madam, you have no reason to say so; for, though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves. [Aside.]

Miss M. Pray, miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

Miss S. I don't know, my dear, for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employed all that time in reading one of the Craftsmen: 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

Miss M. [Aside.] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me when she knows that I hate the paper. [you never read it.]

Miss S. But I ask your pardon, my dear; I know

Miss M. No, madam, I have enough to do to read the "Daily Gazetteer." My father has six of 'em sent him every week for nothing; they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, miss. [writ by an old woman!]

Miss S. Fie upon you! how can you read what's

Miss M. An old woman, miss?

Miss S. Yes, miss, by Mrs. Osborne. Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss M. I desire, madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss S. Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously—are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

Miss M. Yes, madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

Miss S. I should like it well enough if I were sure the queen of Spain was to be trusted.

Miss M. [Rising.] Pray, miss, none of your insinuations against the queen of Spain.

Miss S. Don't be in a passion, madam.

Miss M. Yes, madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

Miss S. [Rising.] Perhaps, madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, madam, and that's more than you can say.

Miss M. Miss, miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the old woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expense; but I'd have you to know, miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

Miss S. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans!

ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me. Oh, heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan! I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

Miss M. Notwithstanding all you have said, madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity: comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel you shall have it.

Miss S. And can I sell my country for a fan? What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it. And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss M. I'll make you a free present of it.

Miss S. I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

Miss M. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who're bribed by honours trifling as a fan,

[*Exeunt Misses.*]

Trap. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you. Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of *The Fan*. But come, now for act the fifth.

Prompt. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stepped aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

Trap. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses meanwhile. [persons to talk of parties]

Fust. But don't you think these girls improper?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: and I have often heard these affairs canvassed by men who had not one whit more understanding than these girls. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, and SNEERWELL.*

Trap. Lie upon't, lie upon't! make no excuses.

Sneer. Consider, sir, I am my own enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have passed your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgressed much.

Trap. All's over, sir, all's over; you might as well have stayed away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

Sneer. What's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end; but we are so far advanced in it that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand anything of it.

Fust. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneerwell's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension: 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, sir: would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil! have not I promised you you should know all by and by? but you are so impatient!

Fust. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience. Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin. [members in their chairs]

Trap. I wish so too. Come, prompter! are the

Prompt. Yea, sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the stage: hnt, hold,

hold, hold! where is the woman to strew the flowers! [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Halloo, mob, halloo, halloo! Oons, Mr. Prompter! you must get more mob to halloo, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

Prompt. Sir, I can get no more mob; all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's-park to see the show. [men in the chairs]

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentle-

Trap. Ay, sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts you would have known who they were.

Fust. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you inquire into every absurdity you see we shall have no tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

May. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

Mrs. M. How have you lost both parties?

May. Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs. M. It will be your own fault then, sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my dear? Why there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. M. A fig for a majority of two or three score! if there had been a majority of as many hundred, you'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have returned 'em, you'll have done all in your power. How can you expect that great men should do anything to serve you if you stick at anything to serve them?

May. My conscience boggles at this thing—but yet it is impossible I should ever get anything by the other side.

Mrs. M. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get anything.

May. Truly, I think it has.

Sneer. I think, Mr. Trapwit, interest would be a better word there than conscience.

Trap. Ay, interest or conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs. M. Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidates' expense; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expense as he can in an honest way. [*Exit Mayor.*]

Enter Miss Mayoress, crying.

Miss M. Oh, mamma, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what would become of us! alas, we should not go to London!

Mrs. M. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel, and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

Miss M. Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had staid here I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.—Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs. M. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you, that you will not scruple going into keeping; perhaps, you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

Miss. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, sir! why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit!

Trap. No, sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap! [do.]

Sneer. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people *Enter LORD PLACE and COL. PROMISE.*

Place. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will walk on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

Mrs. M. No, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the colonel.

Place. To return us, madam!

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have returned you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Place. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs. M. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [Exit.]

Trap. How do you like that dram, sir!

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, sir, if it had not been for that dram my play had been at an end.

Fust. The devil take the dram with all my heart!

Trap. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and opened itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fall with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, miss, do you stand on the opposite.—There, now look at each other. [A long silence here.]

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again!

Trap. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penned by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

Prom. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the seal you show for it; me, it has made your stars for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

Miss M. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you!

Fust. What ill usage, Mr. Trapwit! For, if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill usage, sir! a great deal, sir.

Fust. When, sir! where, sir!

Trap. Why, behind the scenes, sir. What, would you have everything brought upon the stage! I intend to bring curs to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side. We

have many things both said and done in our comedies which might be better performed behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in oura practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, sir, as I know this bits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her. [have the scene.]

Sneer. Well said, my little Trap! but pray let us *Trap.* Go on, miss, if you please.

Miss M. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coquetting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

Trap. That single promise, sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one than married with the other. [in the right on't.]

Sneer. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art *Fust.* Go on, go on, dear sir, go on.

Prom. And can you be so generous, so great, so good! Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden! Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech! Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!
And when you spoke, then Parinelli sang!

Trap. Open your arms, miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now: how pretty this looks! don't it! [Mimicking her.] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire; do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[Exit Miss M. and Prom.]

Sneer. Are they gone to practice, now, Mr. Trapwit!

Trap. You're a joker, Mr. Sneerwell; you're a

Enter LORD PLACE, Mayor, and Mrs. Mayoress.

Place. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this return! and in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very soon.

Fust. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech. [or two.]

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two: sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play. Come, enter the colonel and Miss—married. [petitions.]

Sneer. Upon my word, they have been very ex-
Trap. Yes, sir; the parson understands his business, he has plied several years at the Fleet.

Enter COL. PROMISE and Miss Mayoress.

Prom. and Miss (kneeling). Sir, and madam, your *Mrs. M. and May.* Ha! [blessing.]

Prom. Your daughter, sir and madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs. M. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it! However, I give you both my blessing.

May. And so do I.

Place. Then call in my brother candidates; we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

Fust. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. What! why the marriage, sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Place. Well, colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night, If you are wrong, may set your judgments right; Nor, like our misses, about brawling quarrel, When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Musket FUST., TRAP., and SNEER.*]

Trap. Thus ends my play, sir.

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

Trap. Why, sir, do you think the colonel would ever have had her but on the prospect her father has from this election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer!

Trap. Ay, sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your epilogue?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, hnt—

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please. When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double-entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. Watt's and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and crammed it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons! I think we must get a pair of scales and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same. [if you please.]

Fust. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage.

Trap. With all my heart; for I have overstayed my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality. [hope]

Fust. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I

Trap. Faith, sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay—to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [Aside.]

Sneer. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go. Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian; besides, he has stayed the rehearsal of your play—

Fust. Yes, I have—and kept myself awake with much difficulty. [Aside.]

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you—though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [Aside.]

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well.—But prithee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? dost think it will do?

Fust. 'Tis my opinion it will.

Trap. Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. I love a hedge, sir.

Fust. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication; you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments which my soul abhors and

scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trap. [Reads.] "My Lord, at a time when nonsense, dullness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevailed on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it: nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleased to find one exception to the number."

"I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little merit from the applause which the town has so universally conferred upon me."

Fust. That you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason, I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

Trap. [Reads.] "I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character; but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent—only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it everything that is beautiful; your air is everything that is graceful, your look everything that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged; to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues—I could say more—"

Sneer. Faith, sir, that's more than I could.

Trap. "But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant."

Fust. There you see it, sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

Sneer. Prithee, Trapwit, let's see yours.

Trap. I have none, sir.

Fust. How, sir! no dedication!

Trap. No, sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

Fust. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that ead our trade is quite spoiled; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [To a Player.]

Play. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

Fust. This prologue was writ by a friend.

PROLOGUE.

When Death's sharp scythe has mow'd the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown;
She tells proud Fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live and strut about again;
Nor is the only able to restore.

But she can make what ne'er was made before;
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of Fate.

Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common Sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragic rage.

Britons, attend; and decent reverence show
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow,
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakspeare's time was worshipp'd here;

If none of these can her success please,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

Sneer. Faith, sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it was as big again for.

2d Player enters and whispers TRAPWIT.

2 Play. Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to *Trap.* Is she in a chair?

2 Play. No, sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt.

Trap. I'll come to her.—*Mr. Fustian*, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes.

Prompt. Common Sense, sir, desires to speak with *Fust.* I'll wait upon her. [you in the green-room.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her.

Exeunt FUS. and SNEER.

Enter a Dancer.

Danc. Look'e, *Mr. Prompter*, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under *Miss Minuet*; I am sure I show more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

Prompt. Madam, it is not my business.

Danc. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not used better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Prompt. Heyday! what's the matter?

[A noise within.

Enter Player.

Play. The author and *Common Sense* are quarrelling in the green-room.

Prompt. Nay, then, that's better worth seeing than anything in the play.

Danc. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us they might act their *Shakspeare* to empty benches.

ACT IV.—SCENE I. *Enter FUSTIAN and SNEERWELL.*

Fust. These little things, *Mr. Sneerwell*, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, sir, with the master of a playhouse to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts and rehearsed. Well, sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author, a second out of dislike to the house, a third out of dislike to the actor, a fourth out of dislike to the play, a fifth for the joke sake, a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse

him, friends give him up, the play is damned, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

Sneer. The tragedy rather, I think, *Mr. Fustian*. But what's become of *Trapwit*?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, *Prompter*, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Yes, sir, they are all ready; come, draw up the curtain.

FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSIC discovered.

Sneer. Pray, *Mr. Fustian*, who are these personages?

Fust. That in the middle, sir, is *Firebrand*, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents *Law*, and be on the left *Physic*.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars! *Fust.* What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

Prompt. Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin?

Fust. Now, sir, begin if you please. I desire, sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars! Oh Law! oh Physic! As last, even late, I offer'd sacred incense in the temple, The temple shook—strange prodigies appear'd; A cat in boots did dance a rigdoo, While a huge dog play'd on the violin; And whilst I trembling at the altar stood, Voices were heard 'th' air, and seem'd to say, "Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more—" They must mean something!—

Law. Certainly they must.

We have our omens too! The other day A mighty deluge swam into our hall, As if it meant to wash away the law: Lawyers were forced to ride on porters' shoulders: One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down, And he and all his briefs were sous'd together. Now, if I durst my sentiments declare, I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

Fireb. Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I You speak in safety, even though you speak Against the gods, provided that you speak Not against priests.

Law. What then can the powers Mean by these omens, hut to rouse us up From the lethargic sway of *Common Sense*? And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?

Phys. My lord of *Law*, you speak my sentiments; For though I wear the mask of loyalty, And outward show a reverence to the queen, Yet in my heart I bate her: yes, by heaven, She stops my proud ambition! keeps me dowa When I would soar upon an eagle's wing, And thence look down, and dose the world below.

Law. Thou know'st, my lord of *Physic*, I had Been privileged by custom immemorial, In tongues unknown, or rather none at all, My edicts to deliver through the land; When this proud queen, this *Common Sense*, My power, and made me understood by all.

Phys. My lord, there goes a rumour through the That you descended from a family Related to the queen; Reason is said T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

Law. Perhaps so; but we have raised ourselves so And shook this founder from us off so far, We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

Fireb. My lords of Law and Physic, I have heard
With perfect approbation all you've said;
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, through this mask.
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common Sense;
But this not for Ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun;
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common Sense it may be done.

Law. Propose the method.

Fireb. Here, survey this list.
In it you'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common Sense;
These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
Bot hnah! the queen approaches.

Enter QUEEN COMMON SENSE, attended by two
Majds of Honour.

Fust. What! but two majds of honour!

Prompt. Sir, a jew carried off the other, but I
shall be able to pick up some more against the play
is acted. (morning;

Q. C. S. My lord of Law, I sent for you this
I have a strange petition given to me.

Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attorneys now divide between them.

Law. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my lord! then better we
had none:

But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

Law. That may, perhaps, be some poor person's
Too mean to entertain your royal ear. (case,

Q. C. S. My lord, while I am queen I shall not
One man too mean or poor to be redress'd. (think
Moreover, lord, I am informed your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.

Fireb. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd,
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd;
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,

Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.

Q. C. S. The gods, indeed, have reason for their
anger.

And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome, r'iest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun yon worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an Officer.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your
looks!

Offic. Forgive me, madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.

Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My lords, you are concerned as well as we
To oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight.

Go, priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common Sense.

(Exit cum suis.

Fireb. They know their interest better;
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! lords,
This Queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now described in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle and most pious queen;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith if it falls short of that.

I'd be infallible; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common Sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my lords,
Each to his post. The rostrum I ascend;
My lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
And you, my good lord Physic, to the queen;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

Phys. Oh! my good lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the counsel I would give,
You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
But to my art and me a deadly foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the public court,
That Water Gruel is the best physician;
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
Or when we own the sway of Common Sense,
May we be forced to take our own prescriptions!

Fireb. My lord of Physic, I applaud thy spirit.
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceived;
To see this Common Sense thus tumbled down
By men whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

(Exit FUSTIAN, LAW, and PHYSIC.

Fust. Thus ends the first act, sir.

Sneer. This tragedy of yours, Mr. Fustian, I ob-
serve to be emblematical; do you think it will be
understood by the audience!

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience;
though I think the panegyric intended by it is very
plain and very reasonable.

Sneer. What panegyric!

Fust. On our clergy, sir, at least the best of them,
to show the difference between a beathen and a
christian priest. And, as I have touched only on
generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring
anything improper on the stage, which I would care-
fully avoid. (somewhat too general!

Sneer. But is not your satire on law and physic

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an
honest lawyer or a good physician; and such may
be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these
are the most general I cannot help that; as for the
professors themselves, I have no great reason to be
their friend, for they once joined in a particular

Sneer. Ay, how so!

Fust. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long
bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed!

Fust. Now, sir, for my second act; my tragedy
consists but of three. (tragedy.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as
I could keep Common Sense alive; ay, or even her
ghost. Come, begin the second act.

The scene draws and discovers QUEEN COMMON
SENSE asleep.

Sneer. Pray, sir, who's that upon the couch there!

Fust. I thought you had known 'er better, sir;
that's Common Sense asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on but what is necessary to the business of the play.—Nor I neither.—But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts is necessary to the business of the play.

Sneer. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

Fust. Why, sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpowered and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

[acquaintance with him.

Sneer. Upon my word, sir, I can't recollect any

Fust. I am surprised at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, sir; he has walked all the stages of London several years; but why are not you floured?—What the devil is become of the barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to Drury-lane playhouse to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

Fust. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark regions of the realms below
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common Sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend: [*Cock crows.*
But, ha! the cursed cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.

[*Ghost descends.*

Sneer. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfilled.

Fust. Where's the second ghost?

Sneer. I thought the cock had crowed.

Fust. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that.

[*2 Ghost rises.*

2 Ghost. Awake, great Common Sense, and sleep no more.

Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at; think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights;
Physicians cannot dose away their souls;
A courtier's promise will not be believed;
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.
A thousand newspapers cannot subsist
In which there is not any news at all.
Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name.
Shakspeare, and Jonson, Dryden, Lee, and Rowe,
Thou wilt not hear to yield to Sadler's Wells;
Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.
Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired
At a vast price, to be impertinent. [*3 Ghost rises.*

3 Ghost. Dear ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get

Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2 Ghost. Your humble servant then, I cannot stay. [*Ghost descends.*

Fust. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be but Comedy's? I thought, when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wanted no intimation: who this was. Come, Common Sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who's there?—

Enter Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wondrous thing?

Maid. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I overheard a ghost.

Maid. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportunely for here has been a dreadful apparition: [*tune,*

As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought

I saw a ghost. [*open.*

Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes

Fust. Why, you would not have Common Sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

Fireb. And if such toleration

Be suffer'd as at present you maintain,

Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.

Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers:

Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves,

And shall I then by torture force it on them?

Fireb. The sun will have it so.

Q. C. S. How do I know that?

Fireb. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?

Fireb. Ha! do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,

I will prove nothing. But my seal inspires me,

And I will tell you, madam, you yourself

Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun;

And all his priests have greatest cause to wish

You had been never born.

Q. C. S. Ha! sayst thou, priest?

Then know, I honour and adore the Sun!

And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,

I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;

But know, I never will adore a priest,

Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,

And makes a piek-lock of his piety

To steal away the liberty of mankind;

But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

Fireb. Madam, our power is not derived from you,

Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a hoar

From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:

Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd

The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Show me the instrument and let me read it. [*thrown*

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it, for, being into the sea, the water has so damaged it

That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't be-

Religion, law, and physic, were design'd [*lieve it*

By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;

But priests, and lawyers, and physicians, made

These general goods to each a private trade;

With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,

And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*

Fust. Law and Physic. Where's Law!

Enter PHYSIC.

Phys. Sir, Law, going without the playhouse passage, was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody else to rehearse the part. Fox take all warrants for me! if I had known this before I would have satisfied the law ten times more than I have.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*Enter FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, Prompter, FIREBRAND, LAW, PHYSIC.*

Fust. I am glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common Sense goes off the stage Law and Physic enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good lords of Physic and of Law, Had you been sooner here you would have heard The haughty queen of Common Sense throw out Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now To learn the hatred which she bears to me.

No more of that—for now the warlike queen Of Ignorance, attended with a train

Of foreigners, all foes to Common Sense, Arrives at Covent-garden; and we ought

To join her instantly with all our force.

At Temple-har some regiments parade; The colonels, Clifford, Thavies, and Furnival,

Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-lane, Attorneys all completely armed in brass:

These, hailiffs and their followers will join, With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

Phys. In Warwick-lane my powers expect me A hundred charjots with a chief in each, [now:

Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears

A feather'd dart that seldom errs in flight.

Next march a band of choice apothecaries,

Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment

Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,

All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My lords, you merit greatly of the queen,

And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;

For I foretell that by her influence

Men shall be brought (what scarce can be believed)

To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.

Success attend your glorious enterprise!

I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:

I, by my office, am from fight debar'd,

But I'll be with you ere the booty's shared.

[*Exit* FIREBRAND, LAW, and PHYSIC.]

Fust. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets

who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, sir, so crammed with drums and

trumpets, thunder and lightning, batties and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment

after it: it is as full of show as Merlin's cave itself; and for wit—no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous march is played.*

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, attended with Singers,

Fiddlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers, &c.]

Q. Ign. Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

I Att. Great madam, Covent-garden is its name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too

Too near those theatres where Common Sense [far,

Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;

Who, should they sally on us ere we're joined

By Law and Physic, may offend us much.

[*Drum beats within.*

But ha! what means this drum?

I Att. It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. To you, great queen of Ignorance, I come Ambassador from the two theatres;

Who both congratulate you on your arrival;

And to convince you with what hearty meaning

They sue for your alliance, they have sent

Their choicest treasure here as hostages,

To be detain'd till you are well convinced

They're not less foes to Common Sense than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought

A catalogue, and all therein shall be

Deliver'd to your order; but consider,

Oh mighty queen! they offer you their all;

And gladly for the least of these would give

Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] "A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a

last price. A strong man exceeding dear. Two dogs that

walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures

so well, they might be mistaken for them. A human creature

that personates a dog so well that he might almost be taken for

one. Two human cats. A most curious set of puppies. A

pair of pigmies. A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from

Sadler's-wells."

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible

That they can hold alliance with my friends

Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed

To Common Sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.

Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;

And take this play, and hid 'em forthwith act it;

There is not in it either head or tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.

The character you give would recommend it,

Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. Ign. The Modish Couple is its name; myself

Stood gossip to it, and I will support

This play against the town.

I Att. Madam, the queen

Of Common Sense advances with her powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my men, I'll meet her as I ought;

This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter QUEEN COMMON SENSE with a Drummer.

Fust. Hey-day! where's Common Sense's army?

Prompt. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and

could not get one soldier for her, except that poor

drummer, who was lately turned out of an Irish

regiment.

Drum. Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer

these twenty years, master, and have seen no

war yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my

trade before I died. [not in your part.

Fust. Hush, sirrah! don't you be witty; that is

Drum. I don't know what is in my part, sir; but

I desire to have something in it; for I have been

tired of doing nothing a great while.

Fust. Silence! [bring

Q. C. S. What is the reason, madam, that you

These hostile arms into my peaceful realm? [sion

Q. Ign. To ease your subjects from that dire oppres-

They groan beneath, which longer to support

Unable, they invited my redress. [wrong!

Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of

Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

Q. Ign. They say you do impose a tax of thought

Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Wouldst thou from thinking then absolve

mankind? [wretched;

Q. Ign. I would, for thinking only makes men

And happiness is still the lot of fools.

Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought

Still hurts his pride? in spite of all his art,

Maligns fortune, by a lucky train

Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
And set the greatest blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urgest thou that against me, which thyself
Has been the wicked cause of! Which thy power,
Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
Could Common Sense hear universal sway,
No fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this folly, which you try to paint
In colours so detestable and black!

Is't not the general gift of fate to men?
And though some few may boast superior sense,
Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?
In any science, if this sense peep forth,
Show men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,
Is not the general cry against them straight!

Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to
know a great deal.

Fust. Yes, sir, she knows what she has seen so
often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and
Common Sense can never beat it into her.

Q. Ign. Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox,
Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
Flies their society, and skulks in woods,
While the poor goose, in happiness and ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,
And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend;
Then yield thee, Common Sense, nor rashly dare
Try a vain combat with superior force. [cause]

Q. C. S. Know, queen, I never will give up the
Of all these followers: when at the head
Of all these heroes I resign my right,
May my cursed name be blotted from the earth!

Sneer. Methinks, Common Sense, though, ought
to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

Fust. It does indeed look a little odd at present;
but I'll get her an army strong enough against it's
acted. Come, go on.

Q. Ign. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head.
Draw all your swords.

Q. C. S. And, gentlemen, draw yours.

Q. Ign. Fall on; have at thy heart. [A fight.]

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

Fust. Oh, fie upon't, fie upon't! I never saw a
worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray,
gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

Sneer. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr.
Fustian; they care not which side they fight of.

Fust. Now, begin again, if you please, and fight
away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, gentle-
men. [They fight.] Oons, Mr. Prompter! I fancy
you hired these soldiers out of the trained bands—
they are afraid to fight even in jest. [They fight again.]
There, there—pretty well. I think, Mr. Sneerwell,
we have made a shift to make out a good sort of a
battle at last.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.

Fust. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish
this battle greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profess myself the greatest ad-
mirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagin-
ation can better conceive the idea of a battle from a
skilful relation of it than from such a representation;
for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a
vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several
thousands.

Fust. Oh; your humble servant! but if we write
to please you and half a dozen others, who will pay
the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will
be contented with a battle or two, instead of all
the rare-fine shows exhibited to them in what they
call entertainments—

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the
name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

Fust. Faith, sir, out of their peculiar modesty;
intimating that after the audience had been tired
with the dull works of Shakspeare, Jonson, Van-
brugh, and others, they are to be entertained with
one of these pantomimes, of which the master of the
playhouse, two or three painters, and half a score
dancing-masters are the compilers. What these
entertainments are, I need not inform you, who have
seen 'em; but I have often wondered how it was
possible for any creature of human understanding,
after having been diverted for three hours with the
production of a great genius, to sit for three more
and see a set of people running about the stage after
one another, without speaking one syllable, and
playing several juggling tricks, which are done at
Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this,
sir, the town does not only pay additional prices,
but loses several fine parts of its best authors, which
are cut out to make room for the said farces.

Sneer. 'Tis very true; and I have heard a hundred
say the same thing, who never failed being present
at them.

Fust. And while that happens, they will force any
entertainment upon the town they please, in spite
of its teeth. [Ghost of COMMON SENSE rises.] Oons,
and the devil, madam! what's the meaning of this?
You have left out a scene. Was ever such an ab-
surdity as for your ghost to appear before you are
killed!

Q. C. S. I ask pardon, sir; in the hurry of the
battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face
then. And now, if you please, rehearse the scene;
take care you don't make this mistake any more
though, for it would inevitably damn the play if you
should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in
as if you had lost the battle. [appears.]

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common Sense
Fust. 'Sdeath, madam, I tell you you are no ghost
—you are not killed.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly?
The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Madam, not so; still you have one friend

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou? [left]

Poet. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to
Know Common Sense declines thee. [misery]

Poet. I have been damn'd
Because I was your foe, and yet I still

Courted your friendship with my utmost art.

Q. C. S. Fool! thou wert damn'd because thou
didst pretend

Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dared,
Like Hurothrumbo, to deny me quite,

Or, like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in public,

Thou might'st have met with thy desired success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

Poet. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

Q. C. S. I will do more—for Common Sense will
stay

Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

Poet. Ha! say'st thou! By my soul, a better play
Ne'er came upon a stage; but, since you dare
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play

To Ignorance, and call her Common Sense:
Yea, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear

That Ignorance knows more than all the world. [Exit.]

Enter FIREBRAND.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desired en-
counter. [o'erthrown—]

Q. C. S. Oh, priest! all's lost; our forces are

Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou, then, lay upon the Sun the
faults

Of all those towards who forsook my cause?

Fireb. Those towards all were most religious men:
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh, impudence! and dar'st thou to my
face?—

Fireb. Yes, I dare more; the Sun presents you
this, [Stabs her.

Which I, his faithful messenger, deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh, traitor! thou hast murder'd Com-
mon Sense.

Farewell, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee.

Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.

Now, priest, Indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts;
Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn

All worship from the Sun upon thyself:

Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;

Physic shall kill, and Law enslave the world;

Cits shall turn beaux, and taste Italian songs,

While courtiers are stock-johning in the city.

Places requiring learning and great parts

Henceforth shall all be hustied in a hat,

And drawn by men deficient in them both.

Statesmen—but oh! cold death will let me say
No more—and you must guess *et cetera.* [Dies.

Fireb. She's gone! but ha! it may beseech me ill
To appear her murderer. I'll therefore lay

This dagger by her side; and that will be

Sufficient evidence, with a little money,

To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.

I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore

Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art.

Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [Exit.

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a retreat; the day is now our own;
The powers of Common Sense are all destroy'd;

Those that remain are fled away with her.

I wish, Mr. Fustian, this speech be common sense.

Sneer. How the devil should it, when she's dead!

Fust. One would think so, when a devil is made
against the best thing in the whole play; and I
would willingly part with anything else but those
two lines. [Lies.

Harl. Behold! where wel'r'ing in her blood she
I wish, sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it,
if you please.

Fust. That's another line that I won't part with;
I would consent to cut out anything but the chief
beauties of my play.

Harl. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
With which she did the deed.

Q. Ign. 'Twas nobly done!

I envy her her exit, and will pay

All honours to her dust. Bear hence her body,

And let her lie in state in Goodman's-fields.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court.

The great society that there assemble

Congratulate your victory, and request

That firm alliance henceforth may enstist

Between your majesty's society

Of Gosh-street and themselves: they rather beg

That they may be united both in one.

They also hope your majesty's acceptance

Of certain curiosities, which in

That hamper are contain'd, wherein you'll find

A horse's tail, which has an hundred hairs

More than are usual in it; and a tooth

Of elephant full half an inch too long;

With turnpike-ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. Ign. We gratefully accept their heunteous gifts,
And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our plea
They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[Exit Messenger.

My lords of Law and Physic, you shall find

I will not be ungrateful for your service:

To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,

And you, Squeakaronelly, I will be

A most propitious queen—but ha!

[Music under the stage.

What hideous music or what yell is this?

Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

Sneer. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian!

Fust. Ay, sir, did you never hear of one before?

I had once a mind to have brought the apparition
of Music in person upon the stage, in the shape of

an English opera. Come, Mr. Ghost of the Tune,
if you please to appear in the sound of soft music,

and let the ghost of Common Sense rise to it.

[Ghost of Common Sense rises to soft music.

Ghost. Behold the ghost of Common Sense ap-
pears.

Caitiffs, avaunt! or I will sweep you off,

And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

Q. Ign. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scam-
per off,

My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know

The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

Omni. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [Run off.

Ghost. The coast is clear, and to her native realms

Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled,

Whence she will never dare invade us more.

Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,

And all the friends of Ignorance shall find

My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence;

And all henceforth, who murder Common Sense,

Learn from these scenes that, though success you
boast,

You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make Common Sense get
the better at last; I was under terrible apprehen-
sions for your moral.

Fust. Faith, sir, this is almost the only play
where she has got the better lately. But now for
my epilogue: if you please to begin, madam.

Epilogue.—Ghost.

THE play once done, the epilogue, by rule,

Should come and turn it all to ridicule;

Should tell the ladies that the tragic bands,

Who praise of Virtue and her vast rewards,

Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;

For all wise women flock to mother Needham.

This is the method epilogues pursue,

But we to-night in everything are new.

Our author then, in jest throughout the play,

Now begs a serious word or two to say.

Banish all childish entertainments hence;

Let all that boast your favour have pretence.

If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.

With soft Italian notes indulge your ear;

But let those singers, who are bought so dear,

Learn to be civil for their cheer at least,

Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.

And though while Music for herself may carve,

Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;

Starve her at least with show of approbation,

Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation

For all the tumbling-scum of every nation.

Can the whole world in science march on soil?

Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE?

Or dare the greatest genius of their stage

With SHAKESPEARE of immortal BAW regage?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave

The little which to other lands she gave;

Nor like the cock a barley-corn prefer

To all the jewels which you owe to her.

THE HISTORICAL REGISTER FOR THE YEAR 1736,

AS ACTED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET. FIRST ACTED IN MAY, 1737.

PREFACE TO THE DEDICATION.

As no man hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself, it hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces commonly called dedications; a custom, however, highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice: a patron is, says he, a kind of godfather to a book, and a good author ought as carefully to provide a patron to his works, as a good parent should a godfather to his children: he carries this very far, and draws several resemblances between those two offices (for having, in the course of his trade with dramatic writers, purchased, at a moderate computation, the fee-simple of one hundred thousand smiles, he is perhaps the most expert in their application, and most capable of showing likenesses in things utterly unlike, of any man living). What, says he, does mere service to a book, or raises curiosity in the reader, equal with—Dedicated to his grace the duke of— or the right honourable, the earl of— is an advertisement? I think the patron here may properly be said to give a name to the book; and if he gives a present also, what doth he less than a godfather? which present, if the author applies to his own use, what doth the other than the parent? He proceeds to show how a bookseller is a kind of dry nurse to our works, with other instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact analogy between children and books, and of the method of providing for each; which I think affords a sufficient precedent for throwing the following piece on the public, it having been usual for several very prudent parents to act by their children in the same manner.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

I now you will pardon the presumption of this Dedication, since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your leave, and since I expect no present in return (the reason I conceive which first introduced the ceremony of asking leave among dedicators); for surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a man leave to flatter him; and he must be a very impudent or simple fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking whether you will pay for your dedication, and in that sense I believe it is understood by both authors and patrons.

But further, the very candid reception which you have given these pieces pleads my excuse. The least civility to an author or his works hath been held, time immemorial, a just title to a dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest return of flattery, and in this light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an obligation as myself, seeing that you have honoured this my performance with your presence every night of its exhibition, where you have never failed showing the greatest delight and approbation; nor am I less obliged to you for those eulogiums which you have been heard in all places to—bestow! I am afraid this is an ingenious way which authors have discovered to convey inward flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their patron: wherefore I shall be silent on this head, having more reasons to give why I chose you to patronise these pieces; and

First, The design with which they are writ; for though all dramatic entertainments are properly calculated for the public, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your diversion is not merely intended by them, their design being to convey some hints which may, if you please, be of infinite service in the present state of that theatrical world wherein they treat, and which is I think, at present so far from flourishing as one could wish, that I have with concern assorted some steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the constitution of the British theatre: for though Mr.— is a very worthy man and my very good friend, I cannot help thinking his manner of proceeding seems a hat too arbitrary, and his method of buying actors at exorbitant price to be of ill consequence: for the town must reimburse him these expenses, on which account those advanced prices so much complained of must be always continued; which though the people in their present flourishing state of trade and riches may very well pay, yet in some times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great genius produce a piece of most exquisite contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the public, though perhaps not agreeable to his own taste or private interest: if he

should buy off the chief actors, such play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the public lose all the benefit thereof. Not to trouble the reader with more inconveniences arising from this *organoson aristocraticum*, many of which are obvious enough, I shall only observe that corruption has the same influence on all societies, all bodies, which it hath on corporeal bodies, where we see it always produce an entire destruction and total change: for which reason, whoever attempteth to introduce corruption into any community doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner, with him who poisoneth a fountain, in order to disperse a contagion, which he is sure every one will drink off.

The last excuse I shall make for this presumption is the necessity I have of so potent a patron to defend me from the iniquitous surmises of a certain anonymous dialogical author, who in the Gazetteer of the 17th instant has represented the Historical Register as siming, in conjunction with the Miller of Mansfield, the overthrow of the monarchy. If this suggestion had been inserted in the Craftsman, or Common Sense, or any of those papers which nobody reads, it might have passed unanswer'd; but as it appears in a paper of so general a reputation as the Gazetteer, which lies in the window of almost every post-house in England, it behoves me I think in the most serious manner to vindicate myself from aspersions of so evil a tendency to my future prospects. And here I must observe that, had not mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publicly informed them that the Register is a ministerial pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the minds of the people a great opinion of their ministry, and thereby procure an employment for the author, who has been often promised one whenever he would write on that side. And first,

Can anything be pleasanter than the first stanza of the ode?—

This is a day,* in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before;
This is a day, 'tis ours to be,
Our sons will never see again.

Plainly intimating that such times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present age are certainly obliged to their ministry.

What can be meant by the scene of politicians but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate notions persons among us, who have not the honour to know em, have of the ministry and their measures? nay, I have put some sentiments into the mouths of these characters which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a conversation at an ale-house. I hope the Gazetteer will not find any resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a compliment to any m—y, as to suppose that such persons have been ever capable of the assurance of aiming at being at the head of a great people, or to any nation, as to suspect 'em contentedly lying under such an administration.

The aspersions which these gentlemen express at applying all manner of evil characters to their patrons brings to my mind a story I have somewhere read; as two gentlemen were walking the street together, the one said to the other, upon spying the figure of an ass hung out—"Bob, Bob, look yonder, some impudent rascal has hung out your picture on a sign-post;" the grave companion, who had the misfortune to be extremely short-sighted, fell into a violent rage, and, calling for the master of the house, threatened to prosecute him for exposing his features in that public a manner. The poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the fact; upon which the witty spark, who had just mentioned the resemblance, appeals to the mob now assembled together, who soon snatched the post, and agreed with him that the ass was the exact picture of the gentleman. At last a good natured man, taking compassion of the poor figure, whom he saw the jest of the multitude, whispered in his ear—"Sir, I see your eyes are bad, and that your friend is a rascal and imposes on you; the sign hung out is the sign of an ass; will your picture be here unless you draw it yourself."

But I ask pardon for troubling the reader with an impertinent story, which can be applied only in the above-mentioned instance to my present subject.

I proceed in my defence to the scene of the patriots; a scene which I thought would have made my fortune, seeing that the favourite scheme of turning patriotism into a jest is

* For day in the first and third line you may read now if you please

so industriously pursued; and I will challenge all the ministerial advocates to show me, in the whole bundle of their writings, one passage where false patriotism (for I suppose they have not the impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious light than in the aforesaid scene. I hope too it will be remarked that the politicians are represented as a set of blustering blockheads rather deserving pity than abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a set of cunning, self-interested fellows, who for a little paltry bribe would give up the liberties and properties of their country. Here is the danger, here is the rock on which our constitution must, if ever it does, split. The liberties of a people have been subdued by the conquest of valour and force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous arts of refined policy; but these are rare instances; for gentlemen of this kind are not the growth of every age; whereas, if a general corruption be once introduced, and those who should be the guardians and bulwarks of our liberty once lost, or sink they find, so interest in giving it up, no great capacity will be required to destroy it: on the contrary, the meanest, lowest, dirtiest fellow, if such one should ever have the assurance in future ages to mimic power and browbeat his betters, will be as able as Machiavel himself could have been, to rot out the liberties of the bravest people.

But I am aware I shall be asked, who is this Quisdam, that turns the patriots into ridicule, and bribes them out of their honesty? Who but the devil could act such a part? Is not this the light wherein he is everywhere described in scripture and the writings of our best divines? Gold hath been always his favourite bait wherewith he fisheth for sinners; and his laughing at the poor wretches he seduceth is as diabolical an attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is mean by this Quisdam, that he who maketh any long application thereof might as well mistake the name of Thomas for John, or old Nick for old Hob.

I think I have said enough to assure every impartial person of my innocence against all malicious insinuations; and further to convince them that I am a ministerial writer (so honour I am highly ambitious of attaining), I shall proceed now to obviate an epilogue entertained by too many, that a certain person is sometimes the author, often the corrector of the press, and always the patron, of the Gazetteer. To show the folly of this supposition, I shall only insist that all persons, though they should not afford him any extraordinary genius, nor say (the least) taste in polite literature, will grant me this damn, that the said certain person is a man of an ordinary capacity, and a moderate share of common sense; which if I loved, I think it will follow that it is impossible he should either write or countenance a paper written, not only without the least glimmering of genius, the least pretension to taste, but in direct opposition to all common sense whatever.

If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my politicians. I cannot tell, unless by the assistance of the old gentleman just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronise, as I think, indeed, he is the only person who could invent some of the schemes entered in that paper; which, if it does not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a paper in defence of the Ministry against the wicked, malicious, and sly insinuations conveyed in the said paper.

You will excuse a digression so necessary to take off surmises which may prove so prejudicial to my fortune; which, however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your entertainment. The very great assistance you have shown my performance at the little theatre these two last years have encouraged me to the proposal of a subscription for carrying on that theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better company of actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these proposals, I assure you no other shall be spared on my side to entertain you in a cheaper and better manner than seems to be the intention of any other. If nature hath given me any talents at ridiculing vice and imposture, I shall not be indolent nor afraid of exerting them while the liberty of the press and stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any liberty left among us. I am, to the public, a most sincere friend and devoted servant.

Emph. Why faith, Jack, our beer and beef sat hut ill on my stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1 *Play.* I wish I had anything in my stomach to walk off; if matters do not get better with us shortly, my teeth will forget their office.

2 *Play.* These are poor times, indeed, not like the days of Pasquin.

1 *Play.* Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious days, indeed, the days of beef and punch; my friends, when come there such again?

2 *Play.* Who knows what this new author may produce? Faith, I like my part very well.

1 *Play.* Nay, if variety will please the town, I am sure there is enough of it; but I could wish, methinks, the satire had been a little stronger, a little

2 *Play.* Now I think it is plain enough. [plainer.]

1 *Play.* Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I would have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to succeed myself. [write on!]

2 *Play.* Ay; prithee, what subject wouldst thou

1 *Play.* Why no subject at all, sir; but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts, that lawyers are rogues, physicians blockheads, soldiers cowards, and ministers—

2 *Play.* What, what, sir!

1 *Play.* Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the audience a hooting.

2 *Play.* Zounds, sir! here is wit enough for a whole play in one speech.

1 *Play.* For one play! why, sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a dozen.

2 *Play.* Who have we here? [the rehearsal.]

1 *Play.* Some gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear *Enter SOURWIT and LORD DAPPER.*

Dap. Pray, gentlemen, don't you rehearse the 'Historical Register' this morning?

1 *Play.* Sir, we expect the author every minute.

Sour. What is this "Historical Register"? Is it a tragedy or a comedy?

1 *Play.* Upon my word, sir, I can't tell.

Sour. Then I suppose you have no part in it!

1 *Play.* Yes, sir, I have several; but—O, here is the author himself; I suppose he can tell, sir.

Sour. Faith, sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My lord, your most obedient servant; this is a very great and unexpected favour indeed, my lord. Mr. Sourwit, I kiss your hands; I am very glad to see you here. [perhaps.]

Sour. That's more than you may be by-and-by.

Dap. We are come to attend your rehearsal, sir; pray when will it begin?

Med. This very instant, my lord; gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the prompter bring me some copies for these gentlemen.

Sour. Mr. Medley, you know I am a plain speaker, so you will excuse any liberties I take.

Med. Dear sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sour. Then I must tell you, sir, I am a little staggered at the name of your piece; doubtless, sir, you know the rules of writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the actions of a whole year into the circumference of four-and-twenty hours.

Med. Sir, I have several answers to make to your objection: in the first place, my piece is not of a nature confined to any rules, as being avowedly irregular; but if it was otherwise, I think I could quote you precedents of plays that neglect them; besides, sir, if I comprise the whole actions of the year in half an hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My Register is not to be filled like those of vulgar news writers.

Dramatic PERSONS.—*Medley,* Mr. ROBERTS; *Sourwit,* Mr. LACKY; *Lord Dapper,* Mr. WARD; *Grand-ley,* Mr. JONES; *Hes,* the auctioneer, Mrs. CHARRIS; *Apollis's Rastard Son,* Mr. BLAKES; *Piccol,* Mr. DAVIS; *Quisdam,* Mr. SMITH; *Pollitricot,* MRS. JONES; *TOPPING,* WOODSTOCK, SMITH, MACHEN; *Pairloffe,* MRS. JONES; *TOPPING,* MACHEN, FULLEN, WOODSTOCK; *Bowler,* Mr. SMITH; *Dring,* Mr. LEWIS; *Mrs. Scroon,* Mrs. HAYWOOD; *Mrs. Bitter,* Miss KAWES; *Ladies,* MRS. KAWES, CHARRIS, HAYWOOD, LACKY, Miss JONES; *Prompter,* Actors, &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*The playhouse.*—*Enter several Players.*

1 *Play.* Mr. Emphasis, good morrow; you are early at the rehearsal this morning.

with trash for want of news; and therefore, if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter Prompter with books.

Oh, here are my books.

Sour. In print already, Mr. Medley?

Med. Yes, sir, it is the safest way, for if a man says till he is damned it is possible he never may get into print at all; the town is capricious, for which reason always print as fast as you write, that, if they damn your play, they may not damn your copy too.

Sour. Well, sir, and pray what is your design, your plot?

Med. Why, sir, I have several plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow. [*design.*]

Sour. I hope, sir, they all conduce to the main

Med. Yes, sir, they do.

Sour. Pray, sir, what is that?

Med. To divert the town and bring full houses.

Sour. Pshaw! you misunderstand me; I meant what is your moral, your, your, your—

Med. Oh! sir, I comprehend you. Why, sir, my design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish customs of the age; and that in a fair manner, without fear, favour, or ill-nature, and without scurrility, ill-manners, or commonplace; I hope to expose the reigning follies in such a manner that men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touched.

Sour. But what thread or connexion can you have in this history? For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

Med. O very easily. When my politics come to a farce, they very naturally lead me to the playhouse, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in christendom.

Enter a Player.

Play. Wou't you begin your rehearsal, sir?

Med. Ay, ay, with all my heart; is the music ready for the prologue?

Sour. Music for the prologue!

Med. Ay, sir, I intend to have everything new. I had rather be the author of my own dulness than the publisher of other men's wit; and really, Mr. Sourwit, the subjects for prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general method has been either to frighten the audience with the author's reputation, or to flatter them to give their applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every play alike: now, sir, my prologue will serve for no play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted; for, as mine is the history of the year, what can be a properer prologue than an ode to the new year?

Sour. An ode to the new year? [*begin, begin.*]

Med. Yes, sir, an ode to the new year. Come,

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, the prologue is ready.

Sour. Dear Medley, let me hear you read it; possibly it may be sung so fine, I may not understand a word of it.

Med. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

This is a day, in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before;
This is a day, 'tis one to ten.
Our sons will never see again.

Then sing the day.

And sing the song.

And thus be merry

All day long.

This is the day.

And that's the night.

When the sun shall be gay,
And the moon shall be bright.

The sun shall rise

All in the skies;

The moon shall go

All down below.

Then sing the day.

And sing the song.

And thus be merry

All day long.

Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter Singers, who sing the Ode

Med. There, sir, there's the very quintessence and cream of all the odes I have seen for several years last past.

Sour. Ay, sir, I thought you would not be the publisher of another man's wit?

Med. No more I a'n't, sir; for the devil of any wit did I ever see in any of them.

Sour. Oh! your most humble servant, sir.

Med. Yours, sir, yours; now for my play; prompter, are the politicians all ready at the table?

Prompt. I'll go and see, sir.

Med. My first scene, Mr. Sourwit, lies in the island of Corsica, being at present the chief scene of politics of all Europe.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, they are ready.

Med. Then draw the scene, and discover them.

Scene draws, and discovers five Politicians sitting at a table.

Sour. Here's a mistake in the print, Mr. Medley; I observe the second politician is the first person who speaks.

Med. Sir, my first and greatest politician never speaks at all; he is a very deep man, by which you will observe I convey this moral, that the chief art of a politician is to keep a secret. [*mean.*]

Sour. To keep his politics a secret, I suppose you

Med. Come, sir, begin.

2 Polit. Is king Theodore returned yet?

3 Polit. No.

2 Polit. When will he return?

3 Polit. I cannot tell. [*little of the matter.*]

Sour. This politician seems to me to know very

Med. Zounds, sir! would you have him a prophet as well as a politician? You see, sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know: 'ablood, sir, would it be in the character of a politician to make him a conjurer? Go on, gentlemen: pray, sir, don't interrupt their debates, for they are of great consequence.

2 Polit. These mighty preparations of the Turks are certainly designed against some place or other; now, the question is, what place they are designed against? And that is a question which I cannot answer.

3 Polit. But it behoves us to be upon our guard.

4 Polit. It does, and the reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2 Polit. You say right; it is easy for a man to guard against dangers which he knows of, but to guard against dangers which nobody knows of requires a very great politician. [*knows anything.*]

Med. Now, sir, I suppose you think that nobody

Sour. Faith, sir, it appears so.

Med. Ay, sir, but there is one who knows; that little gentleman yonder in the chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

Sour. But how do you intend to convey this knowledge to the audience?

Med. Sir, they can read it in his looks: 'ablood, sir, must not a politician he thought a wise man without his giving instances of his wisdom?

5 Polit. Hang foreign affairs! let us apply our-
Ommes. Ay, ay, ay. [*selves to money.*]

Med. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the money; you're pretty politicians truly! [*selves to money.*]

5 Polit. Hang foreign affairs! let us apply our-
Ommes. Ay, ay, ay.

2 Polit. All we have to consider relating to money is how we shall get it.

3 Polit. I think we ought first to consider whe-

ther there is any to be got, which, if there be, I do readily agree that the next question is, how to come *Omnès.* Hum! [at it.]
Sour. Pray, sir, what are these gentlemen in Corsica?

Med. Why, sir, they are the ablest heads in the kingdom, and consequently the greatest men; for you may be sure all well-regulated governments, as I represent this of Corsica to be, will employ in their greatest posts men of the greatest capacity.

2 Polit. I have considered the matter, and I find it must be by a tax.

3 Polit. I thought of that, and was considering what was not taxed already. [learning.]

2 Polit. Learning; suppose we put a tax upon

3 Polit. Learning, it is true, is a needless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance; for learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

Omnès. Ay, ay, ay. [Exeunt Politicians.]

Sour. Faith, it's very generous in these gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

Med. Ay, and very wise too, to prevent the people's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

Sour. But what is become of the politicians?

Med. They are gone, sir, they're gone; they have finished the business they met about, which was to agree on a tax; that being done, they are gone to raise it; and this, sir, is the full account of the whole history of Europe, as far as we know of it, comprised in one scene.

Sour. The devil it is! Why you have not mentioned one word of France, or Spain, or the emperor.

Med. No, sir, I turn those over to the next year, by which time we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our advices are so very uncertain I know not what to depend on; but come, sir, now you shall have a council of ladies.

Sour. Does this scene lie in Corsica too?

Med. No, no, this lies in London. You know, sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought English politicians (of the male kind I mean) on the stage, because our politics are not quite so famous; but in female politicians, to the honour of my countrywomen I say it, I believe no country can excel us: come, draw the scene and discover the ladies.

Prompt. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above stairs with a dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

Med. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [Exit.]

Sour. Well, my lord, what does your lordship think of what you have seen?

Dap. Faith, sir, I did not observe it; but it's damned stuff, I am sure.

Sour. I think so, and I hope your lordship will not encourage it. They are such men as your lordship who must reform the age; if persons of your exquisite and refined taste will give a sanction to politer entertainments, the town will soon be ashamed of laughing at what they do now.

Dap. Really this is a very bad house.

Sour. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

Dap. Fox of hearing! one can't see—one self I mean; here are no looking-glasses; I love Lincoln's-inn-fields for that reason better than any house in town.

Sour. Very true, my lord; but I wish your lordship would think it worth your consideration, as the

morals of a people depend, as has been so often and well proved, entirely on the public diversions, it would be of great consequence that those of the sublimest kind should meet with your lordship's and the rest of the nobility's countenance.

Dap. Mr. Sourwit, I am always ready to give my countenance to anything of that kind which might bring the best company together; for as one does not go to see the play but the company, I think that's chiefly to be considered; and therefore I am always ready to countenance good plays.

Sour. No one is a better judge what is so than your lordship.

Dap. Not I, indeed, Mr. Sourwit; but as I am one half of the play in the green-room talking to the actresses, and the other half in the boxes talking to the women of quality, I have an opportunity of seeing something of the play, and perhaps may be as good a judge as another.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My lord, the ladies cannot begin yet; if your lordship will honour me in the green-room, there you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold stage.

Dap. With all my heart. Come, Mr. Sourwit.

Sour. I attend your lordship. [Exit.]

Prompt. Thou art a sweet judge of plays, indeed! and yet it is in the power of such sparks as these to damn an honest fellow both in his profit and reputation. [Exit.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—Enter MEDLEY, LORD DAPPER, SOURWIT, and Prompter.

Med. Come, draw the scene and discover the ladies in council: pray, my lord, sit.

[The scene draws and discovers four Ladies.]

Sour. What are these ladies assembled about?

Med. Affairs of great importance, as you will see. Please to begin all of you. [night!]

All Ladies. Was you at the opera, madam, last

2 Lady. Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3 Lady. Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4 Lady. He's everything in the world one could wish.

1 Lady. Almost everything one could wish.

2 Lady. They say there's a lady in the city has a

All Ladies. Ha, ha, ha! [child by him.]

1 Lady. Well, it must be charming to have a child by him. [day with three.]

3 Lady. Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other

All Ladies. All Farinello's!

3 Lady. All Farinello's; all in wax.

1 Lady. O gemini! who makes them! I'll send

and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2 Lady. I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me. [be invention.]

Sour. Mr. Medley, sir, is this history? this must

Med. Upon my word, sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happened in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, sir, let me tell you I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy, and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

All Ladies. Don't interrupt us, dear sir. [be.]

1 Lady. What mighty pretty company they must

2 Lady. Oh, the prettiest company in the world.

3 Lady. If one could but teach them to sing like their father!

4 Lady. I am afraid my husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I should be fond of anything but himself.

All Ladies. O the unreasonable creature!

1 *Lady.* If my husband was to make any objection to my having 'em I'd run away from him, and take the dear babies with me.

Med. Come, enter *hen* Dangle.

Enter DANGLE.

Dang. Fie upon it, ladies! what are you doing here! Why are you not at the auction? Mr. Hen has been in the pulpit this half-hour.

1 *Lady.* Oh, dear Mr. Hen, I ask his pardon, I never miss him.

2 *Lady.* What's to be sold to-day?

1 *Lady.* Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the world there.

Dang. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

All Ladies. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

Dang. Then you must not lose a moment.

All Ladies. O! not a moment for the world.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Med. There, they are gone.

Sour. I am glad on it with all my heart.

Dap. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, that last is an exceeding good scene, and full of a great deal of politeness, good sense, and philosophy.

Med. It's nature, my lord, it's nature.

Sour. Faith, sir, the ladies are much obliged to you.

Med. Faith, sir, it's more than I desire such ladies as I represent here should be: as for the nobler part of the sex, for whom I have the greatest honour, their characters can be no better set off than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed crew, who are a scandal to their own sex and a curse on ours.

Prompt. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the curtain must be let down to prepare the auction-room.

Med. My lord, I believe you will be best before the curtain, for we have but little room behind, and a great deal to do.

Sour. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, I must ask you the same question which one of your ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this auction; the whole stock in trade of some milliner or mercer who has left off business?

Med. Sir, I intend to sell such things as were never sold in any auction before, nor ever will again: I can assure you, Mr. Sourwit, this scene, which I look on as the best in the whole performance, will require a very deep attention: sir, if you should take one pinch of snuff during the whole scene, you will lose a joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape observation from a moderate understanding, unless very closely attended to.

Sour. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb gentleman's politics did in the first act; if so, nothing but an inspired understanding can come at 'em.

Med. Sir, this scene is writ in allegory, and though I have endeavoured to make it as plain as possible, yet all allegory will require a strict attention to be understood.

Prompt. Sir, everything is ready. [*Understood, sir.*]

Med. Then draw up the curtain. Come, enter Mrs. Screen and Mrs. Barter.

SCENE—Auction-room; pulpit and forms placed; people walking about.—Enter Mrs. SCREEN and Mrs. BARTER.

Mrs. S. Dear Mrs. Barter!

Mrs. B. Dear madam, you are early to-day!

Mrs. S. Oh, if one does not get near the pulpit one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I shall buy the whole auction; at least if things go cheap: you won't bid against me!

Mrs. B. You know I never bid for anything.

Enter BANTER and DANGLE.

Bant. That's true, Mrs. Barter, I'll be your evidence.

Mrs. S. Are you come? Now I suppose we shall have fine bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a shop.

Bant. That's unkind, Mrs. Screen; you know I never bid against you: it would be cruel to bid against a lady who frequents auctions only with a design one day or other to make one great auction of her own. No, no, I will not prevent the filling your warehouse; I assure you I bid against no hardshakers of all wares.

Mrs. B. You are a mighty civil person, truly.

Bant. You need not take up the cudgels, madam, who are of no more consequence at an auction than a mayor at a sessions; you only come here, where you have nothing to do, to show people you have nothing to do anywhere else. [world, as you do.]

Mrs. B. I don't come to say rude things to all the

Bant. No, the world may thank Heaven, that did not give you wit enough to do that.

Mrs. S. Let him alone, he will have his jest.

Mrs. B. You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, sir, of what great use is your friend Mr. Dangle here?

Bant. Oh, he is of very great use to all women of understanding.

Dang. Ay, of what use am I, pray?

Bant. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

Mrs. S. I hope, Mr. Banter, you will not banish all people from places where they are of no consequence! you will allow 'em to go to an assembly or masquerade, without either playing, dancing, or intriguing; you will let people go to an opera without any ear, to a play without any taste, and to a church without any religion?

Enter HEN (bowing).

Mrs. S. Oh! dear Mr. Hen, I am glad you are come; you are horrible late to-day.

Hen. Madam, I am just mounting the pulpit: I hope you like the catalogue, ladies?

Mrs. S. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your hammer.

Bant. Boy, give me a catalogue.

Hen. [In the pulpit.] I dare swear, gentlemen and ladies, this auction will give general satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the world to produce some of the curiosities which this choice cabinet contains:—a catalogue of curiosities which were collected by the indefatigable pains of that celebrated virtuoso, Peter Humdrum, esq., which will be sold by auction by Christopher Hen, on Monday, the 21st day of March, beginning at lot 1. Gentlemen and ladies, this is lot 1.—A most curious remnant of political honesty. Who puts it up, gentlemen? It will make you a very good clock; you see it's both sides alike; so you may turn it as often as you will. Come, five pounds for this curious remnant: I assure you several great men have made their birthday-suits out of the same piece. It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing. Five pounds is bid. Nobody more than five pounds for this curious piece of political honesty! Five pounds—no more! [*knocks*].—Lord Both-sides. Lot 2.—A most delicate piece of patriotism, gentlemen—who bids? Ten pounds for this piece of patriotism!

1 *Court.* I would not wear it for a thousand pounds.

Hen. Sir, I assure you several gentlemen at court have worn the same: it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

1 Court. Sir, it is prohibited goods; I shan't run the risk of being brought into Westminster-hall for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the old patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but, alas! sir, there is a great difference in the stuff. But, sir, I don't propose this for a town-suit; this is only proper for the country; consider, gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election. Come, five pounds—one guinea! Put patriotism by.

Bant. Ay, put it by, one day or other it may be in fashion.

Hen. Lot 3. Three grains of modesty. Come, ladies, consider how scarce this valuable commodity is.

Mrs. S. Yes, and out of fashion too, Mr. Hen.

Hen. I ask your pardon, madam, it is true French, I assure you, and never changes colour on any account. Half-a-crown for all this modesty! Is there not one lady in the room who wants any modesty?

1 Lady. Pray, sir, what is it? for I can't see it at this distance.

Hen. It cannot be seen at any distance, madam, but it is a beautiful powder which makes a fine wash for the complexion.

Mrs. S. I thought you said it was true French, and would not change the colour of the skin?

Hen. No, it will not, madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a fan with, or to wear under a lady's mask at a masquerade. What! nobody bid! Well, lay modesty aside. Lot 4—One bottle of courage, formerly in the possession of lieutenant-colonel Esaukel Pipkin, citizen, alderman and tallow-chandler. What, is there no officer of the trained-bands here? Or it will serve an officer of the army as well in time of peace, nay, even war, gentlemen; it will serve all of you who sell out.

1 Off. Is the bottle whole? is there no crack in it?

Hen. None, sir, I assure you; though it has been in many engagements in Tothill-fields; nay it has served a campaign or two in Hyde-park, since the alderman's death: it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

1 Off. Damn me, I don't want it; but a man can't have too much courage. Three shillings for it.

Hen. Three shillings are bid for this bottle of courage.

1 Beau. Four. [rage.]

Bant. What do you bid for courage for?

1 Beau. Not for myself, but I have a commission to buy it for a lady.

1 Off. Five.

Hen. Five shillings, five shillings for all this courage; nobody more than five shillings! [knocks.] Your name, sir!

1 Off. Macdonald O'Thunder.

Hen. Lot 5 and lot 6.—All the wit lately belonging to Mr. Hugh Pantomime, composer of entertainments for the playhouses, and Mr. William Goose-quill, composer of political papers in defence of a ministry. Shall I put up these together?

Bant. Ay, it is a pity to part them: where are they?

Hen. Sir, in the next room, where any gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; they are near three hundred volumes in folio.

Bant. Put them by. Who the devil would bid for them unless he was the manager of some house or other? The town has paid enough for their works already.

Hen. Lot 7.—A very clear conscience, which has been worn by a judge and a bishop.

Mrs. S. Is it as clean as if it was new?

Hen. Yes, no dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular quality, put as much as you will into it, it is never

full: come, gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

Beau. One shilling for it.

Hen. O fie, sir! I am sure you want it, for if you had any conscience you would put it up at more than that: come, fifty pound for this conscience.

Bant. I'll give fifty pound to get rid of my conscience with all my heart.

Hen. Well, gentlemen, I see you are resolved not to bid for it, so I'll lay it by: come, lot 8.—A very considerable quantity of interest at court; come, a hundred pound for this interest at court.

Omnes. For me, Mr. Hen! [places, gentlemen.]

Hen. A hundred pound is bid in a hundred

Beau. Two hundred pound.

Hen. Two hundred pound, two hundred and fifty, three hundred pound, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand; a thousand pound is bid, gentlemen, nobody more than a thousand pounds for this interest at court! nobody more than one thousand! [knocks.] Mr. Littlewit.

[it for less.]

Bant. Damn me, I know a shop where I can buy

Dap. Egad, you took me in, Mr. Medley, I could not help bidding for it.

Med. It's a sure sign it's nature, my lord, and I should not be surprised to see the whole audience stand up and bid for it too.

Hen. All the cardinal virtues, lot 9. Come, gentlemen, put in these cardinal virtues.

Gent. Eighteen pence.

Hen. Eighteen pence is bid for these cardinal virtues; nobody more than eighteen pence! Eighteen pence for all these cardinal virtues! nobody more! All these virtues, gentlemen, are going for eighteen pence; perhaps there is not so much more virtue in the world as here is, and all going for eighteen pence. [knocks.] Your name, sir!

Gent. Sir, here's a mistake; I thought you had said a cardinal's virtues. 'Sblood, sir, I thought to have bought a pennyworth! here's temperance and chastity, and a pack of stuff that I would not give three farthings for.

Hen. Well, lay 'em by. Lot 10, and lot 11.—A great deal of wit, and a little common sense.

Bant. Why do you put up these together? they have no relation to each other.

Hen. Well, the sense by itself then. Lot 10.—A little common sense.—I assure you, gentlemen, this is a very valuable commodity; come, who puts it in?

Med. You observe, as valuable as it is, nobody bids! I take this, if I may speak in the style of a great writer, to be a most emphatical silence; you see, Mr. Sourwit, no one speaks against this lot, and the reason nobody bids for it is because every one thinks he has it.

Hen. Lay it by, I'll keep it myself. Lot 12.

[Drum beats.]

Sour. Heyday! What's to be done now, Mr.

Med. Now, sir, the sport begins. [Medley]

Enter a Gentleman laughing. (Huzza within.)

Bant. What's the matter?

Gent. There's a sight without would kill all mankind with laughing: Pistol is run mad, and thinks himself a great man, and he's marching through the streets with a drum and fiddles.

Bant. Please Heaven, I'll go and see this sight. [Exit.]

Omnes. And so will I.

Hen. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I should stay behind.

Dap. Mr. Sourwit, we'll go too.

Med. If your lordship will have but a little patience till the scene be changed, you shall see him on the stage.

Sour. Is not this jest a little over acted?

Med. I warrant we don't over act him half so much as he does his parts; though 'tis not so much his acting capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

Med. Yes, sir; you may remember I told you before my rehearsal that there was a strict resemblance between the states political and theatrical; there is a ministry in the latter as well as the former; and I believe as weak a ministry as any poor kingdom could ever boast of; parts are given in the latter to actors with much the same regard to capacity as places in the former have sometimes been—in former ages I mean; and though the public damn both, yet while they both receive their pay they laugh at the public behind the scenes; and if one considers the plays that come from one part, and the writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same authors were retained in both.—But, come, change the scene into the street, and then enter Pistol *cum suis*.—Hitherto, Mr. Sourwit, as we have had only to do with inferior characters, such as beaux and tailors, and so forth, we have dealt in the prosaic; now we are going to introduce a more considerable person our muse will rise in her style; now, sir, for a taste of the sublime; come, enter Pistol. [Drum beats and fiddles play.]

Enter PISTOL and Mob.

Pist. Associates, brethren, countrymen, and friends, Partakers with us in this glorious enterprise, Which for our consort we have undertaken; It grieves us much, yes, by the gods it does! That we, whose great ability and parts Have raised us to this pinnacle of power, Entitling us prime minister theatrical— That we should with an upstart of the stage Contend successful on our consort's side; But though by his hereditary right

We claim a lawless power, yet for some reasons, Which to ourself we keep as yet conceal'd, Thus to the public deign we to appeal. Behold how humbly the great Pistol kneels. Say then, Oh Town, is it your royal will That my great consort represent the part Of Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera? [Mob hisses.]

Thanks to the town, that his speaks their assent; Such was the hiss that spoke the great applause Our mighty father met with when he brought His Riddle on the stage; such was the hiss Welcomed his Caesar to the Egyptian shore; Such was the hiss in which great John should have expired:

But, therefore do I try in vain to number Those glorious hisses, which from age to age Our family has borne triumphant from the stage!

Med. Get thee gone for the prettiest hero that ever was shown on any stage. [Exit PISTOL.]

Sour. Short and sweet, faith; what, are we to have no more of him? [breath.]

Med. Ay, ay, sir: he's only gone to take a little

Dep. If you please, sir, in the mean time, we'll go take a little fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the stage.

Med. I wait upon your lordship: stop the rehearsal a few moments, we'll be back again instantly. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Enter MEDLEY, SOURWIT, and LORD DAPPER.*

Med. Now, my lord, for my modern Apollo: come, make all things ready, and draw the scene as soon as you can.

Sour. Modern, why modern? You commouplace

satrists are always endeavouring to persuade us that the age we live in is worse than any other has been, whereas mankind have differed very little since the world began; for one age has been as bad as another.

Med. Mr. Sourwit, I do not deny that men have been always bad enough; vice and folly are not the invention of our age: but I will maintain that what I intend to ridicule in the following scene is the whole and sole production and invention of some people now living; and faith, let me tell you, though perhaps the public may not be the better for it, it is an invention exceeding all the discoveries of every philosopher or mathematician from the beginning of the world to this day.

Sour. Ay; pray, what is it?

Med. Why, sir, it is a discovery, lately found out, that a man of great parts, learning, and virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an estate renders a man unfit to be trusted; that being a blockhead is a qualification for business; that honesty is the only sort of folly for which a man ought to be utterly neglected and contemned. And—But here is the inventor himself.

Scene draws and discovers APOLLO in a great chair surrounded by Attendants.

Come, bring him forward, that the audience may see and hear him: you must know, sir, this is a hasterd of Apollo, begotten on that beautiful nymph Moria, who sold oranges to Thespis's company, or rather cart-load, of comedians; and, being a great favourite of his father's, the old gentleman settled upon him the entire direction of all our playhouses and poetical performances whatever.

Apol. Prompter!

Prompt. Sir.

Apol. Is there anything to be done?

Prompt. Yes, sir, this play to be cast.

Apol. Give it me. The life and death of king John, written by Shakspeare: who can act the king? [scenes.]

Prompt. Pistol, sir; he loves to act it behind the

Apol. Here are a parcel of English lords.

Prompt. Their parts are but of little consequence; I will take care to cast them.

Apol. Do; but be sure you give them to actors who will mind their cues. Faulconbridge—What sort of a character is he?

Prompt. Sir, he is a warrior; my cousin here will do him very well.

1 Play. I do a warrior! I never learned to fence.

Apol. No matter, you will have no occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

1 Play. Boh!

Apol. I would not desire a better warrior in the house than yourself.—Robert Faulconbridge—What is this Robert?

Prompt. Really, sir, I don't well know what he is; his chief desire seems to be for land, I think; he is no very considerable character; anybody may do him well enough; or, if you leave him quite out, the play will be little the worse for it.

Apol. Well, I'll leave it to you. Peter of Pomfret, a prophet. Have you anybody that looks like a prophet?

Prompt. I have one that looks like a fool.

Apol. He'll do. Philip of France.

Prompt. I have cast all the French parts except the ambassador.

Apol. Who shall do it? His part is but short; have you never a good genteel figure, and one that can dance? For, as the English are the politest people in Europe, it will be mighty proper that the

ambassador should be able, at his arrival, to entertain them with a jig or two.

Prompt. Truly, sir, here are abundance of dancing-masters in the house, who do little or nothing for their money.

Apol. Give it to one of them; so that he has a little drollery though in him, for Shakspeare seems to have intended him as a ridiculous character, and only to make the audience laugh.

Sour. What's that, sir! do you affirm that Shakspeare intended the ambassador Chatillon a ridiculous character!

Med. No, sir, I don't. [ious character!]
Sour. Oh, sir, your humble servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

Med. Yes, sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

Sour. But, sir, you should not put a wrong sentiment into the mouth of the god of wit.

Med. I tell you he is the god only of modern wit, and he has a very just right to be god of most of the modern wits that I know; of some who are liked for their wit; of some who are preferred for their wit; of some who live by their wit; of those ingenious gentlemen who damn plays, and those who write them too perhaps. Here comes one of his votaries; come, enter, enter. Enter Mr. Ground-Ivy.

Enter Ground-Ivy.

Ground. What are you doing here!

Apol. I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John. [gedy that won't do.]

Ground. Then you are casting the parts in a tragedy.

Apol. How, sir! was it not written by Shakspeare, and was not Shakspeare one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived!

Ground. No, sir; Shakspeare was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my liking to do well enough. King John, as now writ, will not do. But a word in your ear; I will make *Apol.* How!

Ground. By alteration, sir; it was a maxim of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, though ever so good, would do without alteration. For instance, in the play before us, the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would ent him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak them. Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions.

Prompt. I am only afraid, as Shakspeare is so popular an author, and you, asking your pardon, so unpopular—

Ground. Damn me, I'll write to the town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner that an army of Cossacs shall be melted: I'll tell them that no actors are equal to me, and no authors ever were superior; and how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner!

Prompt. Nay, faith, I can't tell.

Ground. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damned as well as myself; and after that what do you think of your popularity! I can tell you, Mr. Prompter, I have seen things carried in the house against the voice of the people before to-day.

Apol. Let them hiss, let them hiss and grumble as much as they please, as long as we get their money.

Med. There, sir, is the sentiment of a great man, and worthy to come from the great Apollo himself.

Sour. He's worthy his sire, indeed, to think of this gentleman for altering Shakspeare.

Med. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

Sour. Indeed!

Med. Ay, sir; for, as Shakspeare is already good enough for people of taste, he must be altered to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse! But if you are so zealous in old Shakspeare's cause, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing. Now for Pistol.

Pistol enters, and overthrusts his Father.

Ground. Pox on't! the boy treads close on my heels in a literal sense.

Pist. Your pardon, sir, why will you not obey Your son's advice, and give him still his way! For you, and all who will oppose his force, Must be o'erthrown in his triumphant course.

Sour. I hope, sir, your Pistol is not intended to burlesque Shakspeare.

Med. No, sir, I have too great an honour for Shakspeare to think of burlesquing him, and, to be sure of not hurlesquing him, I will never attempt to alter him, for fear of hurlesquing him by accident, as perhaps some others have done.

Dap. Pistol is the young captain.

Med. My lord, Pistol is every insignificant fellow in town, who fancies himself of great consequence, and is of none; he is my lord Pistol, captain Pistol, counsellor Pistol, alderman Pistol, beau Pistol, and—and—odso, what was I going to say! Come, go on. [on;]

Apol. Prompter, take care that all things well go We will retire, my friend, and read King John.

[Exeunt.]

Sour. To what purpose, sir, was Mr. Pistol introduced!

Med. To no purpose at all, sir; it's all in character, sir, and plainly shows of what mighty consequence he is. And there ends my article from the theatre. [Pollys!]

Sour. Heyday! What's become of your two

Med. Damned, sir, damned; they were damned at my first rehearsal, for which reason I have cut them out; and, to tell you the truth, I think the town has honoured 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole month; though, faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my patriots. You will observe, Mr. Sour-wit, that I place my politicians and my patriots at opposite ends of my piece, which I do, sir, to show the wide difference between them. I begin with my politicians, to signify that they will always have the preference in the world to patriots; and I end with patriots, to leave a good relish in the mouths of my audience.

Sour. Ay; by your dance of patriots, one would think you intended to turn patriotism into a jest.

Med. So I do. But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a dance of patriots! which plainly intimates that, when patriotism is turned into a jest, there is an end of the whole play: come, enter four patriots. You observe I have not so many patriots as politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

Sour. Where does the scene lie now, sir!

Med. In Corsica, sir, all in Corsica.

Enter four Patriots from different doors, who meet in the centre and shake hands.

Sour. These patriots seem to equal your greatest politicians in their silence.

Med. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but yet may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their heads; they will speak by-and-by, as soon as they are a little heated with wine: you cannot, however, expect any great speaking in

this scene, for, though I do not make my patriots politicians, I don't make them fools.

Sour. But, methinks, your patriots are a set of shabby fellows.

Med. They are the cheaper dressed; besides, no man can be too low for a patriot, though perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1 *Pat.* Prosperity to Corsica!

2 *Pat.* Liberty and property!

3 *Pat.* Success to trade! [shop.

4 *Pat.* Ay, to trade—to trade—particularly to my

Sour. Why do you suffer that actor to stand laughing behind the scenes, and interrupt your rehearsal?

Med. O, sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his sleeve at the patriots; he's a very considerable character, and has much to do hy-and-hy.

Sour. Methinks the audience should know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

Med. If they should, he is a pure impudent fellow, and can stand the hisses of them all; I chose him particularly for the part. Go on, patriots.

1 *Pat.* Gentlemen, I think this our island of Corsica is in an ill state; I do not say we are actually in war, for that we are not; but however we are threatened with it daily, and why may not the apprehension of a war, like other evils, be worse than the evil itself? For my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, that let what will happen I will drink a health to peace.

Med. This gentleman is the noisy patriot, who drinks and roars for his country, and never does either good or harm in it. The next is the cautious patriot.

2 *Pat.* Sir, give me your hand; there's truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my soul, but remember it is all under the rose.

3 *Pat.* Lookye, gentlemen, my shop is my country: I always measure the prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My country is either richer or poorer, in my opinion, as my trade rises or falls; therefore, sir, I cannot agree with you that a war would be disserviceable: on the contrary, I think it the only way to make my country flourish; for, as I am a sword-cutter it would make my shop flourish: so here's to war.

Med. This is the self-interested patriot; and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the indolent patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent man in company, fall asleep at the beginning of a fray, and never wake till the end on't.

4 *Pat.* [Waking.] Here's to peace or war, I do not care which.

Sour. So, this gentleman being neutral, peace has it two to one.

Med. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both parties: but go on.

1 *Pat.* Can any one who is a friend to Corsica wish for war in our present circumstances?—I desire to ask you one question—Are we not a set of miserable poor dogs?

Omnes. Ay, ay. [will deny.

3 *Pat.* That we are sure enough, that nobody

Enter QUIDAM.

Quid. Yes, sir, I deny it. [All start.] Nay, gentlemen, let me not disturb you; I beg you will all sit down, I am come to drink a glass with you.—Can Corsica be poor while there is this in it! [Lays a purse on the table.]—Nay, be not afraid of it, gentlemen, it is honest gold I assure you; you are a set of poor dogs you agree; I say you are not, for this is all yours: there, [Pours it on the table] take it among you.

1 *Pat.* And what are we to do for it?

Quid. Only say you are rich, that's all.

Omnes. Oh, if that he all!

[They snatch up the money.

Quid. Well, sir, what is your opinion now? tell me freely.

1 *Pat.* I will; a man may be in the wrong through ignorance, but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience.—I own I thought we were poor, but, sir, you have convinced me that we are rich. We are all convinced. [are rich.

Quid. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths; and since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1 *Pat.* Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. [Dance here; QUIDAM

dances out, and they all dance after him.

Med. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance which you don't take.

Sour. Ay; what, prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of these patriots have a hole in their pockets, as Mr. Quidam the fiddler there knows; so that he intends to make them dance till all the money is fallen through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one halfpenny by his generosity: so far from it, that he will get his wine for nothing, and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets, pay the whole reckoning. This, sir, I think is a very pretty pantomime trick, and an ingenious burlesque on all the fourberies which the great Lun has exhibited in all his entertainments: and so ends my play, my farce, or what you please to call it: may I hope it has your lordship's approbation?

Dap. Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

Med. Then, my lord, I hope I shall have your encouragement; for things in this town do not always succeed according to their merit; there is a vogue, my lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting obligation on me: and you, Mr. Sourwit, I hope, will serve me among the critics, that I may have no elaborate treatise writ to prove that a farce of three acts is not a regular play of five. Lastly, to you, gentlemen, whom I have not the honour to know, who have pleased to grace my rehearsal; and you, ladies, whether you be Shakespeare's ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's ladies, I hope you will make allowances for a rehearsal,

And kindly all report us to the town:

No borrow'd nor no stolen goods we're shown;

If witty, or if dull, our play's our own.

EURYDICE, A FARCE.

AS IT WAS D-MN'D AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Pate, Orpheus, Charon, Proserpine, Eurydice, Ghosts, &c.*

[*The music-bell rings.*] *Enter the Author in a hurry. A Critic following.*

Auth. Hold, hold, Mr. Chetwood; don't ring for the overture yet, the devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven foot.

Crit. Well, sir, how do you find yourself? In what state are your spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the audience are but in half so good a humour, I warrant for the success of my farce.

Crit. I wish it may succeed; but as it is huilt (you say) on so ancient a story as that of Orpheus and Eurydice, I fear some part of the audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been advisable to have writ a sheet or two by a friend, addressed to the spectators of Eurydice, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth. No, no; any man may know as much of the story as myself, only by looking at the end of Littleton's dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, sir, the story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that Orpheus went down to the shades after his wife who was dead, and so enchanted Proserpine with his music, that she consented he should carry her back, with a proviso he never turned to look on her in his way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her!—Dear sir, every school-boy knows it.

Crit. But for the instruction of those beaux who never were at school—

Auth. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the critics, I don't fear the beaux.

Crit. Why, sir, half the beaux are critics.

Auth. Ay! 'gad, I should as soon have suspected half the Dutchmen to be dancing-masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first scene, I believe.

Crit. Why that?

Auth. Why, it is a scene between the ghosts of two beaux. And if the substance of a beau be such an unsubstantial thing as we see it, what must the shadow of that substance be!

Crit. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous!

Auth. Ay, I think so. I think we do come up to the ridiculous in our farce, and that is what a farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for, as your beaux set up for critics, so these critics on farces may set up for beaux. But come, I believe by this the devil and the ghosts are ready; so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the scenes, I shall be glad of your opinion of my piece.

[*They sit: the overture is played.*]

Crit. Pray, sir, who are these two gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the stage? Are they the two ghosts you mention?

Auth. Yes, sir, they are. Mr. Spindle and captain Weaze: the one belongs to the court, the other to the army; and they are the representatives of their several hodies. You must know, farther, the one has been dead some time, the other hut just departed; hut hush! they are gone on.

Enter CAPTAIN WEAZE, MR. SPINDLE.

Weaz. Mr. Spindle, your very humble servant. You are welcome, sir, on this side the river Styx. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

Spin. Captain Weaze, I thank you. I hope you are well.

Weaz. As well as a dead man can be, my dear.

Spin. And faith! that's better than any living man can be, at least any living beau. Dead men (they say) feel no pain; and I am sure we beaux, while alive, feel little else: hut however, at last, thanks to a little fever and a great doctor, I have shaken off a bad constitution; and now I intend to take one dear swing of raking, drinking, whoring, and playing the devil, as I have done in the other world.

Weaz. I suppose then you think this world exactly like that you have left?

Spin. Why you have whores here, have you not?

Weaz. Oh, in abundance.

Spin. Give me a huss for that, my dear. And some of our acquaintance, fine ladies, are there not?

Weaz. Ay, scarce any other.

Spin. Thou dear dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy life, thy death, I should say, whoring 'em.

Weaz. Faith! Jack, even as I led my life—between cards, dice, music, taverns, wenches, masquerades.

Spin. Masquerades! Have you those too?

Weaz. Those? Ay, they were horrified hence.

Spin. What a delicious place this hell is!

Weaz. Sir, it is the only place a fine gentleman nught to be in. [other world!]

Spin. How it was misrepresented to us in the *Weaz.* Pahaw! that hell did not belong to our religion; for you and I, Jack, you know, and most of our acquaintance, were always heathens.

Spin. Well, hut what sort of a fellow is the old gentleman, the devil, hey?

Weaz. Is he! Why a very pretty sort of a gentleman, a very fine gentleman; hut, my dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The moment I saw him here I remembered to have seen him shuffle cards at White's and George's; to have met him often on the Exchange and in the Alley, and never missed him in or about Westminster-hall. I will introduce you to him.

Spin. Ay, do; and tell him I was hanged; that will recommend me to him.

Weaz. No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor rogue, a sort of people he abominates so that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the law.

Spin. Won't he find me out?

Weaz. If he does, nothing pleases him so much as lying; for which reason he is so fond of no sort of people as the lawyers.

Spin. Methinks he might, for the same reason, be fond of us courtiers too. [reception.]

Weaz. Sir, we have no cause to complain of our *Spin.* But have you no news here, Jack?

Weaz. Yes, truly, we have some, and pretty remarkable news too. Here is a man come hither after his wife. [of her, that she may not come back again!]

Spin. What! to desire the devil to take great care

Weaz. No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his request.

Spin. Ay; he must be a hard-hearted devil indeed, to deny a man such a request as that.

Weaz. Did you never hear of him in the other world? He is a very fine singer, and his name is Orpheus.

Spin. Oh, ay! he's an Italian. Signior Orpheus—I have heard him sing in the opera in Italy. I suppose, when he goes back again, they will have him in England. But who have we here?

Weaz. This is the woman I spoke of—Madam Eurydice.

Spin. Faith! she is handsome; and if she had been anybody's wife but my own I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That sentiment completes the character of my courtier, who is so complaisant that he sins only to comply with the mode; and goes to the devil, not out of any inclination, but because it is the fashion. Now for Madam Eurydice, who is the fine lady of my play: and a fine lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. Captain Weazle, your very humble servant.

Weaz. Your servant, lady fair. A gentleman of my acquaintance desires the honour of kissing your hands.

[*England, I presume!*]

Eur. Any gentleman of your acquaintance. From

Spin. Just arrived thence, madam.

Eur. You have not been at court yet, sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty welcome from his majesty. He has a particular kindness for people of your nation.

Spin. I hope, madam, we shall always deserve it.

Weaz. But I hope the news is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice?

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a husband who came hither for me?

Spin. Faith! I don't know; but if a husband was to go back to the other world after his wife, I believe he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh! hut, sir, this place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different creatures after they have been here some time.

Weaz. And so you will go!

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the law of the realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the duty of a wife. And if the devil won't let me, I can't help it.

Weaz. I am afraid of the power of his voice. I wish he be able to resist that charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur. Indeed, sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the merit of a man, like that of a nightingale, lies in his throat. It is true he has a fine pipe; and if you will carry your friend to court this morning he may hear him; but though it is possible my heart may have its weak sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my ears.

Spin. That's strange; for it is the only way to all *ae* ladies' hearts in the other world.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I find you beaux know just as much of a woman as you ever did. Do you imagine, when a lady expires at an opera, she thinks of the signior that's singing? No, no—take my word for it, music puts softer and better things in her head.

AIR I. Do not ask me, charming Phillis.

When a woman lies expiring

At fal, la! la! la! la! in!

Do you think her, sir, desiring

Nothing more than ha, ha, ha?

[*Exit between the beaux.*]

Crit. If you will give me leave, sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the character of your courtier from your soldier.

Auth. What soldier? Have you mistaken my army-beau for a soldier? You might as well take a Temple-beau for a lawyer. Sir, a beau is a beau still, whatever profession he belongs to; the beaux in all professions differ in nothing but in dress; and therefore, sir, to distinguish the character of my army-beau from my court-beau, I clasp a cockade into his hat, and that is all the distinction I can make between them. But mum: Pluto is going *ex.*
Scene, the court of PLUTO.—Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, and ORPHEUS.

Plu. Indeed, friend Orpheus, I am concerned I cannot grant your request without infringing the laws of my realm. Ask me anything else, and ho certain of obtaining: riches, power, or whatever is in my gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common fate of *æ*n. Consider, you had the possession of your wife something more than a twelvemonth.

Pros. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor woman to be confined within the fetters of matrimony.

Plu. Is it possible that that voice, which can lull the cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own breast?

Auth. Now for a taste of recitativo. My farce is an oglio of tid-bits.

Orph. (Recit.) Cursed be the cruel scissors of the fates,

That snipp'd her thread of life, and cursed that law Which now forbids her to my arms!

No, cruel king, detain your offered wealth, And hang my harp forsaken in your realm;

For all things useless are to me Without Eurydice.

AIR II.

Riches, can you ease restore?

Riches make me wish the more

The possession of my sweet,

To bestow them at her feet.

What relief in sweetest lays

Wardling all my charmer's praise,

Bidding fiercer passion rise,

Toaching languish to my eyes.

Then can wealth and music please,

When my charmer smiles at these;

But, lest envy these besman,

Give me, give me her alone.

Plu. (in raptures.) O caro, caro!—What shall I do! If I hear another song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my dear, I could hardly deny him.

[*Aside to PROSERPINE.*]

Pros. That may possibly be, my dear;—and I wish he would with all my heart.

[*Aside.*]

Plu. Consider, ehld, there is no danger in the precedent; for, as he is the first man who ever desired to have his wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

Pros. I own the request odd enough; nor do I know any miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her husband's name till his arrival here. And though you may make fire with your own laws and your own people, I hope, Mr. Pluto, you will not usurp any authority over mine. By *Styx*, if you give one dead wife back again to her husband against her will, I will make hell too hot to hold you.

Plu. Do not be in a passion, my dear.

Pros. My dear, I will be in a passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in!

Plu. You need not fear the loss of your subjects.

though you should promise to return every wife that was asked.

Pros. How, sir! Have I not several widows whose jointures died with them—whose husbands would not only ask, but walk hither barefoot, to get them again! But you are always despising my subjects. I am sure no goddess of quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon earth, that the devil is a worse husband than any there.

Auth. Considering where the scene lies, I think these sentiments are not *mal-à-propos*.

Enter EURYDICE, WEAZLE, SPINDLE. WEAZLE introduces SPINDLE to PLUTO and PROSERPINE.—EURYDICE goes to ORPHEUS.

Orph. (Recit.) Oh, my Eurydice! the cruel king,
Still obdurate, refuses to my arms
The repossession of my love.

Eur. (Recit.) Unkind fate,
So soon to put an end to all our joys!
And barbarous law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our bliss.

Orph. And must you stay!

Eur. And must you go!

Orph. Oh no!

Eur. 'Tis so.

Orph. Oh no!

Eur. 'Tis so.

Crit. Why does Eurydice speak in recitative!
Auth. Out of complaisance to her husband. As you will find her behave through my whole piece like a very polite and well-bred lady. I intend this couple as a contrast to the devil and his wife.

AIR III.

Orph. Farewell, ye groves and mountains.
Ye once delightful fountains,
Where my charmer used to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
We have spent the summer-day!
Where herds forget their lowing,
And trees forget their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy flocks,
And the hard and mossy rocks,
All cease prancing,
Skipping, dancing;
Not the magic of my song,
But thy eyes drew all along.

Plu. I am conquered: by Styx you shall have her back. Take my wife too; take everything; another song, and take my crown.

Pros. Hold, hold! not so generous, good king Pluto. If the young lady pleases to return with her husband, as you have sworn by Styx, she may.

Auth. There, sir, there. I have carried the power of music beyond Orpheus, Amphion, and all of them; I have made it inspire a man to get the better of his wife.

Pros. But I insist on her consent being asked.

Spin. [to WEAZ.] I find in hell the grey mare is the better horse.

Wear. Yes, faith! Jack, and nowhere else, I believe.

Orph. Thanks, most infernal majesty;
I ask no greater boon.

Eur. You may depend too surely on your Eurydice, to doubt her consent to whatever would make you happy. But it is a long way from hence to the other world; and you know, by experience, my dear, I am an exceeding bad traveller.

Orph. I'll carry you on my shoulders.

Eur. O, dear creature! your shoulders would fail; indeed they would. And if I should be taken sick on the road, what should I do! Indeed, in this

world I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the river Styx, if I was fainting no public house dare sell me a dram.

Orph. I will buy two gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence I may be summoned back the next day! and consider, what an intolerable fatigue two such journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a journey which I have undertaken for you!

Eur. O you great creature, you! You are a man, and I am a poor weak woman. I hope you don't compare your strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning. Indeed, dear Orphy, I should be ashamed to show my face after it.

AIR IV.

Oh lad! I should be quite ashamed.
My former friends to see;
In an assembly if I'm named,
They'd point and cry, *that's she*,
From husbands when 'tis thought so fine
For wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the world all say?

Orph. Can you go then? will you refuse me!

Eur. My dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me anything, if it was reasonable I should do it of my own accord; but I never will be persuaded out of my reason.

AIR V.

Orph. That marriage is a great evil,
Who'll ever dispute more in life,
When they hear I've prevail'd on the devil,
And cannot prevail on my wife, poor man!
And cannot prevail on my wife!
Eur. But when those who hear your sad ditty
Shall the date of your wedding explore,
Do you think men a husband will pry
Who should have known better before, poor man!
Who should have known better before?

Plu. The doom is fix'd. I ask your pardon, my dear [to *Pros.*] but I swore by Styx, before I thought of it, that she should go.

Pros. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it: however, Eurydice, since that's the case the oath must be kept. But I can add a clause to the bill: if he looks back on you once in the way, you shall return, and that I swear by Styx.

Plu. Do you hear, sir, what my wife says?

Spin. [to WEAZ.] This river Styx seems a pretty way of ending controversies between a man and wife. It is pity the Thames had not the same virtue.

Orph. Thanks, most diabolical majesty, for your infernal kindness.

Plu. I hope you will take care and not forfeit the advantage of this favour I have granted you.

Pros. Which I have granted, if you please, sir.

Plu. Ay, which my wife has granted.

Wear. [to Spin.] You see how ill people express themselves when they call a bad husband the devil of a husband.

Eur. I thank your majesty, madam, for your interposition in my behalf; and if I did not improve it I should be unworthy of your royal favour.

Pros. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your husband.

Eur. Few women, madam, need come hither to learn that art.

Pros. I am glad they behave so well. Dear Eurydice, I wish you a good journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again. [sure your majesty.

Eur. The first moment it is in my power, I as-

Plu. Friend Orpheus, farewell : I give thee thy wife with greater pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exeunt PLUTO, PROUS, WEAZ., and SPIN.*]

Eur. Well, sir, and so I must take a trip with you to the other world. How was it possible you would come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here while alive !

Orph. Those were only the sudden blasts of passion. Besides, as is the common fate of mortals, I never knew my happiness till I lost it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me ?

Orph. Yes, my dear, and I think you was so for me ; your tears at our parting gave me sufficient assurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha ! I was afraid of dying, child, that was all. Upon my word, my dear, parting with thee was all the little comfort I had.

Orph. Did you desire it then ?

Eur. Most heartily, upon my word. I seldom prayed for anything else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together ?

Eur. O very comfortably ! Did you not leave me to run after the golden fleece ?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at Thebes by yourself a whole winter !

Eur. And did not you keep a mistress in my absence, when you might have come to me ?

Orph. Did not you spend in diversions and play what should have kept your family ?

Eur. And did not you spend on mistresses what should have kept your wife ?

[*pours.*]

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the vapours ! Did not you the occasion of my vapours ! Did not you kill my favourite monkey, because I would not dance with that rake Hercules and the rest of your brother Argonauts !

Orph. You have died with that rake Hercules when I have not been by, I believe ; and did not you crack one of my best fiddles, only because I would not dance with that coquet Miss Atalanta and the rest of your flirts ?

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy ; and I would break your fiddle again, sir, on the same occasion.

Orph. And I would see you and your monkey at the devil, if you affronted my friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha ! Then you would come after me again, as you have now ; ha, ha, ha !

Orph. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable state of life, which you are so fond of as to desire over again !

[*our faults for the future.*]

Orph. But experience might teach us to amend

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the impossibility of such an amendment : for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the examples of others when we were first married, and from our own in a short time ; but I never perceived any better effect from the remembrance of a past quarrel than the working up a new one. Could experience cure folly, man would not want that cure very early in life.

AIR VI.

If men from experience a lesson could reap.

To fly from the folly they'd seen,

What madman at forty a mistress would keep ?

What woman would love at eighteen ?

What woman, &c.

The love of a state man and courts of the law

Boys only would haunt very soon ;

And all married heads to conclusion would degenerate.

At the end of the sweet honey-moon.

At the end, &c.

So, if you have a mind to improve and profit by your own experience, e'en look back at the third step, and return single as you came.

Orph. No, I will be so complacent, that I had rather prove your hypothesis than my own.

Eur. Then, pray set out. In those last words of yours matrimony seemed to begin again ; for to refuse his wife with civility is the true complacency of a husband. So, a good journey to us.

AIR VII.—*Turn, O turn thee, dearest creature.*

Turn, O turn dear, do not fly me ;

I could never thus hold out ;

If you lov'd, you'd not deny me ;

If you lov'd, you'd look about,

[*Exit, she following.*]

SCENE, the banks of the river Styx.—[*They call CHARON several times without.*]

Auth. So now Charon is out of the way, and the audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, sir, why does Orpheus talk sometimes in recitative, and sometimes out of it ?

Auth. Why, sir, I don't care to tire the audience with too much recitative ; I observe they go to sleep at it at an opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason why he leaves off singing : for I think his wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune. Are you satisfied ?

Crit. I could ask another question. Why have you made the devil hen-pecked ?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the scene ; and how could hell be better represented than by supposing the people under petticoat government ? But O ! Charon is come at last.

Enter CHARON and MACCABONE.

Cha. You, Mr. Maccabone, will you please to pay me my fare ?

Mae. Ay, fet, would I with all my shoole, but, honey, I did die not worth a sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

[*back again.*]

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you

Mae. To my own country ! Arrah do, honey ! Ubohoo ! what a shoy it will be to my relations, that are now sioging an anthem called the Irish Howl over me, to see me alive when they know that I am dead.

Cha. If you do not pay your fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the river, where you shall wander on the banks a thousand years.

Mae. Shall I ! what, where I did see half a dozen gentlemen walking alone ! Ubohoo ! upon my shoule the laugh is coming upon my face.

Cha. Prithce, what dost though laugh at ?

Mae. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do ?

Mae. Upon my shoule I will get a bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the post to the other world to buy a bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap ; and when there is a bridge, I believe no one will come luto your boat that can go over the water upon dry land.

Cha. Here, take this fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his bridge is built. But whom have we here ! I suppose the couple who are by Pluto's special order to be ferried over to the other side.

Enter ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

Orph. If you please, Mr. Charon, to prepare your boat. I suppose you have received your orders.

Cha. Master, the boat is just gone over ; it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, master, to give us one of your Italian catches.

[*Charon?*]

Orph. Why, dost thou love trusie then, friend

Cha. Yes, fags ! master, I do. It went to my

heart t'other day that I did not dare ferry over Signior Quaverino.

Orph. Why didst thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, sir; Judge Rhadamanthus said it was against the law; for that nobody was to come into this country but men and women; and that the signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your lawyers, I suppose, have strange quirks here in bell!

Cha. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the same here as on earth. [drowned.

Eur. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be

Orph. [Turning.] Ha! Eurydice's voice!

Eur. O, unlucky misfortune! why would you look behind you when you knew the queen's command!

[tempt me!

Orph. Thou wicked woman, why wouldst thou

Eur. How unreasonable is that, to lay the blame on me! Can I help my fears! You know I was always inclined to be hysterical; but it is like you to lay the blame on me when you know yourself to be guilty, when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back purposely to lose me.

Orph. And dost thou accuse me!

Eur. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked conscience must do it. Oh! bad you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a million of miles. I am sure I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you.

[Pretending to cry.

Orph. Cursed accident; but still we may go on. Proserpine can never know it.

Eur. [speaking brisk.] No, I promised to return the moment you looked back; and a woman of honour must keep her promise, though it be to leave her husband.

AIR VIII.

<p>Farewell, my dear, Since fate severe Has cut us twice in twain.</p> <p><i>Orph.</i> Say not farewell: I'll back to hell, And sing those back again.</p> <p><i>Eur.</i> No, Orpheus, no, You shall not go.</p> <p><i>Orph.</i> And must we—must we part!</p>	<p><i>Eur.</i> We must away. For if you stay, Indeed 'I'll break my heart.</p> <p>Your servant, dear, I downward steer. You upward to the lirih!</p> <p>Take no more leave, For I must grieve Till you are out of sight.</p>
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Cha. Come, master Orpheus, never take it to heart, but e'en part as merrily as your lady did. I believe the devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his wife behind him.

ORPH. (Recit.) Ungrateful, barbarous woman!
Infernal Stygian monster!
Henceforth mankind
I'll teach to hate the sex.

AIR IX.

If a husband henceforth, who has buried his wife,
Of Pluto request her again brought to life,
Pluto, grant his request as he enters thy portal,
And Jove for his comfort,
And Jove for his comfort,
O make her, O make her, O make her immortal!

Auth. There, now the audience must stay a little while the grave scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

Crit. I see Mr Orpheus is come to his recitativo again.

Auth. Yes, sir, just as he lost his senses. I wish our opera composers could give as good a reason for their recitativo.

Crit. What, would you have them bring nothing but mad people together into their operas!

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad

people together into their operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant prices they do, nor their singers to keep useless mistresses; which, by the by, is a very ingenious burlesque on our taste.

Crit. Ay, how so!

Auth. Why, sir, for an English people to support an extravagant Italian opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the sense nor the sound, is as heartily ridiculous and much of a piece with an eunuch's keeping a mistress: nor do I know whether his ability is more despised by his mistress, or our taste by our singers.

Crit. Hush, hush, don't disturb the play.

SCENE, PLUTO's court.—PLUTO, WEAZLE, SPINDLE.

Plu. Well, Mr. Spindle, pray bow do you like your way of living here!

Spin. Upon my word, may it please your majesty, it is so very like the life I used to lead that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope your majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here as we used to be in the other world.

Plu. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. Spindle, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no remedy for it; for, as it is impossible to make the people here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better.—(How little these wretches know that the vices which were their pleasures in the other world are their punishment here; and that the most vicious man need scarce any other punishment than that of being confined to his vice!) [Aside.

Auth. There, sir! There is morality for you out of the mouth of the devil. If that be not *d furo dare lucem*, let another handle the pen for me.

Spin. One vice in particular that we excel you in is hypocrisy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwise; for, as his diabolical majesty is known to have such an antipathy to virtue, you may be certain no one here will affect it.

Plu. Why not? I am no enemy to the affection of it; and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely, they might depend on it I should see through them. But ba! my wife and Eurydice!

ENTER PROSERPINE AND EURYDICE.

Pros. Yes, sir, the gentleman could not stay, it seems, till he got home; but looked back on his treasure, and so forfeited it.

Eur. And yet I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually entreating him to look forward, frightened out of my wits every step lest he should see me by a side glance, and yet all would not do; he would, [sobbing] he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

Plu. Be comforted, madam.

Eur. It is in your power to comfort me.

Plu. And be assured it is in my will.

Eur. Then you must promise me never to send me back; for, truly, there is [composed] so much pain in parting, that, since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my husband again, if I can help it.

Pros. Be easy; for by Styx he never shall send you back.

Spin. However, there is some hypocrisy here, I find. [Aside to WEAZLE.

Weaz. Ay, among the women.

Pros. Well, my dear Eurydice, I am so pleased to see you returned that I will celebrate a holiday in all my dominions. Let Tantalus drink, and take lions off the wheel. Let every one's punishment be remitted a whole day. Do you hear, husband!

what are you thinking of? Do you take care and signify my pleasure?

Plu. I shall, my dear. Do you hear, all of you! It is my wife's pleasure that you should all keep holiday.

Pros. And hark'e, sir, I desire you would wave your wand, and conjure back some of your devils that dance at the playhouses in the other world.

Plu. My dear, I will obey your commands.

Pros. You see, my dear Eurydice, the manner in which I live with my husband. He settled one half of the government on me at my marriage, and I have, thank fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half; thus I make myself some little amends for his immortality.

Eur. And sure a wife ought to have some amends made her for such a terrible circumstance.

Plu. My dear, the dancers are come.

Eur. Well, I am quite charmed with your majesty's behaviour to a husband.

Pros. And I am so charmed with yours that you shall henceforth be my chief favourite. [*A grand dance.*]

CHORUS

Eur. From lessons like these
You may if you please,
Good husbands, learn to be civil;
For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again
When once we are gone to the devil.

Pros. At each little pet
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your wives dead, for I tell you,
If they once touch this shore,
You shall have them no more,
Though to fetch them you send *Farinello*.

Plu. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

Chor. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like him in Hymen's fast fetters
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters

EURYDICE HISSED;

OR,

A WORD TO THE WISE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Spatter*, MRS. CHARGE; *Sourwit*, MR. LACEY; *Lord Dapper*, MR. WARD; *Pillage*, MR. BOKERS; *Honestus*, MR. DAVIS; *Mess*, MRS. HAYWOOD; *Actor*, MESSRS. BLAKER, LOUTHER, PELLER, TUFFING, WOODHUN, MACMAN; *Gentlemen*, MESSRS. JONES, MACHEN, WOODBURN.

Enter SPATTER, SOURWIT, LORD DAPPER.

Spat. My lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you show me in staying to the rehearsal of my tragedy: I hope it will please your lordship as well as Mr. Medley's comedy has, for I assure you it is ten times as ridiculous.

Sour. Is it the merit of a tragedy, Mr. Spatter, to be ridiculous?

Spat. Yes, sir, of such tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. Sourwit, will grant me this, that a tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more merit in making the audience laugh than in setting them asleep.

Dep. I beg, sir, you would begin, or I shan't get my hair powdered before dinner; for I am always four hours about it.

Sour. Why, prithee, what is this tragedy of thine?

Spat. Sir, it is the Damnation of Eurydice. I fancy, Mr. Sourwit, you will allow I have chose this subject very cunningly; for, as the town have damn'd my play, for their own sakes they will not damn the damnation of it.

Sour. Faith, I must confess there is something of singular modesty in the instance.

Spat. And of singular prudence too; what signifies denying the fact after sentence, and dying with a lie in your mouth? No, no; rather, like a good pious criminal rejoice, that, in being put to shame, you make some atonement for your sins; and I hope to do so in the following play; for it is, Mr. Sourwit, of a most instructive kind, and conveys to us a beautiful image of the instability of human greatness, and the uncertainty of friends. You see here the author of a mighty farce at the very top and pinnacle of poetical or rather farcical greatness, followed, flattered, and adored by a crowd of dependents; on a sudden, fortune changing the scene, and his farce

being damned, you see him become the scorn of his admirers, and deserted and abandoned by all those who courted his favour, and appeared the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the scene, and discover Mr. Pillage.

Sour. Who is he?

Spat. The author of the farce.

Sour. A very odd name for an author.

Spat. Perhaps you will not remain long in that opinion; but silence.

Pil. Who'd wish to be the author of a farce,

Surrounded daily by a crowd of actors,
Gaping for parts, and never to be satisfied?

Yet, say the wise, in loftier seats of life,
Solicitation is the chief reward;

And Wolsey's self, that mighty minister,
In the full height and zenith of his power,

Amid a crowd of sycophants and slaves,
Was but perhaps the author of a farce,

Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a cheat,
Some men play little farces, and some great. [*Exit.*]

Spat. Now for the levee.

Sour. Whose levee, sir?

Spat. My poet's, sir. [*poet's levee*]

Sour. 'Sdeath, sir! did ever any mortal bear of a

Spat. Sir, my poet is a very great man.

Sour. And pray, sir, of what sort of people do you compose your great man's levee?

Spat. Of his dependents, sir; pray, of what sort of people are all great men's levees composed? I have been forced, sir, to do a small violence to history, and make my great man not only a poet but a master of a playhouse; and so, sir, his levee is composed of actors soliciting for parts, printers for copies, box-keepers, scene-men, fiddlers, and candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. Sourwit, do you think I could have composed his levee of proper company? Come, enter, enter, gentlemen. [*The Levee enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous tune.*]

Enter TILLAGE.

1 Act. Sir, you have promised me a part a long time; if you had not intended to employ me, it would

have been kind in you to have let me know it, that I might have turned myself to some trade or other.

Pil. Sir, one farce cannot find parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must have patience: I intend to exhibit several farces; depend on me you shall have a part.

1 *Act.* I humbly thank you. [sings.]

2 *Act.* Sir, I was to have had a principal part long

Pil. Speak to me before the parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you; you remember my farce is to [to 3d Actor] come on to-day, and will

3 *Act.* Depend on me. [lends me your hands.]

Pil. And you, sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4 *Act.* De'l o' my sal, but I will.

Pil. Be sure and get into the house as soon as the doors are open.

4 *Act.* Fear me not; I will but get a bet of dinner, and I will be the first in the house; but—

Pil. What, sir?

4 *Act.* I want money to buy a pair of gloves.

Pil. I will order it you out of the office.

4 *Act.* De'l o' my sal, but I will clap every gud thing, till I bring the huse down.

Pil. That won't do: the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me when they dislike. I don't desire any of you to elap unless when you hear a hiss. Let that be your cue

All. We'll observe. [for clapping.]

5 *Act.* But, sir, I have not money enough to get

Pil. I cannot disburse it. [into the house.]

5 *Act.* But I hope you will remember your promises, sir!

Pil. Some other time; you see I am busy.—What are your commands, sir! [play.]

1 *Print.* I am a printer, and desire to print your

2 *Print.* Sir, I'll give you the most money.

Pil. [To 2nd Printer, whispering.] You shall have it. Oh! I'm heartily glad to see you. [Takes him aside.] You know my farce comes on to-day, and I have many enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

Poet. Depend on me; never fear your enemies. I'll warrant we make more noise than they.

Pil. Thou art a very honest fellow.

[Shakes him by the hand.]

Poet. I am always proud to serve you.

Pil. I wish you would let me serve you; I wish you would turn actor, and accept of a part in some of my farces.

Poet. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the stage myself; but I desire you would let me recommend this handsome, genteel, young fellow to act the part of a fine gentleman.

Pil. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the stage: I dare swear, sir, his abilities are such that the town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

Poet. I hope so, but I must take my leave of you, for I am to meet a strong party that I have engaged for your service.

Pil. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

Poet. Fear not; I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [Exeunt.]

Pil. Then I defy the town: I fly by my friends,

Against their liking I support my farce,
And fill my loaded pockets with their pence,
Let after-ages damn me if they please.

Sour. Well, sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this levee scene?

Spat. Sir, I intend first to warn all future authors from depending solely on a party to support them against the judgment of the town. Secondly, showing that even the author of a farce may have his attendants and dependants. I hope greater pervers

may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean ambition of being worshipped, flattered, and attended by such fellows as these, may have led men into the worst of schemes, from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter HONESTUS.

Hon. You sent me word that you desired to see me.

Pil. I and, Honestus, for my farce appears

This day upon the stage—and I entreat

Your presence in the pit to help applaud it.

Hon. Faith, sir, my voice shall never be corrupt.

If I approve your farce, I will applaud it;

If not, I'll hiss it, though I hiss alone.

Pil. Now, by my soul, I hope to see the time

When none shall dare to hiss within the house.

Hon. I rather hope to see the time when ous

Shall come prepared to censure or applaud,

But merit always bear away the prize.

If you have merit, take your merit's due;

If not, why should a hunger in his art

Keep off some better genius from the stage?

I tell you, sir, the farce you act to-night

I do not approve, nor will the house, unless

Your friends by partiality prevail.

Besides, you are most impolitic to affront

The army in the beginning of your piece;

Your satire is unjust; I know no ghost

Of army-beaux unless of your own making.

Sour. What do you mean by that?

Spat. Sir, in the farce of Eurydice, a ghost of an army-beau was brought on the stage.

Sour. O! ay, I remember him.

Pil. I fear them not; I have so many friends,

That the majority will sure be mine.

Hon. Curse on this way of carrying things by friends,

This bar to merit! by such unjust means,

A play's success or ill success is known,

And fix'd before it has been tried 't' the house.

Yet grant it should succeed, grant that by chance,

Or by the whim and madness of the town,

A farce without contrivance, without sense,

Should run to the astonishment of mankind;

Think how you will be read in after-times,

When friends are not, and the impartial judge

Shall with the meanest scribbler rank your name;

Who would not rather wish a Butler's fame,

Distress'd and poor in everything but merit,

Than be the blundering laureat to a court?

Pil. Not I!—On me, ye gods, bestow the pence,

And give your fame to any fools you please.

Hon. Your love of pence sufficiently you show,

By raising still your prices on the town.

Pil. The town for their own sakes those prices pay,

Which the additional expense demands.

Hon. Then give us a good tragedy for our money,

And let not Harlequin still pick our pockets,

With his low paltry tricks and juggling cheats,

Which any school-boy, was he on the stage,

Could do as well as he.—In former times,

When better actors acted better plays,

The town paid less.

Pil. We have more actors now.

Hon. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need.

Make your additional expense apparent,

Let it appear quite necessary too,

And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

Pil. What is a manager whom the public rule?

Hon. The servant of the public, and no more:

For though indeed you see the actors paid,

Yet from the people's pockets come the pence;

They therefore should decide what they will pay for

Pil. If you assist me on this trial day,

You may assure yourself a dedication.

Hon. No bribe—I go impartial to your cause,
Like a just critic, to give worst applause,
But damn you if you write against our laws. [*Exit.*]

Pil. I wish I could have gain'd one honest man
Sure to my side; but, since the attempt is vain,
Numbers must serve for worth; the vessel sails
With equal rapid fury and success,
Borne by the foulest tide as clearest stream.

Enter Valet de Chambre.

Val. Your honour's muse
Is come to wait upon you.

Pil. Show her in.
I guess she comes to chide me for neglect,
Since twice two days have pass'd since I invoked her.

Enter Muse.

Sour. The devil there have! This is a mighty
pretty way the gentleman has found out to insinuate
his acquaintance with the muses; though, like other
ladies, I believe they are often wronged by fellows
who brag of favours they never received.

Pil. Why wears my gentle Muse so stern a brow?
Why awful thus affects she to appear,
Where she delighted to be so serene?

Muse. And dost thou ask, thou traitor, dost thou
ask?

Art thou not conscious of the wrongs I bear,
Neglected, slighted for a fresher muse?
I, whose fond heart too easily did yield
My virgin joys and honour to thy arms,
And bore thee Pasquin.

Pil. Where will this fury end?

Muse. Ask thy base heart, whose is Eurydice?

Pil. By all that's great, begotten on no muse,
The trifling offspring of an idle hour,
When you were absent, far below your care.

Muse. Can I believe you had her by no muse?

Pil. Ay, by your love, and more, by mine, you
shall;

My raptur'd fancy shall again enjoy thee,
Cure all thy jealousies, and ease thy fears.

Muse. Wilt thou? make ready then thy pen and
ink.

Pil. O they are ever ready; when they fail,
May'st thou forsake me, may'st thou then inspire
The blundering brain of scribblers who for hire
Would write away their country's liberties.

Muse. O name not wretches so below the muse:

No, my dear Pillage, sooner will I wet
The Ordinary of Newgate's leaden quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual verse
Which city bellmen or court laureates sing;
Sooner with thee in humble garret dwell,
And thou—or else thy Muse disclaims thy pen—
Would'st sooner starve, ay, even in prison starve,
Than vindicate oppression for thy bread,
Or write down liberty to gain thy own.

Sour. Hey-day! methinks this merry tragedy is
growing sublime.

Spaf. That last is, indeed, a little out of my pre-
sent style; it dropped from me before I was aware.
Talking of liberty made me serious in spite of my
teeth; for, between you and me, Mr. Sourwit, I
think that affair is past a jest: but I ask your par-
don, you shall have no more on't.

Pil. Come to my arms, inspire me with sweet
thoughts.

And now thy inspiration fires my brain:
Not more I felt thy power, nor fiercer burnt
My vig'rous fancy, when thy blushing charms
First yielded trembling, and inspired my pen
To write nine scenes with spirit in one day.

Muse. That was a day indeed!

Sour. Ay, faith! so it was.

Muse. And does my Pillage write with joy as
then?

Would not a fresher subject charm his pen?

Pil. Let the dull sated appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted edge;
The subject which has once delighted me
Shall still delight, shall ever be my choice.
Come to my arms, thou masterpiece of nature.
The fairest rose, first opening to the sun,
Bears not thy beauty, nor sends forth thy sweets;
For that once gather'd loses all its pride,
Fades to the sight, and sickens to the smell;
Thou, gather'd, charmest every sense the more,
Can'st flourish, and be gather'd o'er and o'er.

[*Ereunt.*]

Spaf. There, they are gone to write a scene, and
the town may expect the fruit of it. [*Spring indeed.*]

Sour. Yes, I think the town may expect an off-
Spaf. But now my catastrophe is approaching:
change the scene to the outside of the playhouse,
and enter two gentlemen.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Came you from the house?

2 *Gent.* I did.

1 *Gent.* How wears the farce?

2 *Gent.* The pit is crammed; I could not get ad-
mission;

But at the door I heard a mighty noise:
It seem'd of approbation, and of laughter.

1 *Gent.* If laughter, it was surely approbation,
For I've long studied the dramatic art,
Read many volumes, seen a thousand plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain truth,
That laughs applaud a farce, and tears a tragedy.

Sour. A very great discovery, indeed, and very
pompously introduced!

Spaf. You sneer, Mr. Sourwit; but I have seen
discoveries in life of the same nature introduced
with much greater pomp.

Sour. But don't you intend to lay the scene in
the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damn'd
before us?

Spaf. No, sir, it is a thing of too horrible a na-
ture; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule,
and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter
Description: I assure you I have thrown myself out
greatly in this next scene.

Enter 3rd Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Oh, friends, all's lost; Eurydice is
damn'd.

2 *Gent.* Ha! damn'd! A few short moments
past I came

From the pit-door, and heard a loud applause.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis true, at first the pit seem'd greatly
pleased,

And loud applauses through the benches rang;

But, as the plot began to open more,

(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,

Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose:

This by a catcall from the gallery

Was quickly seconded: then followed claps,

And 'twixt long clap and hisses did succeed

A stern contention. Victory hung dubious.

So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine,

When honesty pleads here, and there a bribe;

At length, from some ill-fated actor's mouth

Sudden there issued forth a horrid dram,

And from another rush'd two gallons forth:

The audience, as it were contagious air,

Ail caught it, hailo'd, catcall'd, hiss'd, and groan'd.

1 *Gent.* I always thought, indeed, that joke would
damn him,

And told him that the people would not take it.

3 *Gent.* But it was mighty pleasant to behold,

When the damnation of the farce was sure,
How all those friends who had begun the claps
With greatest vigour strove who first should hiss,
And show disapprobation. And John Watts,
Who was this morning eager for the copy,
Slunk hasty from the pit, and shook his head.

2 *Gent.* And so 'tis certain that his farce is gone!

3 *Gent.* Most certain.

2 *Gent.* Let us then retire with speed,

For see he comes this way.

3 *Gent.* By all means,

Let us avoid him with what haste we can. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PILLAGE.

Pil. Then I am damn'd—curs'd henceforth be
the bard

Who e'er depends on fortune or on friends!

Sour. So, the play is over; for I reckon you will
not find it possible to get any one to come near this
honest gentleman.

Spot. Yes, sir, there is one, and you may easily
guess who it is: the man who will not flatter his
friend in prosperity will hardly leave him in adver-
sity. Come, enter Honestus.

Pil. Honestus here! will he not shun me too?

Hon. When Pasquin ran, and the town liked you
And every scribbler loaded you with praise, [most,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

Pil. Oh! had I taken your advice, my friend!
I had not now been damn'd—Then had I trusted
To the impartial judgment of the town,
And by the goodness of my piece had tried
To merit favour, nor with vain reliance
On the frail promise of uncertain friends,
Prodneed a farce like this—friends who forsook me,
And left me nought to comfort me but this. [*Drinks.*]

Hon. Forbear to drink.

Pil.

Oh! it is now too late.

Already I have drunk two bottles off

Of this fell potion, and it now begins

To work its deadly purpose on my brain.

I'm giddy; ha! my head begins to swim;

And see—Eurydice all pale before me!

Why dost thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.

By Jove there never was a better farce!

She beckons me—say—whether—blame the town,

And not thy Pillage—Now my brain's on fire!

My staggering senses dance—and I am—

Hon.

Drunk.

That word he should have said, that ends the verse.

Farewell: a twelve hours' nap compose thy senses.

May mankind profit by thy sad example;

May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,

And no man dare to make a simple farce!

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK;

OR,

PHAETON IN THE SUDS.

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT OF WALKING, IN SERIOUS AND FOOLISH CHARACTERS.

INTERLARD WITH BURLESQUE, GROTESQUE, COMIC INTERLUDES, CALLES

HARLEQUIN A PICKPOCKET.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

Young (tis hoped) the last Entertainment that will ever be exhibited on any stage. Invented by the ingenious

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT;

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY THE HARMONISTS

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI;

AND THE SCENES PAINTED BY THE PROPRIETOR

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM FLAT.

Monstr' horrend' inform—

FIRST ACTED IN 1744.

To Mr. JOHN LUN, vulgarly called ESQUIAX.

Sir,—Though Pasquin has put Dedications in so ridiculous
a light that patrons may, perhaps, pay some shame for the
future for reading their own praises, yet I hope you will not
begin to be affected with so troublesome a passion when I tell
you I know no man in England to whom I can so properly
dedicate the following pages as yourself.

It is to you, sir, we owe (if not the invention) at least the
bringing into fashion that sort of writing which you have
pleased to distinguish by the name of Entertainment. Your
success herein (whether owing to your heels or your head I
will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all respect from
the inferior dabblers in things of this nature.

But, sir, I have farther obligations to you than the success,
whatever it be, which this little farce may meet with, can lay
on me. It was to a play judiciously brought on by you in the
May month, to which I owe the original hint, as I have always
owned, of the contrasted poets, and two or three other particu-
lars, which have received great applause on the stage. Not
am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect per-
formance the strokes of an author, any of whose wit, if I have
preserved entire, I shall think it my chief merit to the town.
Though I cannot enough curse myself of selfishness, while I
meddle in dramatic writings, to profess a sorrow that one of so

superior a genius is led, by his better sense and better fortune,
to more profitable studies than the stage. How far you have
contributed to this I will not presume to determine. Farther,
as Pasquin has proved of greater advantage to me than it could
have been at any other playhouse under their present regula-
tions, I am obliged to you for the indifference you showed at
my proposal to you of detaching a play on your stage this win-
ter, which immediately determined me against any farther pur-
suing that project; for, as I never yet yielded to any mean or
subservient solicitations of the great men in real life, I could by
no means prevail on myself to play an under-part in that dra-
matic entertainment of greatness which you are pleased to
divert yourself with in private, and which, was you to exhibit
it in public, might prove as profitable to you, and as diverting
a pantomime to the town, as any you have hitherto favoured
us with.

I am, moreover, much obliged to you for that satire on
Pasquin which you was so kind to bring on your stage; and
here I declare (whatever people may think to the contrary)
you did it of your own mere goodness, without any reward or
solicitation from me. I owe it was a sensible pleasure to me
to observe the town, which had before been so favourable to
Pasquin at his own house, confirming that applause by tho-
roughly condemning the satire on him at yours.

Whether this was written by your command or your assistance, or only acted by your permission, I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest man will conclude that either lays me under the same obligation to you, and badly entitles you to this Dedication. Indeed, I am inclined to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a head ever to meddle with Common Sense, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a manager to keep a needless superfluous in your house.

I suppose you will here expect something in the dedicatory style on your person and your accomplishments; but why should I entertain the town with a recital of your particular perfections, when they may see your whole merit all at once, whenever you condescend to perform the Harlequin? However, I shall beg leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least design of flattery) your adequate behaviour in that great station to which you was born, your great judgment in play-acted plays, too well known to be here expatiated on; your generosity in diverting the whole kingdom with your sarabandes, at the expense, I might almost say, of more than your purse. To say nothing of your wit and other perfections, I must force myself to add, though I know every man will be pleased with it but yourself, that the person who has the honour to know your very inmost thoughts best is the most sensible of your great endowments.

But sir, while I am praising myself, and I believe the world, I am I fear offending you: I will therefore desist; though I can assure, what few dedications can, that I can, and perhaps may say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the sincerest of most of the foregoing lines, your most obedient and most humble servant,

PASQUIN.

ARGUMENT.

PHÆTON was the son of Phebus, and Clymene a Grecian orator-wench. The parish boys would often upbraid him with the infamy of his mother Clymene, telling him she reported him to be the son of Apollo, only to cover her adultery with a serpent of the foot guards. He complains to Clymene of the affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the round-house (the temple of his father), and there be revolved from his own mouth of the truth of his sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable mark that should convince the world that his mother was a virtuous woman, and where to Phebus. He goes to the said round house, where Apollo grants his request, and gives him the guidance of his lantern for a day. The youth falling asleep was trampled out of the wheelbarrow, and what became of him I could never learn.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Machius* (the cobbler), Mr. ROBERTS; *Fustian* (an author), Mr. LACY; *Sneerwell* (a critic), Mr. MACHIN; *Prompter*, Mr. TURNER; *Clymene*, Mrs. CHURCH; *Jupiter*, Mr. FREEMAN; *Neptune*, Mr. WALLIS; *Phæbus*, Mr. TURNER; *Old Phædon*, Mr. SMITH; *Young Phædon*, Mr. BOOTHBY; *Aurora*, Mrs. EBBERTON; *Aurora's Maid*, Miss JONES; *Terra*, Miss BURGESS; *Grains of Gold*, Miss FRANKSON; *Harlequin*, Mr. BOWMAN; *Justice*, Mr. JONES; *Justice's Clerk*, MRS. CASTLETON; *Messenger*, Mr. FREEMAN; Mr. TURNER; *Stars*, MESSRS. SHERWIN, MISS FERDINAND; *Columbine*, MADEMOISELLE BEAUMONT; *First Courtier*, Mr. SMITH; *Second Courtier*, Mr. LOWDER; *Third Courtier*, Mr. COLLARD; *First Rake*, Mr. BOOTHBY; *Second Rake*, Mr. PULLER; *Third Rake*, Mr. WALLIS; *Fourth Rake*, Mr. PIERCE; *Children*, Mr. SMITH, Mr. COLLARD; *Prud*, Mr. LOWDER; *Tragedy Queen*, Miss JONES; *Watchman*, MESSRS. SMITH, LOWDER, COLLARD, CHATMAN; *Constable*, *Watch*, *Fiddlers*, *Lantern*, *Song*, *Moon*, *Whores*, &c. &c. &c.

Prompter. FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, and MACHINE.

Prompt. Mr. Fustian, I hope the tragedy is over, for Mr. Machine is just come, and we must practise the entertainment.

Fust. Sir, my tragedy is done; but you need not be in such haste about your entertainment, for you will not want it this season.

Prompt. That, sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. Machine, for fear he should go to the other house.

Sneer. Dear Fustian, do let us stay and see the *Fust.* And can you bear, after such a luscious meal of tragedy as you have had, to put away the taste with such an insipid desert?

Sneer. It will divert me a different way. I can admire the sublime which I have seen in the tragedy, and laugh at the ridiculous which I expect in the entertainment.

Fust. You shall laugh by yourself then. [*Going.*

Sneer. Nay, dear Fustian, I beg you would stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to dinner in a large company, where you may dispose of some tickets.

Fust. Sir, I can deny you nothing.—Ay, I have a few tickets in my pockets.

[*Pulls out a vast quantity of paper.*

Mach. Gentlemen, I must beg you to clear the stage entirely; for in things of this serious nature, if we do not comply with the exactest decency, the audience will be very justly offended.

Fust. Things of a serious nature! oh the devil!

Mach. Harkye, prompter, who is that figure there?

Prompt. That, sir, is Mr. Fustian, author of the new tragedy.

Mach. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of Othello, if my pantomime is performed with it, or the audience will be palled before the entertainment begins. [*please.*

Prompt. We'll cut out the fifth act, sir, if you

Mach. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the first cut out too.

Fust. Death and the devil! Can I bear this? Shall Shakspeare be mangled to introduce this trumpery?

Prompt. Sir, this gentleman brings more money to the house than all the poets put together.

Mach. Pugh, pugh! Shakspeare!—Come let down the curtain, and play away the overture.—Prompter, to your post.

[*The curtain drawn up, discovers PHÆTON leaning against the scene.*

SCENE, A cobbler's stall.—*Enter CLYMENE.*

Sneer. Pray, sir, who are these extraordinary figures?

Mach. He, leaning against the scene, is Phæton; and the lady is Clymene; or Clymenec, as they call her in Drury-lane. This scene, sir, is in the true alternative or scolding style of the ancients. Come, madam, begin.

Cly. You lazy, lousy rascal! is 't well done, That you, the heir-apparent of the Sun, Stand with your arms before you like a lout, When your great father has two hours set out, And bears his lantern all the world about?

Phæ. Oh, mother, mother! think you it sounds well,

That the Sun's son in cobbler's stall should dwell? Think you it does not on my soul encroach, To walk on foot while father keeps a coach? If he should shine into the stall, d'ye think To see me mending shoes he would not wink? Besides, by all the parish-boys I am flamm'd;— You the Sun's son! You rascal, you be damnd!

Cly. And dost thou, blockhead, then make all this noise,

Because you 're flier'd at by the parish-boys? When, sirrah, you may know the mob will dare Sometimes to scorn and hiss at my lord mayor.

AIR I.—*Gilliflowers, gentle rosemary.*

Phæ. O, mother, this story will never go down,

'Twill ne'er be believ'd by the boys of the town;

'Tis true what you swore,

I'm the son of a whore,

They all believe that, but believe nothing more.

Cly. You rascal, who dare your mamma thus to do, &c.

Come along to the justice, and he'll make it out;

He knows very well,

When you first made me swell,

That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shined in my cell.

Phæ. O, mother, mother, I must ever grieve;

Can I the justice, if not you, believe?

If to your oath no credit I afford,

Do you believe I'll take his worship's word?

Chas. Gc. to the watch-house, where your father bright
That lantern keeps which gives the world it.
Whence sallying, he does the day's gates unlock,
Walks through the world's great streets, and tells
folks what's o'clock.

Phae. With joy I go; and ere two days are run
I'll know if I am my own father's son.

Cly. Go, clear my fame, for greater 'tis in life
To be a great man's whore than poor man's wife.
If you are rich, your vices men adore,
But hate and scorn your virtues, if you're poor.

AIR II.—Pierot tune.

Great courtiers palaces contain,
Poor courtiers fear a gaol;
Great persons riot in champagne,
Poor persons rot in ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses,
For their kisses,
Are in bridewell bang'd;
Whilst in togue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

[The scene draws and discovers the Sun in a great chair in the round-house, attended by Watchmen.

Enter PHAETON.

Sneer. Pray, sir, what is that scene to represent?
Mack. Sir, this is the palace of the Sun.
Fust. It looks as like the round-house as ever I saw anything.

Mack. Yes, sir, the Sun is introduced in the character of a watchman; and that lantern there represents his chariot.

Fust. The devil it does!

Mack. Yes, sir, it does, and as like the chariot of the Sun it is as ever you saw anything on any stage.

Fust. I can't help thinking this a properer representation of the Moon than the Sun.

Sneer. Perhaps the scene lies in the Antipodes, where the Sun rises at midnight.

Mack. Sir, the scene lies in Ovid's Metamorphoses; and so, pray, sir, don't ask any more questions, for things of this nature are above criticism.

Phae. What do I see? What beams of candle-light break from that lantern and put out my sight?

Phoebe. Oh, little Phae! prithee tell me why Thon tak'st this evening's walk into the sky?

Phae. Father, if I may call thee by that name, I come to clear my own and mother's fame;
To prove myself thy bastard, her thy miss.

Phoebe. Come hither first, and give me, boy, a kiss.

[Kisses him.]
Now you shall see a dance; and that will show
We lead as merry lives as folks below.

[A dance of Watchmen.]

Phae. Father, the dance has very well been done. But yet that does not prove I am your son.

Fust. Upon my word, I think Mr. Phaeton is very much in the right on't; and I would be glad to know, sir, why this dance was introduced.

Mack. Why, sir? why, as all dances are introduced, for the sake of the dance. Besides, sir, would it not look very unnatural in Phoebe to give his son no entertainment after so long an absence? Go on, go on.

[mine;]
Phoebe. Thon art so like me, sure you must be I should be glad if you would stay and dine;
I'll give my bond, whatever you ask to grant;
I will by Styx! an oath which break I can't.

Phae. Then let me, since that vow must ne'er be broke,

Carry, one day, that lantern for a joke.

[keep;]
Phoebe. Rash was my promise, which I now must But, oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

Phae. If I succeed, I shall no scandal rue;

If I should sleep, 'tis what most watchmen do.

[Exit. **Phoebe.** No more.—Set out, and walk around the skies;

My watch informs me it is time to rise.

[Exit. **Mack.** Now for the comic, sir.

Fust. Why, what the devil has this been?

Mack. This has been the serious, sir,—the sublime. The serious in an entertainment answers to the sublime in writing. Come, are all the rakes and whores ready at King's coffee-house?

Prompt. They are ready, sir.

Mack. Then draw the scene. Pray, let the carpenters take care that all the scenes be drawn in exact time and tune, that I may have no bungling in the tricks; for a trick is no trick if not performed with great dexterity. Mr. Fustian, in tragedies and comedies, and such sort of things, the audiences will make great allowances; but they expect more from an entertainment; here, if the least thing be out of order they never pass it by.

Fust. Very true, sir, tragedies do not depend so much upon the carpenter as you do.

Mack. Come, draw the scene.

[The scene draws and discovers several men and women drinking in King's coffee-house. They rise and dance. The dance ended, sing the following song:—

AIR III.—O London is a fine town.

1 **Rake.** O gin, at length, is putting down,
And 'tis the more the pity;
Petition for it all the town,
Petition all the city.

Cho. O gin, &c.

1 **Rake.** 'Twas gin that made train-bands so stout,
To whom each castle yields;
This made them make the town about,
And take all Tuttle-fields.

Cho. O gin, &c.

1 **Rake.** 'Tis gin, as all our neighbours know,
Has served our army too;
This makes them make so fine a show
To Hyde-park, at review.

Cho. O gin, &c.

1 **Rake.** But what I hope will change your notes,
And make your anger sleep;
Consider none can bribe his votes
With liquor half so cheap.

Cho. O gin, &c.

Fust. I suppose, sir, you took a cup of gin to inspire you to write this fine song.

During the song HARLEQUIN enters and picks pockets. A Poet's pocket is picked of his play, which, as he was going to pawn for the reckoning, he misses. HARLEQUIN is discovered; Constables and Watch are fetched in; the Watchmen walking in their sleep; they bind him in chains, confine him in the cellar, and leave him alone. The Genius of Gin rises out of a tub.

Gen. Take, Harlequin, this magic wand;—

All things shall yield to thy command:

Whether you would appear in dog,

In shape of monkey, cat, or dog;

Or else, to show your wit, transform

Your mistress to a butter-churn;

Or else, what no magician can,

Into a wheelbarrow turn a man;

And please the gentry above stairs,

By sweetly crying, Mellow pears.

Thou shalt make jests without a head,

And judge of plays thou can'st not read.

Whores and racehorses shall be thine,

Champagne shall be thy only wine;

While the best poet and best player

Shall both be forced to feed on air;

Gin's genins all these things reveals,

Thou shalt perform by sight of heels.

[Exit

[Enter Constable and Watchmen. They take HARLEQUIN out, and the scene changes to the street; a crowd before the Justice's house. Enter a Clerk in the character of PIERROT; they all go in. The scene changes to the Justice's parlour, and discovers the Justice learning to spell of an old Schoolmistress.

Fust. Pray, sir, who are those characters?

Mach. Sir, that's a justice of peace; and the other is a schoolmistress, teaching the justice to spell; for you must know, sir, the justice is a very ingenious man, and a very great scholar, but happened to have the misfortune in his youth never to learn to read.

[Enter HARLEQUIN in custody; COLUMBINE, Poet, &c. The Poet makes his complaint to the Justice; the Justice orders a mittimus for HARLEQUIN; COLUMBINE courts the Justice to let HARLEQUIN escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him money; he then acquits HARLEQUIN, and commits the Poet.

Fust. Pray, how is this brought about, sir?

Mach. How, sir! why, bribery. You know, sir, or may know, that Aristotle, in his book concerning Entertainments, has laid it down as a principal rule that Harlequin is always to escape; and I'll be judged by the whole world if ever he escaped in a more natural manner.

[The Constable carries off the Poet; HARLEQUIN hits the Justice a great rap upon the back, and runs off; COLUMBINE goes to follow; PIERROT lays hold on her; the Justice, being recovered of his blow, seizes her and carries her in. PIERROT sits down to learn to spell, and the scene shuts.

[Scene, the Street. HARLEQUIN re-enters, considering how to regain COLUMBINE and bite the Justice. Two Chairmen cross the stage with a china jar, on a horse, directed to the Theatre-royal, in Drury-lane. HARLEQUIN gets into it, and is carried into the Justice's; the scene changes to the Justice's house; HARLEQUIN is brought in in the jar; the Justice, PIERROT, and COLUMBINE enter; the Justice offers it as a present to COLUMBINE.

Fust. Sir, sir, here's a small error, I observe. How comes the justice to attempt buying this jar, as I suppose you intend, when it is directed to the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane?

Mach. Sir, sir, here's no error, I observe; for how should the justice know that, when he can't read?

Sneer. Ay, there I think, Mr. Fustian, you must own yourself in the wrong.

Fust. People that can't read ought not to be brought upon the stage, that's all.

[While the Justice and Chairmen are talking about the jar, HARLEQUIN tumbles down upon him. The Justice and PIERROT run off in a fright. COLUMBINE runs to HARLEQUIN, who carries her off. The Chairmen go out with the jar.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that jar not to be broke?

Mach. Because it was no jar, sir. I see you know very little of these affairs.

[Scene, the Street. HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE re-enter, pursued by the Justice and his Clerk.

Scene changes to a Barber's shop. He sets COLUMBINE down to shave her, blinds the Clerk with the suds, and turns the Justice into a periwig-block.

Mach. There, sir! there's wit and humour and transformation for you.

Fust. The transformation is odd enough, indeed.

Mach. Odd, sir! What, the justice into a block? No, sir! not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[The Clerk takes the wig off the block, puts it on, and admires himself; HARLEQUIN directs him to powder it better, which while he is doing, he throws him into the trough and shuts him down. HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE go off. The Justice re-enters, without his wig; his man calls to him out of the trough; he takes him out, and they go off together in pursuit of HARLEQUIN.

Mach. Thus ends, sir, my first comic. Now, sir, for my second serious, or sublime. Come, draw this scene, and discover Aurora, or the Morning, just going to break, and her maid ironing her linen.

Aur. The devil take the wench! it's not a shame you should be lazy, and I bear the blame! Make haste, you drone, for if I longer stay, The sun will rise before the break of day; Nor can I go till my clean linen's done: How will a dirty morning look in June? wct.

Maid. Shifts, madam, can't be dried before they're You must wear fewer, or more changes get.

Fust. Pray, sir, in what book of the ancients do you find any mention of Aurora's washerwoman?

Mach. Don't trouble me with the ancients, sir; if she's not in the ancients, I have improved upon the ancients, sir, that's all.

Aur. Dare you to me in such a manner speak! The morning is scarce fine three times a-week; But I can't stay, and as I am must break. Exit.

Maid. Break, and he hang'd! please Heav'n, I'll give you warning.

Night wants a maid, and so I'll leave the Morning. Exit.

Scene changes to an open country. Enter two Countrymen.

1 Coun. Is it day yet, neighbour?

2 Coun. Faith, neighbour, I can't tell whether it is or no. It is a cursed nasty morning. I wish we have not wet weather. now.

1 Coun. It begins to grow a little lighter though, AURORA crosses the stage, with two or three girls carrying farthing candles.

Fust. Pray, sir, what do those children represent? Mach. Sir, those children are all stars; and you shall see presently, as the sun rises, the candles will go out, which represents the disappearing of the stars.

Fust. O, the devil, the devil!

Mach. Dear sir, don't be angry. Why will you not allow me the same latitude that is allowed to all other composers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from hell in Doctor Faustus? And people go up to hell in Pluto and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the Rape of Proserpine? And what are all the suns, sir, that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles? And if they represent the sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.

Fust. Sir, I ask your pardon. But, sir—

Mach. Pray, sir, be quiet, or the candles will be gone out before they should, and burn the girls' fingers before the sun can rise.

1 Coun. I'll e'en go saddle my horses.

2 Coun. Odsso! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden; the sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1 Coun. Mayhap he's going a fox-hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large leaps.

2 Coun. Leaps, quotha! I'cod, he'll leap upon us, I believe. It is woundy hot: the skin is almost burnt off my face; I warrant I'm as black as a black-moor.—[PHAEON falls, and the lantern hangs hovering in the air.

Enter 3d Countryman.

3 Coun. O, neighbours! the world is at an end! Call up the parson of the parish: I am but just got

up from my neighbour's wife, and have not had time to say my prayers since.

1 *Coun.* The world at an end! No, no; if this weather continues, we shall have harvest in May. 'Tis so, though, 'tis damned hot! 'Tis good, I wish I had left my clothes at home.

2 *Coun.* 'Shud! I sweat as if I had been at a hard day's work.

1 *Coun.* Oh, I'm scorch'd!

2 *Coun.* Oh, I'm burnt!

3 *Coun.* I'm on fire! [*Exeunt, crying Fire.*]

NEPTUNE descends.

Nept. I am the mighty emperor of the sea.

Fust. I am mighty glad you tell us so, or else we should have taken you for the emperor of the air.

Mach. Sir, he has been making a visit to Jupiter. Besides, sir, it is here introduced with great beauty; for we may very naturally suppose that the sun, being drove by Phaeton so near the earth, had exhale'd the sea up into the air.

Fust. But methinks Neptune is oddly dressed for a god!

Mach. Sir, I must dress my characters somewhat like what people have seen; and as I presume few of my audience have been nearer the sea than Gravesend, so I dressed him e'en like a waterman.

Sneer. So that he is more properly the god of the Thames than the god of the sea.

Mach. Pray let Mr. Neptune go on.

Nept. Was it well done, O Jupiter! whilst I Paid you a civil visit in the sky,

To send your Sun my waters to dry up,

Nor leave my fish one comfortable sup!

Mach. Come, enter the Goddess of the Earth and a dancing-master, and dance the White Joke.

They enter and dance.

Nept. What can the Earth with frolics thus inspire To dance, when all her kingdom is on fire!

Terra. Though all the earth was one continued smoke,

'Twould not prevent my dancing the White Joke.

Sneer. Upon my word, the goddess is a great lover of dancing.

Mach. Come, enter Jupiter with a pair of bellows, and blow out the candle of the sun.

JUPITER enters, as above.

Terra. But, hal! great Jupiter has heard our rout, And blown the candle of the sun quite out.

Mach. Come now, Neptune and Terra, dance a minuet by way of thanksgiving.

Fust. But, pray, how is Phaeton fallen all this time?

Mach. Why, you saw him fall, did not you? And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I ever saw him fall upon any stage. But I fancy he has lain there so long that he would be glad to get up again by this time; so pray draw the first flat over him. Come, enter Clymene.

Cly. Art thou, my Phaey, dead? O foolish elf,

To find your father, and to lose yourself!

What shall I do to get another son,

For now, alas! my teeming-time is done!

ACT IV.

Thus when the wretched owl has found

Her young owl's dead as mice,

O'er the sad spoil she hovers round,

And views 'em once or twice:

Then to some hollow tree she flies,

To hallow, beat, and howl,

Till every boy that passes cries,

The devil's in the owl!

Mach. Come, enter Old Phaeton.

Fust. Pray, sir, who is Old Phaeton? for neither Ovid nor Mr. Pritchard make any mention of him.

Mach. Sir, he is the husband of Clymene, and

might have been the father of Phaeton if his wife would have let him.

Enter Old Phaeton.

O. Phae. What is the reason, wife, through all the You publish me a cuckold up and down! [town Is't not enough, as other women do, To cuckold me, but you must tell it too!

Cly. Good cobbler, do not thus indulge your rage, But, like your brighter brethren of the age, Think it enough your betters do the deed, And that by burning you I mend the breed.

O. Phae. Madam, if horns I on my head must wear,

'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

Cly. To London go, thou out-of-fashion fool; And thou wilt learn, in that great cuckolds' school, That every man who wears the marriage fetters Is glad to be the cuckold of his betters; Therefore no longer at your fate repine, For in your stall the Sun shall ever shine.

O. Phae. I had rather have burnt candle all my Than to the Sun have yielded up my wife: [life But since 'tis past I must my fortune bear; 'Tis well you did not do it with a star.

Cly. When neighbours see the Sun shine in your Your fate will be the envy of them all; [stall, And each poor eluded man will wish the Sun Would do to his wife what to your wife has done.

[*Exeunt orn-in-orn.*]

Mach. There, sir, is a scene in heroics between a cobbler and his wife; now you shall have a scene in mere prose between several gods.

Fust. I should have thought it more natural for the gods to have talked in heroics, and the cobbler and his wife in prose.

Mach. You think it would have been more natural; so do I: and for that very reason have avoided it; for the chief beauty of an entertainment, sir, is to be unnatural. Come, where are the gods?

Enter JUPITER, NEPTUNE, and PHAEBUS.

Jup. Hark! you Phaebus, will you take up your lantern and set out, sir, or no? For, by Styx! I'll put somebody else in your place if you do not; I will not have the world left in darkness because you are out of humour.

Phae. Have I not reason to be out of humour, when you have destroyed my favourite child?

Jup. 'Twas your own fault; why did you trust him with your lantern?

Phae. I had promised by Styx,—an oath which you know was not in my power to break.

Jup. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so either take up your lantern and mind your business, or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not have you think I want suns, for there were two very fine ones that shone together at Drury-lane playhouse; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same entertainment.

Phae. I saw 'em too, but they were more like moons than suns; and as like anything else as either. You had better send for the sun from Covent-garden house; there's a sun that hatches an egg there, and produces a Harlequin.

Jup. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what animal laid that egg?

Phae. Not I.

Jup. Sir, that egg was laid by an ass.

Nept. Faith, that sun of the egg of an ass is a most prodigious animal; I have often wondered how you came to give him so much power over us, for he makes gods and devils dance jigs together whenever he pleases.

Jup. You must know he is the grandchild of my daughter Fortune by an ass; and at her request I

settled all that power upon him; but he plays such damned pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my grant. He has turned all nature topsy-turvy, and, not content with that, in one of his entertainments he was bringing all the devils in hell up to heaven by a machine, but I happened to perceive him, and stopped him by the way.

Phœb. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

Jup. Sir, he has been damn'd a thousand times over, but he values it not of a rush; the devils themselves are afraid of him; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But, come, 'tis time for you to set out.

Phœb. Well, if I must, I must; and since you have destroyed my son, I must find out some handsome wench and get another. *[Exit.]*

Jup. Come, Neptune, 'tis too late to bed to go: What shall we do to pass an hour or so?

Nept. E'en what you please. Will you along with And take a little dip into the sea? *[me,]*

Jup. No, faith, though I've a heat I want to quench. Dear Neptune, can'st thou find me out a wench?

Nept. What say'st thou to dame Thetis! she's a But yet I know with Jupiter she would. *[prude;]*

Jup. I ne'er was more transported in my life: While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his wife.

Neptune, this service merits my regard, For all great men should still their pimps reward. *[Exeunt.]*

Mach. Thus, sir, ends my second and last serious; and now for my second comic. Come, draw the scene, and discover the two playhouses side by side.

Sneer. You have brought these two playhouses in a very friendly manner together.

Mach. Why should they quarrel, sir? for you observe both their doors are shut up. Come, enter Tragedy King and Queen to be hired.

[Enter TRAGEDY KING and QUEEN, and knock at Covent-garden playhouse door; the Manager comes out; the TRAGEDY KING repeats a speech out of a play; the Manager and he quarrel about an emphasis. He knocks at Drury-lane door; the Manager enters with his man PISTOL bearing a sack-load of players' articles.]

Fust. Pray, sir, what is contained in that sack?

Mach. Sir, in that sack are contained articles for players, from ten shillings a-week and no benefit, to five hundred a-year and a benefit clear.

Fust. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a joke? but I can't see why a player of our own country, and in our own language, should not deserve five hundred, sooner than a saucy Italian singer twelve.

Mach. Five hundred a-year, sir! Why, sir, for a little more money I'll get you one of the best Harlequins in France; and you'll see the managers are of my opinion.

[Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Both Managers run to them, and caress them; and while they are bidding for them, enter a Dog in a Harlequin's dress; they bid for him. Enter the Justice and his Clerk; HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE run off. Covent-garden Manager runs away with the Dog in his arms. The scene changes to a cart-load of Players. The Justice pulls out the act of the 12th of the Queen, and threatens to commit them as vagrants; the Manager offers the Justice two hundred a-year if he will commence player; the Justice accepts it, is turned into a Harlequin; he and his Clerk mount the cart, and all sing the following Chorus.]

AIR V.—*Abbot of Canterbury.*

You wonder, perhaps, at the tricks of the stage,
Or that pantomime miracles take with the age;
But if you examine court, country, and town,
There's nothing but Harlequin feats will go down.

Derry down, &c.

From Fleet-street to Limehouse the city's his rage,
He's a saint in his shop, and a knave on the 'Change;
At an out-l, or a jest, like a censor he'll frown,
But a lie or a cheat slip currently down.

Derry down, &c.

In the country he burns with a politic zeal,
And boasts, like knight-errand, to serve commonweal;
But, once return'd member, he alters his tone,
For, as long as he rises, no matter who's down.

Derry down, &c.

At court 'tis as hard to confine him as sir;
Like a troublesome spirit, he's here and he's there;
All shapes and disguises at pleasure puts on,
And defies all the wits to conjure him down.

Derry down, &c.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN: A SEQUEL TO THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

A FARCE, WITH SONGS.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.—*Goodwill, Mr. WINSTONE; Thomas, Mr. NEAL; Lord Baskin, Mr. CROSS; Mr. Zorobable, Mr. MACLEAN; Signor Castellan, Mr. BEARD; Mr. Ralad, Mr. LEWIS; Mrs. Midnight, Mrs. MACLEAN; Wife, Mrs. CLIVE; Tawdry, Mrs. BERNET.*

SCENE, MRS. MIDNIGHT'S—MIDNIGHT, TAWDRY.

Mid. And he did not give you a single shilling?

Taw. No, upon my honour.

Mid. Very well. They spend so much money in show and equipage, that they can no more pay their ladies than their tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. Zorobable and some more of his persuasion, I must shut up my doors.

Taw. Besides, ma'am, virtuous women and gentlemen's wives come so cheap, that no man will go to the price of a lady of the town.

Mid. I thought Westminster-hall would have given

them a surfeit of their virtuous women; but I see nothing will do; though a jury of eukolds were to give never such swingeing damages, it will not deter men from qualifying more juremen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an act of parliament to put us down.

Taw. Have you put a hill on your door, ma'am, as you said you would?

Mid. It is up, it is up. O Tawdry! that a woman who hath been bred and always lived like a gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of business, should be reduced to let lodgings!

Taw. It is a melancholy consideration truly *[Knocking.]* But, hark! I hear a coach stop.

Mid. Some rake or other who is too poor to have any reputation. This is not a time of day for good customers to walk abroad. The citizens, good men, can't leave their shops so soon.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, a gentleman and lady to inquire for lodgings; they seem to be just come out of the country, for the coach and horses are in a terrible dirty pickle.

Mid. Why don't you show them in? Tawdry, who knows what Fortune has sent us!

Taw. If she had meant me any good, she'd have sent a gentleman without a lady. [friend.]

Serv. (returning with John.) This is my mistress.

John. Do you take folks in to live here? Because, if you do, madam and the squire will come and live with you.

Mid. Then your master is a squire, friend, is he? *John.* Ay, he is as good a squire as any within five miles o'en; tho' he was but a footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o'em.

Mid. Well, you may desire your master and his lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, Tawdry, of the squire and his lady, by this specimen of them?

Taw. Why, I think if I can turn the squire to as good account as you will his lady (I mean if she be handsome), we shall have no reason to repent our acquaintance. You will soon teach her more politeness than to be pleased with a footman, especially as he is her husband.

Mid. Truly, I must say I love to see ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray women to sacrifice their own interest: I would not have such a sin lie on my conscience for the world.

Enter THOMAS, Wife, and Servants.

Tho. Madam, your humble servant. My fellow nerts tells me you have lodgings to let: pray what are they, madam?

Mid. Sir, my bill hath informed you.

Tho. Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

Mid. What conveniences, madam, would your ladyship want?

Wife. Why, good woman, I shall want everything which other fine ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet; for I never was in town before; but I shall want everything I see.

Tho. I hope your apartments here are handsome, and that people of fashion used to lodge with you.

Mid. If you please, sir, I'll wait on your honour, and show you the rooms.

Tho. Ay, do, do so; do wait on me. Juhn, do you hear, do you take care of all our things.

Wife. Ay, pray, John, take care of the great eake and the cold turkey, and the ham and the chickens, and the bottle of sack, and the two bottles of strong beer, and the bottle of cider.

John. I'll take the best care I can; but a man would think he was got into a fair. The folks stare at one as if they had never seen a man before.

Exit MINN, THOMAS, JOHN, and Servants.

Taw. Pray, madam, is not your ladyship infinitely tired with your journey? [walk twenty miles farther.]

Wife. I tired! not I, I ain't tired at all; I could

Taw. O, I am surprised at that! most fine ladies are horribly fatigued after a journey.

Wife. Are they?—Hum! I don't know whether I ain't so too? yes I am, I am horribly fatigued. Well, I shall never find out all that a fine lady ought to be. [Aside.]

Taw. Was your ladyship never in town before, madam?

Wife. No, madam, never before that I know of.

Taw. I shall be glad to wait on you, madam, and show you the town.

Wife. I am very much obliged to you, madam; and I am resolved to see everything that is to be seen: the Tower, and the crowns, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the parliament-house, and the abbey—

Taw. O fie, madam! these are only sights for the vulgar; no fine ladies go to these.

Wife. No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious Tower and filthy lions! But pray, madam, are there no sights for a fine lady to see?

Taw. O yes, madam; there are ridottos, masquerades, court, plays, and a thousand others; so many, that a fine lady has never time to be at home but when she is asleep.

Wife. I am glad to hear that, for I hate to be at home; but, dear madam, do tell me—fur I suppose you are a fine lady—

Taw. At your service, madam.

Wife. What do you fine ladies do at these places? What do they do at masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the country.

Taw. Why they dress themselves in a strange dress, and they walk up and down the room, and they cry, *Do you know me!* and then they burst out a laughing, and then they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

Wife. Oh this is charming, and easy too; I shall be able to do a masquerade in a minute: well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what-d'ye-call-'ems, your plays?

Taw. Why, if they can, they take a stage-box, where they let the footman sit the two first acts to show his livery; then they come in to show themselves, spread their fans upon the spikes, make curtsies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

Wife. O delightful! By golt, I find there is nothing in a fine lady; anybody may be a fine lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If flaunting and ranting,
If noise and gallanting,
Be all in fine ladies required,
I'll warrant I'll be
As fine a lady
As ever in town was admired.
At plays I will rattle,
Tut-e-tattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Piddle-priddle,
Piddle-priddle,

As gay and as loud as the
best;
And at t'other place,
With a mask on my face,
I'll ask all I see
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
And to, be, he!
And to, be, he!
At nothing as loud as a
jest.

Re-enter THOMAS and MIRTHING.

Tho. My dear, I have seen the rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us people of fashion.

Wife. O, my dear, I am extremely glad o'it. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my dear! [stretching out her fan before her] ha, ha, ha!

Tho. Heyday! What's the matter now?

Wife. I am only doing over a fine lady at a masquerade or play, that's all.

[She coquets apart with her husband.]

Taw. [To Min.] She's simplicity itself. A card fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any purpose.

Mid. I am glad to hear it: for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a customer for a tit-bit.

Wife. Well, my dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear Tommy.

Tho. My dear Lucy, I will but go find out a tailor, and be back with you in an instant.

Wife. Pray do, my dear.—Nay, t'other kiss; one more—O! thou art the sweetest creature!—Well, miss, fine lady, pray how do you like my husband? Is he not a charming man?

Taw. Your husband! Dear madam, and was it your husband that you kissed so?

Wife. Why, don't fine ladies kiss their husbands?

Taw. No, never.

Wife. O is! but I don't like that though; by golt,

I believe I shall never be a fine lady, if I must not be kissed. I like being a fine lady in other things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine ladies are never kissed, by golt, I think we have not so much reason to envy them as I imagined.

SONG.

How happy are the nymphs and swains
Who skip it and trip it all over the plains:
How sweet are the kisses,
How soft are the blisses,
Transporting the lads, and all melting their misses!
If ladies here so nice are grown,
Who jaunt it and flaunt it all over the town,
To fly as from ruin
From billing and cooing,
A fig for their airs, give me plain country wooing.

Tase. O, you mistake me, madam; a fine lady may kiss any man but her husband.—You will have all the beaux in town at your service.

Wife. Beaux! O gemini! those are the things Miss Jenny used to talk of.—And pray, madam, do beaux kiss so much sweeter and better than other folks?

Tase. Hum! I can't say much of that.

Wife. And pray, then, why must I like them better than my own husband?

Mid. Because it's the fashion, madam. Fine ladies do everything because it's the fashion. They spoil their shapes, to appear big with child, because it is the fashion. They lose their money at whist, without understanding the game; they go to auctions, without intending to buy; they go to operas, without any ear; and slight their husbands without disliking them; and all—because it is the fashion.

Wife. Well, I'll try to be as much in fashion as I can; but, pray, when must I go to these beaux? for I really long to see them; for Miss Jenny says she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, I fack! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our parson says.

Mid. Bravely said; I will show you some fine gentlemen which I warrant you will like.

Wife. And will they like me?

Tase. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, says my lord, you are the most charming, beautiful, fine creature that ever my eyes beheld.

Wife. What's that? Do say that over again.

Tase. [Repeats.] Madam, you are, &c.

Wife. And will they think all this of me?

Tase. No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

Wife. Then to be sure they will think it. Yes, yes, to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming men.

Mid. O, you will see them everywhere. Here in the house I have had several to visit me, who have said the same thing to me and this young lady.

Wife. What, did they call you charming and beautiful?—by golt, I think they may very well say so to me. [Aside.] But when will these charming men come?

Mid. They'll be here immediately; but your ladyship will dress yourself. I see your man has brought your things. I suppose your ladyship has your clothes with you.

Wife. O yes, I have clothes enough; I have a fine thread satin suit of clothes of all the colours in the rainbow; then I have a fine red gown, flowered with yellow, all my own work; and a fine laced suit of pinnars, that was my great grandmother's! that has been worn but twice these forty years, and my mother told me cost almost four pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great gold watch that hath continued in our family I can't tell how long, and is almost as broad as a moderate punch-bowl; and then I have two great gold earrings, and six or seven rings for my

finger, worth about twenty pounds all together; and a thousand fine things that you shall see.

Mid. Ay, madam, these things would have dressed your ladyship very well an hundred years ago; but the fashions are altered. Laced pinnars, indeed! You must cut off your hair, and get a little perwig and a French cap; and instead of a great watch, you must have one so small that it is impossible it should go; and—but come, this young lady will instruct you. Pray, miss, wait on the lady to her apartment, and send for proper tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine ladies use. Madam, you shall be dressed as you ought to be.

Wife. Thank you, madam; and then I shall be as fine a lady as the best of them. By golt, this London is a charming place. If ever my husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken. Come, dear miss, I am impatient. Do you know me? ha, ha, ha! [Exit Wife and Tawdry.]

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Baw. So, old Midnight, what schemes art thou plodding on!

Mid. O fie! my lord; I protest if sir Thomas and you don't leave off your riots, you will ruin the reputation of my house for ever. I wonder too you have no more regard to your own characters.

Baw. Why, thou old canting offspring of hypocrisy, dost thou think that men of quality are to be confined to the rules of decency, like sober citizens, as if they were ashamed of their sins, and afraid they should lose their turn of being lord mayor?

Mid. We ought all to be ashamed of our sins. O my lord, my lord! had you but heard that excellent sermon on Kennington-common, it would have made you ashamed; I am sure it had so good an effect upon me, that I shall be ashamed of my sins as long as I live.

Baw. Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your house?

Mid. Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the way; but I repent heartily; I repent every hour of my life; and that I hope will make amends.

Baw. Well, where is my Jenny Ranter?

Mid. Ah, poor Jenny! Poor Jenny is gone. I shall never see her more; she was the best of girls; it almost breaks my tender heart to think on't; nay, I shall never outlive her loss. [Crying.] My lord, sir Thomas and you forgot to pay for that bowl of punch last night.

Baw. Damn your punch! Is my dear Jenny dead?

Mid. Worse, if possible.—She is—she is turned methodist, and married to one of the brethren.

Baw. O, if that be all, we shall have her again.

Mid. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful men.—But pray, my lord, how go the finances? for I have such a piece of goods, such a girl just arrived out of the country!—upon my soul as pure a virgin—for I have known her whole bringing up; she is a relation of mine; her father left me her guardian, I have just brought her from a boarding-school to bave her under my own eye, and complete her education.

Baw. Where is she? let me see her.

Mid. Not a step without the ready. I told you I was her guardian, and I shall not betray my trust.

Baw. If I like her—upon my honour—

Mid. I have too much value for your lordship's honour to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more right honourable honour in my hands unredeemed already than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my honour; deposit a cool hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the lady or the money.

Baw. I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home

and fetch the money. I gave that sum to my wife this morning to buy her clothes. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the tradesmen. Look'e, if this be stale goods, I'll break every window in the house.

Mid. I'll give you leave.—He'll be tired of her in a week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing of it. [*ZOROBABLE brought in in a chair with the curtains drawn.*] O here's one of my sober customers.—Mr. Zorobable, is it you? I am your worship's most obedient servant.

Zor. How do you do, Mrs. Midnight? I hope nobody sees or overhears. This is an early hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me since I came from the Alley.

Mid. I suppose your worship's bands are pretty full there now with your lottery-tickets?

Zor. Fuller than I desire, Mrs. Midnight, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable interest for our money.—But have you any worth seeing in your house?

Mid. O Mr. Zorobable! such a piece! such an

Zor. Ay, ay, where? where? [*angel!*]

Mid. Here in the house.

Zor. Let me see her this instant.

Mid. Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate!

Zor. Hey! what?

Mid. O sir! not thinking to see your worship this

busy time, I have promised her to lord Bawble.

Zor. How, Mrs. Midnight! promise her to a lord without offering her to me first? Let me tell you, 'tis an affront not only to me, but to all my friends; and you deserve never to have any but christians in your house again. [*against me.*]

Mid. Marry forbid! Don't utter such curses

Zor. Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any money besides us?

Mid. Pray your worship forgive me.

Zor. No, I will deal higher for the future with those who are better acquainted with lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you you are a very ungrateful woman. I know a woman of fashion at St. James's end of the town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; though I own, indeed, yours is rather the more reputable house of the two.

Mid. But my lord hath never seen her yet.

Zor. Hath he not? Why then he never shall, till I have done with her: she'll be good enough for a lord half a year hence. Come fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in town?

Mid. Not two hours. Pure country innocent flesh and blood.—But what shall I say to my lord?

Zor. Say anything: put off somebody else upon him; a stale woman of quality, or somebody who hath been in Westminster-hall and the newspapers.

Mid. Well, I'll do the best I can; though, upon my honour, I was to have had two hundred guineas from my lord.

Zor. Two hundred promises you mean; but had it been in ready cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the price; so fetch her, fetch her.

Mid. I will an't please your worship. [*Exit.*]

Zor. So! the money of christian men pays for the beauty of christian women. A good exchange!

Enter MIDNIGHT. A noise without.

Mid. O sir, here are some noisy people coming this way; slip into the next room: I am as tender of your reputation as of my own.

Zor. You are a sensible woman, and I commend your care; for reputation is the very soul of a Jew.

Mid. Go in here, I will quickly clear the coast for you again. [*Exit Zor.*] Now for my gentlemen; and if I mistake not their voices, one is an opera-singer, and the other a singer in one of our play-houses.

Enter CANTILENO and BALLAD.

Mid. What is the matter, gentlemen? what is the matter?

Cant. Begar I vil ave de woman; begar I vil ave her.

Ball. You must win her first, signior; and if you can gain her affections, I am too much an Englishman to think of restraining her from pursuing her own will.

Cant. Never fear, me vin her. No Englishwoman can withstand de charms of my voice.

Mid. If he begins to sing there will be no end on't. I must go look after my young lady. [*Exit.*]

SONG.

Cant. Music sure hath charms to move,
With my song, with my song I'll charm my love,
This good land where money grows,
Well the price of a spring knows:
Hither all the warblers throng;
Taking money,
Milk and honey,
Taking money for a song.

Ball. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil should an Italian singer do with a mistress?

Cant. Ask your women, who are in love wit de Italian singers.

SONG.

See, while I strike the vocal lyre,
Beauty languish, languish and expire:
Like turtle doves, in a wooing fit,
See the blooming charmers sit:
Softly sighing,
Gently dying,
While sweet sounds to raptures move;
Trembling, thrilling,
Sweetly killing,
Airs that fan the wings of love.

SONG.

Ball. Begone, thou shame of human race,
The noisier Roman suit's disgrace;
Not vainly with a British air
Attempt to win a British fair.
For manly charms the British dame
Shall feel a fiercer, nobler flame;
To manly numbers lend her ear,
And scorn thy soft enervate air.

Enter a Porter.

Por. [to *CANT.*] Sir, the lady's in the next room.

Cant. Ver vel, Begar I vil ave her.

Ball. I'll follow you and see how far the charms of your voice will prevail.

Enter ZOROBABLE, MIDNIGHT, and Wife.

Mid. [to her, entering]. I am going to introduce your ladyship to one of our fine gentlemen whom I told you of.

Wife. [surveying him outwardly]. Is this a beau, and a fine gentleman?—By goles, Mr. Thomas is a finer gentleman, in my opinion, a thousand times.

Zor. Madam, your humble servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. Midnight for introducing me to a young lady of your perfect beauty. Pray, madam, how long have you been in town?

Wife. Why, I have been in town about three hours: I am but a stranger here, sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil gentleman and this fine lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine lady for all the world.

Zor. Madam, you are in the right on't; and this

soft hand, this white neck, and these sweet lips were formed for no other purpose.

Wife. Let me alone, nun, will you? I won't be pulled and hauled about by you, I won't.—For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. Thomas.

Zor. Nay, be not coy, my dear; if you will suffer me to kiss you, I will make you the finest of ladies; you shall have jewels equal to a woman of quality:—nay, I will furnish a house for you in any part of the town, and you shall ride in a fine gilt chair, carried by two stout fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

Mid. Madam, if you will but like this gentleman, he'll make you a fine lady: 'tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine ladies in the town.

Wife. Ay! Why, then I will like him.—I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*Aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine things? for I long to begin.

Zor. And so do I, my angel. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

Wife. Nay, I won't kiss any more till I have something in hand, that I am resolved of.

Mid. [*to Zor.*] Fetch her some haubles; any toys will do.

Wife. But if you will fetch me all the things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

Zor. But when I have done all these things, you must never see any other man but me.

Wife. Must not I! But I don't like that. And will you stay with me always then? [*evening.*]

Zor. No; I shall only come to see you in the *Wife.* O then it will be well enough, for I will see whom I please all the day, and you shall know nothing of the matter. [*Aside.*] Indeed I won't see anybody else but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me these fine things.

Zor. I go, my dear. Mrs. Midnight, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

Wife. I heard you, sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to outwit you. Well, Miss Jenny may stay in the country if she will, and see nothing but the great jolly parson, who never gives anything but a nosegay and a handful of nuts for a kiss. But where's the young lady that was here just now? for to my mind I am in a new world, and my head is quite turned giddy.

Mid. It is a common effect, madam, which the town air hath on young ladies, when first they come into it.

Enter CANTILENO.

Cant. Begar, dat dam English ballad-singing dog has got awry de woman! Ah, *pardie!* Voilà un autre. [*Going towards her.*]

Mid. Hold, hold, signior; this lady is not for you; she is a woman of quality, and her price is a little beyond your pocket.

Cant. Begar, I like none but de woman of quality; and you no know de price of my pocket. See here—begar, here are fifty guinea—they are not above de value of two song.

SONG.

To beauty compared, pale gold I de-pise;
No jewels can sparkle like Celia's bright eyes:
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass;
With far greater raptures I view my fine lass:
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms,
Then its value I own,
Then I prize it alone.

When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

Wife. This is certainly one of those operish-singers, Miss Jenny used to talk of and to mimic: she taught me to mimic them too.

RECITATIVE.

Cant. Brightest nymph, turn here to my eyes,
Behold thy swain departs and dies.

Wife. A voice so sweet cannot despair,
Unless from deafness of the fair;
Such sounds must move the dullest ear:
Less sweet the warbling nightingale;
Less sweet the breeze sweeps thro' the vale.

SONG.

Cant. Sweeter cause of all my pain,
Pride and glory of the plain,
See my anguish,
See me languish:

Wife. Pity thy expiring wail,
Gentle youth, of my disdain,
Ah, too cruel you complain;
My tender heart
Feels greater smart;

Cant. Pity me, expiring wail,
Will you then my pangs despise?
Will nothing your disdain remove?
Wife. Can you not read my wishing eyes?
Ah, must I tell you that I love?

Cant. I faint, I die,
Wife. And so do I.

BALLAD enters and sings.

SONG.

Turn hither your eyes, bright maid,
Turn hither with all your charms;
Behold a jolly young blade,
Who longs to be clasp'd in your arms:
To sighing and whining,
To sobbing and pining,

Cant. Then merrily bid adieu,
See how I expire.
Bal. See how I'm on fire,
And burn, my dear nymph, for you.

Wife. Thus strongly pursued,
By two lovers woo'd,
What shall a poor woman do?
But a lover in flames,
Sure most pity claims,
So, jolly lad, I'm for you.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Gentlemen, I must beg you would go into another room; for my lord Bawble is just coming, and he hath bespoken this.

Cant. Le diable! one of our directors! I would not ave him see me here for de varid.

Wife. Is my lord come? How eagerly I long to *Cant.* Allons, madam. [*see him!*]

Wife. No, I will stay with my lord.
Mid. He is just coming in.—Upon my soul I will bring her to you presently.

Cant. Well, you are de woman of honour.
Bal. This new face will not come to my turn yet; so I will to my dear Tawdry.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Baw. Well, I have kept my word; I have brought the ready. [*Seeing Wife.*] Upon my soul, a fine girl! I suppose this is she you told me of!

Mid. What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, my lord, this is the same; but pray come away, for I can't bring her to anything yet: she is so young, if you speak to her you will frighten her out of her wits; have but a little patience, and I shall bring her to my mind.

Baw. Don't tell me of patience; I'll speak to her now, and I warrant I bring her to my mind.

[They talk apart.]

Wife. [*at the other end of the stage, looking at my lord.*] O, la! that is a fine gentleman, indeed! and yet you knows but Mr. Thomas might be just such another if he had but as fine clothes on!—I wonder he don't speak to me: to be sure he don't like me; if he did he would speak to me; and if he does not presently the old fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him. [*the country.*]

Mid. Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of *Baw.* I like her the better. It is in vain to contend, for, by Jupiter, I'll at her. I know how to deal with country ladies. I learnt the art of making love to them at my election.

Mid. What will become of me! I'll get out of

the way, and swear to Mr. Zorobable I know nothing of my lord's seeing her. [Exit.]

Baw. It is generous in you, madam, to leave the country, to make us happy here with the sunshine of your beauty.

Wife. Sir, I am sure I shall be very glad if anything in my power can make the beaux and fine gentlemen of this fine town happy.—He talks just like Mr. Thomas before I was married to him, when he first came out of his town-service. [Aside.]

Baw. She seems delightfully ignorant. A quality which is to me a great recommendation of a mistress or a friend.—O, madam, can you doubt of your power, which is as extensive as your beauty; which lights such a fire in the heart of every beholder, as nothing but your frowns can put out?

Wife. I'll never frown again; for if all the fine gentlemen in town were in love with me, I could, with all my heart, the more the merrier.

Baw. When they know you have my admiration, you will soon have a thousand other adorers. If a lady hath a mind to draw custom to her house, she hath nothing more to do but to bang one of us lords out for a sign.

Wife. A lord!—Gemini, and are you a lord?

Baw. My lord Bawble, madam, at your service.

Wife. Well, my lord Bawble is the prettiest name I ever heard: the very name is enough to charm one.—My lord Bawble!

Baw. Why, truly, I think it has something of a quality sound in it.

Wife. Heigh ho!

Baw. Why do you sigh, my charmer?

Wife. At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

Baw. Ay, what?

Wife. I am married to an odious footman, and can never be my lady Bawble.—I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you.—But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the beaux and fine gentlemen in the world: but though I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

Baw. Yes, yes, yes, my dear; do!—very well.—Is this wench an idiot, or a bite? marry me, with a pox! [Aside.]—And so you are married to a footman, my dear?

Wife. Yes, I am; I see you don't like me now you know I am another man's wife.

Baw. Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no man's wife but my own.

Wife. O la! what, are you married then?

Baw. Yes, I think I am: but I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my wife, till this morning, for a twelvemonth.

Wife. No! by goles, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't, if I should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised. [Aside.]

Baw. What are you considering, my dear?

Wife. I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old gentleman every minute who promised me a thousand fine things if I would not speak to anybody but him: he promised to keep two tall lusty fellows, for no other business but to carry me up and down in a chair.

Baw. I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall fellows for no other use but to walk before your chair.

Wife. Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine things by the bargain.—But hold, now I think on't: suppose I stay here till he comes back again with his presents; I can take the things, promise him, and go

with you afterwards, you know, my lord. O, how pretty lord sounds!

Baw. No, you will have no need on't. I will give you variety of fine things—till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.—But, my dear, these lodgings are not fine enough: I will take some finer for you.

Wife. O la! what are there finer houses than this in town? Why, my father hath five hundred a-year in the country, and his house is not half so fine.

Baw. O, my dear, gentlemen of no hundred pound a-year scorn such a house as this: nobody lives now in anything but a palace.

Wife. Nay, the finer the better, by goles, if you will pay for it.

Baw. Pugh, pahaw, pay! never mind that: that word hath almost put me in the vapours.—Come, my dear girl— [Kisses her.]

Wife. O fie, my lord! you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my husband a thousand times: I did not think there had been such a man as my husband in the world, but I find I was mistaken.

Baw. Consider, my dear, what a pride you will have in bearing the man you love called lordship.

Wife. Lordship! It is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a twelvemonth.

Baw. I will see you every day, every minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

Wife. O Gemini! I forgot it was the fashion.

Baw. Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some place where I may equip you like a woman of quality.

Wife. I am out of my wits. My lord, I am ready to wait on your lordship wherever your lordship pleases.—Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine lady immediately now.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. What shall I do! I am ruined for ever! My lord hath carried away the girl. Mr. Zorobable will never forgive me; I shall lose him and all his friends, and they are the only support of my house. Foolish slut, to prefer a rakish lord to a sober Jew! but women never know how to make their market till they are so old no one will give anything for them.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Your humble servant, madam. Pray, madam, how do you like my clothes?

Mid. Your tailor hath been very expeditious indeed, sir.

Tho. Yes, madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old acquaintance, Tom Shabby, the tailor in Monmouth-street, who fitted me with a suit in a moment.—But where's my wife?

Mid. What shall I say to him?—I believe she is gone out to see the town. [Gone with her!]

Tho. Gone out! hey! what, without me? who's

Mid. Really, sir, I can't tell. Here was a gentleman all over lace: I suppose some acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

Tho. A gentleman in lace! I am undone, ruined, dishonoured! Some rascal hath betrayed away my wife.—Zounds, why did you let her go out of the house till my return?

Mid. The lady was only a lodger with me, I had no power over her.

Tho. How! did any man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one man in town. It must be somebody that used to come here.

Mid. May the devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before! nor do I know how he got in. But there are birds of prey lurking in every corner of this wicked town: it makes me shed tears to think what villains there are in the world to betray poor innocent young ladies. [Cries.]

Tho. Oons and the devil! the first six weeks of our marriage!

Mid. That is a pity indeed—if you have been married no longer: had you been together half a year it had been some comfort. But he advised, have a little a patience; in all probability, whoever the gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

Tho. Return her! ha! stained, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my honour!—'Sdeath! I'll search her through the town, the world.—Ha! my father here!

Good. [entering.] Son, I met your man John at the inn, and he showed me the way hither.—Where is my daughter, your wife? [undone.]

Tho. Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am

Good. Heyday! What's the matter?

Tho. The matter! O curse this vile town; I did but go to furnish myself with a suit of clothes, that I might appear like a gentleman, and in the mean time your daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a gentleman all the days of my life; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to show my head among footmen.

Good. How! my daughter run away?

Mid. I am afraid it is too true.

Good. And do you stand meditating?

Tho. What shall I do?

Good. Go, advertise her this minute in the newspapers. Get my lord chief-justice's warrant.

Mid. As for the latter, it may be advisable; but the former will be only throwing away your money; for the papers have been of late so crammed with advertisements of wives running from their husbands, that nobody now reads them. [my wife to town!]

Tho. That I should be such a blockhead to bring

Good. That I should be such a sot as to suffer you!

Tho. If I was unmarried again I would not venture my honour in a woman's keeping for all the fortune she could bring me.

Good. And if I was a young fellow again I would not get a daughter for all the pleasure a woman could give me.

Enter ZORONABLE.

Zor. Here, where's my mistress? I have equipped her; here are trinkets enough to supply an alderman's wife.

Mid. I must be discovered.—Hush, hush, consider your reputation; here are company. Your mistress is run away with my lord Bawble.

Zor. My mistress run away! Damn my reputation! where's the girl? I will have the girl.

Good. This gentleman may have lost a daughter too.

Tho. Or a wife, perhaps.—You have lost your wife, sir, by the violence of your rage!

Zor. O worse, worse, sir; I have lost a mistress. While I went to buy her trinkets this damned jade of a hawd—where is she?—lets in young rake, and he is run away with her: the sweetest bit of country innocence, just come to town. 'Sblood, I would have given an hundred lottery-tickets for her.

Good. And *Tho.* How, hell-bound!

Mid. I am an innocent woman, and shall fall a sacrifice to an unjust suspicion.

Good. Oh! my poor daughter!

Tho. My wife, that I had so much delight in!

Zor. My mistress, that I proposed such pleasure in!

Mid. O, the credit of my house gone for ever!

Zor. Ah! here she is again.

Enter WIFE.

Wife. Such joy! such rapture! Well, I'll never go into the country again. Fough! how I hate the name.—Oh! father, I am sure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. Thomas, neither;—nor I won't know you. Ah, you old dusty fellow!—I don't want any-

thing you can give; nor you shan't come near me, so you shan't. Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you for letting me see the world. I hate to talk to any one I can't call lordship.

Good. And is this he-powdered, he-curled, he-hooped mad woman my daughter! [*She cognizes affectedly.*] Why, hussey, don't you know your own father?

Tho. Nor your husband?

Wife. No, I don't know you at all;—I never saw you before. I have got a lord, and I don't know any one but my lord.

Tho. And pray what hath my lord done to you that hath put you into such raptures?

Wife. Oh, by gile! whud he fool then? When I lived in the country I used to tell you everything I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told I must never let my husband know anything I do, for he'd be angry; though I don't much care for your anger, for I design always to live with my lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will. Why, prithee, fellow, do'st thou think that I am not fine lady enough to know the difference between a lord and a footman?

Zor. A footman!

Mid. I thought he was a servant, by his talking so much of his honour.

Tho. You call me footman! I own I was a footman; and had rather be a footman still than a tame cuckold to a lord. I wish every man who is not a footman thought in the same manner.

Good. Thou art a pretty fellow, and worthy a better wife.

Tho. Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a rascal, look on your daughter as my wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

Wife. Forgive me!—ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! comical! why, I won't forgive you, mun! [give!]

Good. What hath he done, which you will not for-

Wife. Done! why, I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my husband, and I hate him, because it is the fashion; that he hath done.

Zor. Sir Skip, a word with you:—if you intend to part with your wife, I will give you as much for her as any man.

Tho. Sir!

Zor. Sir, I say I will give you as much or more for your wife than any man.

Tho. Those words, which suppose me a villain, call me so, and thus should be returned.

[*Gives him a box on the ear.*]

Zor. 'Sdeath, sir! do you know who you use in this manner?

Tho. Know you! yes, you rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchased a ticket of you in the last lottery for as much again as it was worth. However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future: a footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stock-jobbing pickpocket to dare to think to cuckold his betters. [*Kicks him off the stage.*]

Zor. You shall hear of me in Westminster-hall.

Good. Your humble servant. [*Kicking him off.*]

Zor. Very fine! very fine!—a ten-thousand-pound man is to be kicked!

Good. A rascal, a villain.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Wife. O, my dear lord, are you come?

Baw. Fie, my dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner room, promising the tradesman to pay him for your fine things.

Wife. O, my lord, I only stepped into a chair, as you call it, to make a visit to a fine lady here. It is pure sport to ride in a chair.

Base. Bless me! what's here! My old man Tom in masquerade!

Tho. I give your lordship joy of this fine girl.

Base. Stay till I have had her, Tom. Egad she hath cost me a round sum, and I had nothing but kisses for my money yet.

Tho. No! my lord. Then I am afraid your lordship never will have anything more, for this lady is mine.

Base. How! what property have you in her?

Tho. The property of an English husband, my lord.

Base. How, madam! are you married to this man?

Wife. I married to him! I never saw the fellow before.

Base. Tom, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Good. Mercey on me! what a sink of iniquity is this town! She hath been here but five hours, and learned assurance already to deny her husband.

Base. Come, Tom, resign the girl by fair means, or worse will follow.

Tho. How, my lord! resign my wife! Fortune, which made me poor, made me a servant; but nature, which made me an Englishman, preserved me from being a slave. I have as good a right to the little I claim as the proudest peer hath to his great possessions; and whilst I am able I will defend it.

Base. Ha! rascal! [*They draw.*]

Good. Hold, my lord; this girl, ungracious as she is, is my daughter, and this honest man's wife.

Wife. Whether I am his wife or no is nothing to the purpose, for I will go with my lord. I hate my husband and I love my lord. He is a fine gentleman, and I am a fine lady, and we are fit for one another. Now, my lord, here are all the fine things you gave me: he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Base. So, now I think every man hath his own again; and since she is your wife, Tom, much good may do you with her. I question not but these trinkets will purchase a finer lady. [*Exit.*]

Wife. What, is my lord gone?

Tho. Yes, madam, and you shall go, as soon as I can get horses put into a coach.

Wife. Ay, but I won't go with you.

Tho. No, but you shall go without me; your good father here will take care of you into the country; where, if I hear of your amendment, perhaps, half a year hence, I may visit you; for since my honour is not wronged I can forgive your folly.

Wife. I shall show you, sir, that I am a woman

of spirit, and not to be governed by my husband I shall have vapours and fits (these they say are infallible); and if these won't do, let me see who dares carry me into the country against my will: I will swear the pence against them.

Good. Oh! that ever I should beget a daughter! Here, John!

John. (*Enters.*) An't please your worship.

Tho. Let all my things be packed up again in the coach they came in; and send Betty here this instant, with your mistress's riding dress. Come, madam, you must strip yourself of your puppet-show dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the country, where there is still something of Old England remaining. Come, no words, no delay; by heaven! if you but affect to loiter, I will send orders with you to look you up, and allow you only the bare necessities of life. You shall know I am your husband, and will be obeyed.

Wife. (*crying.*) And must I go into the country by myself! Shall I not have a husband, or a lord, or anybody!—If I must go, won't you go with me?

Tho. Can you expect it? Can you ask me after what has happened!

Wife. What I did was only to be a fine lady, and what they told me other fine ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the country; but if you will forgive me I will never attempt to be more than a plain gentlewoman again.

Tho. Well, and as a plain gentlewoman you shall have pleasures some fine ladies may envy. Come, dry your eyes; my own folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

Wife. And will you go with me then, Tommy?

Tho. Ay, my dear, and stay with thee too; I desire no more to be in this town than to have thee here.

Good. Henceforth I will know no degree, no difference between men, but what the standards of honour and virtue create: the noblest birth without these is but splendid infamy; and a footman with these qualities is a man of honour.

SONG.

Wife. Welcome again, ye rural plains,
Innocent nymphs and virtuous swains:
Farewell, town, and all its sights;
Beaus and ladies, and gay delights;
All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

CHORUS.

All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

PROLOGUE,—SPOKEN BY MR. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

We must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be off-ended

At an accident that has happen'd to-night, which was not in the least intended,

I assure you: if you please, your money shall be return'd.

But Mr. Garrick, to-day,

Who performs a principal character in the play,

Unfortunately has sent word 'twill be impossible, having so long a part,

To speak to the prologue: he hasn't had time to get it by heart.

I have been with the author to know what is to be done,

'For, till the prologue's spoke, sir,' says I, 'we can't go on.'

'Pshaw! not the prologue,' says he; 'then begin without it.'

I told him 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout about it.

Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,—and I dare say

Such an attempt, sir, would make them damn the play.

'Ha! damn my play!' the frighted bard re- lous!

"Dear Macklin, you must go on, then, and apologise."

"Ay, begone! not I: pray, sir, excuse me."

"Zounds! something must be done: prithee, don't refuse me. Prithee, go on: tell them, to damn my play will be a damn'd hard case."

Come, do: you've a good long, dismal, merry-begging face."

"Sir, your humble servant: you're very merry." "Yes."

says he, "I've been drinking

To raise my spirits: for, by Jupiter! I found 'em slaking."

So away he went to see the play—O! there he sits:

Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits,

Isn't he finely situated for a damning Oo—Oh! a—s shrill

whine! O, diabolical!

As Falstaff says, "Would it were bed-time, Ha! and all were

What think you now? Whose face looks worst, yours or mine?

Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged Nine!

You'd better stick to honest Abraham Adams, by half!

He, in spite of crits, can make your readers laugh. (wears,

But to the prologue. What shall I say? Why, faith, in my

I take plain truth to be the best defence

I think, then, it was horrid stuff; and in my humble apprehension,

Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.

I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.

Ulp! take courage; never fear, man; don't be dejected.

For devil! he can't stand it: he has drawn in his head:

t reckon, before the play's done, he'll be half dead.

But to the prologue. It began—

“To-night the comic author of to-day

Has writ a—*a*—something about a play:

And as the bee,—the bee,—(that he brings in by way of

simile),—“the bee which roves

Through, through,”—*pehau!*—pox a' my memory!—Oh!

“through fields and groves,

So comic poets in fair London town

To cull the flowers of characters wander up and down.”

Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens, and dramatic rules,

And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fool:

And a vast deal about critics,—and good-nature, and the poor

author's fear;

And I think there was something about a third night,—hoping

to see you here.

“Was all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,

In the old prologue cant; and then at last concludes, thus

kindly greeting:—

“To you, the critic jury of the pit,

Our culprit author does his cause submit:

With justice—nay, with candour, judge his wit:

Give him, at least, a patient, quiet hearing:

If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him.”

DRAMATIC PERSONS.—*MILLANOUR*, Mr. GARRICK; *Heartfort*, Mr. DELANE; *Mr. Stedfast*, Mr. MACLEIN; *Mr. Madable*, Mr. TAYLOR; *Young Madable*, Mr. NEALE; *Squerrypurse*, Mr. MORRIS; *Bruce*, Mr. YATES; *Dr. Grief*, Mr. TOWNETT; *Clarinda*, Miss FAIRCHILD; *Charlotte*, Miss WATKINSON; *Mrs. Useful*, Mrs. MACLEIN; *Mrs. Plutwell*, Mrs. COOKE; *Lacina*, Miss BENNETT; *Servants*, &c.—SCENE. LONDON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—MILLANOUR'S lodging.—
BRAZEN asleep on a chair.

MILLANOUR. (calls several times without—*Brazen*!)—Why, you incorrigible rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself in Spain, sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep when others go to dinner?

BRAZ. (waking.) Truly, sir, I think he that wakes with the owl should rest with him too. Spain! Agad, I should live in the Antipodes, by the hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same bell that rings others to dinner should not ring me to sleep; for, I thank heaven and your honour, sleep is the only dinner I have had these two days.

MIL. Cease your impertinence, and get things ready to dress me.

BRAZ. What clothes will your honour please to wear?

MIL. Get me the blue and silver; or, stay—the brown and gold. Come back—fetch me the black; that suits best with my present circumstances.

BRAZ. I fancy the lace suits best with your circumstances. Most people in your honour's circumstances wear lace.

MIL. Harkee, sir, I have often cautioned you against this familiarity. You must part with your wit, or with your master.

BRAZ. (aside.) That's true. If I had any wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise servant will live with a master who has turned away his estate.

MIL. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a sort of interest which all servants exact from an indebted master; and, as being indebted to a friend is the surest way to make him your enemy, so making your servant your creditor is the surest way of making him your friend.

SCENE II.—Enter BRAZEN, showing in Mrs. Useful.

BRAZ. Sir, is your honour at home? Here is Mrs. Useful.

MIL. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my friend, my mistress, and my bawd, at any time.

USE. Hoity, toity! What! must I stay at the door till your worship has considered whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a beggar or a dun with you? Do you take me for a tradesman with his bill, or a poet with a dedication?

MIL. (to BRAZ.) Do you see what your blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair one, lay aside the terror of your brows, since it was my servant's fault—not mine.

USE. I, who am admitted where a poor woman of quality is excluded!

MIL. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the women of fashion as their lap-dogs, or to the men as their huffoons.

USE. A very civil comparison!

MIL. Thou art the first minister of Venus, the first plenipotentiary in affairs of love; and thy house is the noble scene of the congress of the two sexes. Thou hast united more couples than the almoner—act has parted, and sent more to bed together without a licence than any parson of the Fleet.

USE. I wish I could have prevented one couple from doing it with a licence.

MIL. What, has some notable whore of thy acquaintance turned rebel to thy power, and listed under the banners of Hymen? But be not disconsolate at thy loss. My life to a farthing she returns to her duty. Whoring is like the mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the science is sure never to leave it.

USE. This may probably take your mirth a key or two lower than its present pitch. [Gives a letter.]

MIL. I hope thou dost not deal with the law. I know no letter can give me any uneasiness but a letter from an attorney. [Opens the letter.] Ha! Stedfast! I know the hand, though not the name.

“Sir,—After your behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any account of my actions: however, as it is the last line you will ever see from me, I have prevailed with myself to tell you that your course of life has, at last, determined me to fly to my harbour from the danger of you; and, accordingly, this morning has given me to a man whose estate and sincere affections will, in time, produce that love in my heart which your actions have—have—(this is a damned hard word) have eradicated, and make me happy in the name of

CLARINDA STEDFAST.

USE. What do you think now, sir?

MIL. Think! that I am the most unhappy of men, and have lost the most charming of women.

USE. I always told you what it would come to, but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true what religious men tell us, we never know the value of a blessing till we lose it.

MIL. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this hour I never knew the value of Clarinda. [Reads again.] Hum! hum! “has given me a man whose estate and sincere affection,” by which I am to understand that my rival is some very rich old fellow; two excellent qualifications for a husband and a cuckold as one could wish.

USE. I shall make a faithful report of the philosophy with which you receive the news.

MIL. Oh! could'st thou tell her half my tenderness or my pain, thou must invent a language to express them. [and tell her them yourself.]

USE. Truly I think you had best set pen to paper, *MIL.* I had rather trust to your rhetoric: the paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee— [your advantage]

USE. If it receives any addition it will not be to

MIL. I dare trust thee; thou lovest the game too well to spoil it. [his mistress's letter.]

USE. It is very strange that a lover will not answer

MIL. Oh! no one writes worse than a real lover.

For love, like honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the hypocrite. In painting the mind, as well as the face, art generally goes beyond nature.

Use. Why, this is all cool reason. I expected nothing but imprecations, threatening, sighing, lamenting, raving.

Mil. You are mistaken. I act on the marriage of a mistress as on the death of a friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if fate will have it so—

Use. You are a wicked man. You know it hath been in your power to prevent it.

Mil. Yes; but, my dear, I am no more resolute to give up my liberty to the one, than my life to the other; and if nothing but my marriage or my death can preserve them, again, I believe I shall continue in *status quo*, be the consequence what it will.

[*Knocking.*
Braz. Sir, here's a lady: I don't know whether she comes under any of the titles your honour would have admitted.

Mil. Sirrah, admit all ladies whatsoever.

Use. I'll begone this moment.

Mil. Why so?

[*world.*

Use. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the

Mil. Out of tenderness for my reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you; and as for your reputation it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the small-pox, gives you but one pain in your life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with safety where you please.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL,
MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mil. Ha!

Plot. You seem surprised, sir: I suppose this is a visit you little expected, though I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive visits from a lady.

Use. No, madam: my cousin Millamour is very happy with the ladies.

Mil. [to Plotwell.] I believe, cousin, this is a relation of ours you don't know: give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin Useful, this is my cousin Plotwell; cousin Plotwell, this is my cousin Useful. [*The ladies salute.*] But come, relations should never meet with dry lips. Here, Brazen, bring a bottle of usquebaugh.

Both Wom. Not a drop for me.

Mil. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, cousin, and how did you leave all our relations in the north? Have you brought me no letters?

Plot. Only one, cousin.

Use. [*Aside.*] Cousin! this is a sister of mine, I believe; and we are both of the same trade, my life on't.

Mil. [to BRAZEN, who enters with a bottle.] Sirrah, fill to the ladies—do you hear?

[*He takes a letter from PLOTWELL, and opens it.*

"SIR.—After so many turns and protestations I should be surprised at the falsehood of any one but so great a villain as yourself: but as I have been long since certain that you have not one virtue in your whole mind, that you are a compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest traitor and the falsest and most prepared wretch upon earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this, and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured Lucina."

Plot. Well, sir, what does my aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my health, complains of my not writing. There's no secret in't: I'll read it for your diversion.

[*Reads.*

Plot. For heaven's sake, sir, do not discover the secrets of our family.

Mil. "My dear nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a gentleman, amidst the hurry of the *beau monde*, to think of an old aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you might sometimes find an opportunity

to let one know a little how the world goes." Pshaw! I'll read no more. These country relations think their friends in town obliged to furnish them with continual matter for the scandal of their tea-tables. Has the old lady no female acquaintance? They would take as much pleasure in writing defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself with others' business till I can mind my own, nor about others' sins till I have left off my own.

Use. Which will not be till doomsday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never, while I have the same mind to tempt me to sin, and the same constitution to support me in it. For sins, like places at court, we seldom resign till we can keep them no longer.

Use. And, like places at court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Plot. But I hope you will answer my aunt's letter. *Mil.* Not I, faith. Your aunt's letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old lady again, and write my duty to her on the back of it.

Use. You have done your duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE IV.—MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL,
MRS. PLOTWELL, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, sir.

Mil. Well, sir; what, another cousin? Do you hear, sirrah, I am at home to no more female relations this morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. Heartfort is below.

Mil. Desire him to walk up.

[*letter!*

Plot. But are you resolved not to answer the *Mil.* Positively. And, harkye,—tell the enraged fair one she hath made a double conquest; her beauty got the better of my reason, and now her anger hath got the better of my love. Give my humble service to her, and, when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

I lot. You will repent of your haughtiness, I warrant you.

[*Exit.*

Mil. So, there's your despatch; and now for another cousin.

SCENE V.—MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL.

Mil. And for you, madam, give my kindest respects to Mrs. Stedfast. Tell her I will endeavour to efface the lovely idea which Clarinda had formed in my mind since she is now another's. I will pray for her happiness, but must love her no more.

Use. And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again. Tell her, I will have nothing to put me in mind of her;—and this kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last token she shall have to awaken the remembrance of me.

Use. Well, you're a barbarous man. But suppose, now, I could procure a meeting between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own house—

Mil. Suppose! O, thou dear creature! suppose I gave thee worlds to reward thee.

Use. Well, I will suppose you a man of honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way.

[*Exit.*

Mil. Thus men of business despatch attendants. And in female affairs I believe few have more business than myself. The Grand Signior is but a petty prince in love, compared to me. But though I have disguised my uneasiness before this woman, Clarinda lies deeper in my heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear name gives me a sensation quite different from that of any other woman. The thought of seeing her another's stings me to the very soul.

SCENE VI.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Heart. What! is your levee despatched? I met antiquated whores going out of your door as thick as antiquated courtiers from the levee of a statesman, and with as disconsolate faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, Jack, where there are a multitude of attendants. The lover no more than the statesman can do every one's business.

Heart. Thou dost as many people's business as any man in town, I dare swear. [love—

Mil. I believe no one tastes more the sweets of

Heart. Nor any more its bitters than I. Oh! Millamour, I am the most unhappy of mankind—I have lost the mistress of my soul. [soul—

Mil. Ay,—and I have lost two mistresses of my

Heart. The woman I dote on to distraction is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A reprieve, a reprieve, in comparison of my fate! The woman I dote on was married this morning to another. [tenderly.

Heart. Thou knowest not what it is to love

Mil. No, faith; not very tenderly—not without a great deal of discretion. Here lies the difference between us: you, Heartfort, have discretion in everything but love—I have discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true English heart—it is an equal stranger to the heat of the equator and the frost of the pole. Love still nourishes it with a temperate heat as the sun doth our climate, and beauties rise after beauties in the one just as fruits do in the other. [ous a moment!

Heart. Is it impossible to engage thee to be seri-

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this subject, if I did not know thy temper.

Heart. The loss of a mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

Mil. The devil take me if I have. I have found it always much easier to get mistresses than to lose them. Women would be charming things, Heartfort, if, like clothes, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like clothes, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this curse attends a multiplicity of amours, that a man is sometimes forced to support his whole wardrobe on his back at once.

Heart. My passion, sir, will not bear raillery.

Mil. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of test to our passions: when they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your infirmity, and for your sake will be grave on a subject which I could never be serious on for my own. So lay open your wound, and I'll give you the best advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your temper, Millamour, to know my obligations to you for this complaisance. And after all, perhaps, my case requires rather your pity than advice; for the last word I had from my mistress was, that she bated me of all men living.

Mil. Hum!—Faith, I think your case requires neither pity nor advice.

Heart. But this is not the most terrible, or time might alter her inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be so violent.

Heart. I take its violence to be a reason for its change; but I have a better from experience, for she formerly has told me that she loved me of all men living.

Mil. And what has caused this great revolution in her temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all philosophy to account for one of her actions. You might ensue solve all the phenomena of nature than of her mind. All the

insight you can get into her future thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, if she promised your rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

Heart. But then she has a father, whose resolution is immovable as the predestinarian's fate, who has given me as positive a denial as his daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferred to me. [richer.

Mil. For the old reason, I suppose—because he is

Heart. No, upon my word; for a very new reason—because he is a greater rake. For you must know that this mighty unalterable will, which is as fixed as the Persian laws, is determined with as little reason as resolutions of some countries which are less stable. In short, sir, he hath laid it down as a maxim, that all men are wild at one period of life or another; so he resolved never to marry his daughter but to one who hath already passed that period. At last the young lady's good stars and his great wisdom have led him to the choice of Mr.

Mil. What, our Mutable? [Mutable.

Heart. The very same; though I have reason to believe she hath as great an aversion for him as for me. There is some other, Millamour, hath supplanted me in her heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this match she is compelled by her father.

Mil. So you are a stranger to the man she loves; you have only discovered her husband.

Heart. Ten thousand horrors are in that name!

Mil. Hum!—Faith, to him I think there may; but if the possession of your mistress's person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this match; and as to the first favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a man would keep a coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence to let him take the first airing in it.

Heart. Oh! do not trifle. An hour, a minute, a moment's delay may be my ruin. Could I but see her before the marriage, this compulsion of her father's might throw her into my arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and be hath this morning taken a second wife. Oh! Millamour, thou hast a lively imagination. Set it at work for thy friend; for, by heaven, I never can have any happiness but in Miss Stedfast's arms.

Mil. Miss Stedfast!—and her father married this morning! O! my friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be nappy in Mrs. Stedfast's arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It is as fixed as your father-in-law's most confirmed will that he is to be the cuckold of your humble servant. Take courage; the d—!s in't if he robs us of both our mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,—and much good may she do him.

Heart. Is it possible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstripped me in the race, and is gotten to the goal before me.

Heart. You are a happy man, Millamour, who can be so easy in the loss of your mistress.

Mil. Ay, and of a mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the loss of Clarinda.

Heart. The d—! was Miss Lovely your Clarinda?

Mil. Ay, sir, Miss Lovely—Mrs. Stedfast now—was my Clarinda, and is my Clarinda; and Miss Stedfast shall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your word there, Millamour.

Mil. Look ye, Heartfort; if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an engine that shall convey you thither in spite of all the fathers in Europe.

Heart. But the time—

Mil. If you will step in with me while I dress, Brazen shall fetch the person immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every moment may be the cursed period of my ruin? Perhaps this instant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say thy mistress hath wit and beauty, depend upon it these qualities will never be confuted in the arms of a man she doth not like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a honeymoon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated beauty, when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her husband's bed, as poets make the sun do in that of Thetis—

Which from our sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*LUCINA'S lodging.*—*LUCINA,*
Mrs. PLOTWELL.

Luc. Distraction! Send me back my letter! Is not falsehood enough—must he add insult to it? Oh! may eternal furies haunt him! may all the horrors of despair attend his guilt! may he be so wretched that hell itself may sicken with revenge!

Plot. And may you be so happy as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it!

Luc. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a villain. You never carried him my letter. He that has sworn so many vows of constancy—

Plot. Ha! ha! ha! vows of constancy!—that any woman after eighteen should think of these! Vows in love have just the same meaning as compliments in conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the man who swears eternal constancy, as to believe him who assures you he is your most obedient humble servant.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, had I but known thee sooner!—had I but known a friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced soul against the wicked arts of this deceitful man—

Plot. Then you would have followed my advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying lover, who was breathing out daily raptures at your feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his falsehood!

Luc. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long year that I expected his return to Paris, though it made me fear his falsehood, still left me room to hope his truth.

Plot. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any woman have reason to expect the return of a lover after a month had passed beyond his promise? Had he intended to have married you he would have done it before his departure. Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate resolution; he that takes time for deliberation will never accomplish either.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, thou art well skilled in the wiles of the sex: I wonder thou couldst be deceived.

Plot. Yes, madam, I have paid for my knowledge. Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted to be known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were

man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels, and when the door is shut on us exert the devil.

[*sense who worked your ruin.*]

Luc. He must have been a man of uncommon *Plot.* Rather the circumstances of my ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am surprised that in all our acquaintance, though you have often mentioned your misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the cause of them.

Plot. Though the relation be uneasy to me, still, to satisfy your curiosity, and to prevent any solicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few words as I can. In my way to Paris, twenty years ago, I fell acquainted with a young gentleman who appeared to be an officer in the army. He continued our fellow-traveller on the road, and, after our arrival at Paris, took lodgings in the same house with us. I was then young and unskilled, and too ready to listen to the flattery of a lover. In short, he employed all his art to convince me of his passion, to make an impression on that heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,—and was undone.

Luc. I can't find anything uncommon in these circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Plot. After a month spent in our too fatal and too guilty joys, he suddenly eloped from Paris, and from that time I never saw him more.

Luc. But could anything be so strange as your staying twenty years in Paris without seeking after him?

Plot. I heard the same year he was slain at the battle of Belgrade. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a year at Paris, to come a hunting after your lover. For a woman to pursue is for the hare to follow the hounds—a chase opposite to the order of nature, and can never be successful. A woman is as sure of not overtaking the lover who flies from her as of being overtaken by a lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other advantage from it I shall have at least the pleasure of thundering my injuries in his ear.

Plot. The usual revenge of an injured mistress. If nature had not granted us the benefit of venting our passions at our tongues and our eyes, the injury and falsehood of mankind would destroy above half our sex.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*—*MILLAMORE, HEARTFORT,*
BRAZEN.

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none proper for your purpose than this woman; for though her body will scarce go through the door, yet she has dexterity enough to go through the key-hole. But let me tell you that dexterity must be put in motion by gold, or it will remain in rest.

Heart. She shall not want that. When my Charlotte's at stake fortune or life are trifles to the adventurer.

Mil. Well, for a sober grave man of sense, thou art something violent in thy passion. I always thought love as foreign to a speculative man as religion to an atheist.

Heart. Perhaps it may; for I believe the atheist is as often insincere in his contempt of religion as the other in his contempt of women. There are instances of men who have professed themselves de-

spisers of both that have at length been found kneeling at their shrines.

Mil. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my head about the theory of. I shall content myself with the practice.

Heart. With the practice of one, I dare swear.

Mil. In my youth I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the fires of life and love go out together. What is life worth without pleasure? And what pleasure is there out of the arms of a mistress? All other joys are dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming girl, cheeks blushing, eyes sparkling. Give me her, Heartfort—

Heart. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. Brazen, you are to conduct me another way.

Mil. You are too soon for Mrs. Useful's appointment. [avoid.]

Heart. No matter; here is one coming I would

Mil. Ha! your rival! Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: you tell me he is as averse to the match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of complaisance.

Heart. It is for that reason I would avoid him. I am not master enough of my passions; besides, I hate lying and impertinence; I can't bear to hear a fellow run on with his intimacy with this duke and that lord, whom he has never spoke to, and perhaps never seen.

Mil. A more innocent vanity at least than the boasting of favours from women, though with truth, as I have known some men of sense do, which is a vanity indulged at the expense of another's reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a woman to be great with a man of sense than on a man of sense to be great with a fool.

Mil. Pshaw! thou art as serious in thy criticisms on life as a dull critic on the drama. I prefer laughing sometimes at a farce and a fool to being entertained with the most regular performances, or the conversation of men of the best sense.

Heart. In my opinion laughing at fools is engaging them at their own weapons; for a fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the laugh of his side, because there are in the world abundance of fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is as dangerous to ridicule folly anywhere openly as to speak against Mahometism in Turkey or popery in Rome. But he is here—good-morrow.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, BRAZEN.

Mut. Nay, foregod, Heartfort, you shall not run away from me. Fox take your mistress, I would not lose a friend for all the sluts in town. Pshaw! they are plenty enough. If thou can'st persuade my father off the match I did not care if the devil had her. [profane word of her.]

Heart. Harkee, sir, on your life do not utter a

Mut. Well, then, I wish you had her, or the devil had her; it's equal to me. 'Tis so difficult to please you. I must like her and I must not like her.

Mil. Ay, Mutable, to content a passionate lover is as difficult as to sail between Scylla and Charybdis; you must fall into one extreme or other.

Heart. Though I would have Charlotte only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

Mil. Well, Mutable, doth this early sally of yours

proceed from having been in bed early, or from not being in bed at all! [everlasting sinner.]

Mut. Not at all, agad. That lord Bouncer is an *Mil.* Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myself, three lurches, two baronets, four whores, and a justice of peace. His worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at three to take a nap, to be sober at the sessions—

Mil. And punish wickedness and debauchery.

Mut. Millamour, was you ever in company with my lord Grig? He is the merriest dog; we had such diversion between him and the duke of Fleetstreet. Ha, ha, ha! says the duke to me—Jack Mutable, says he—ha, ha, ha! what do you think of my lord Grig? Why, my lord duke, says I; what of my lord Grig? Why, says my lord duke again, he is damnably in love with my lady Piddle. You know my lady Piddle, Millamour—she is a prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what sir John Gubbie told me t'other day at White's.

Heart. Death and damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. Brazen.

SCENE IV.—MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mut. White's. Now I mention White's, I must send an excuse to my lord Goodlaud. He invited me two days ago to dine with him to-day.

Mil. Two days ago! why he went into the country a week since.

Mut. Nay, then sir Charles Wiswall was mistaken, for he delivered me the message yesterday, which is a little strange methinks.

Mil. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in Scotland this fortnight.

Mut. How!

Mil. It is even so, I assure you.

Mut. Then, as sure as I am alive I dreamt all this. O! but may I wish you joy yet! They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you so?

Mut. Hum! that I can't remember. It was either the duchess of Holbourn, or lady Chatter, or lady Scramble, or— [happen.]

Mil. No, you dreamt it; a sure sign it will not

Mut. Heyday! Where's Heartfort gone!

Mil. He can't bear a successful rival.

Mut. Poor devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for I protest I am as sorry at winning her as he can be at losing her. [gentleman off!]

Mil. But is there no way of persuading the old

Mut. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you my lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a lord to be as infallible as the pope.

Mil. Ay, is he so fond of quality?

Mut. Oh! most passionately. You must know he hesitates even at this match on that account; nay, I believe, notwithstanding her fortune, he would prefer a woman of quality for his daughter-in-law, though she was not worth a groat.

Mil. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a thought—but mum!—he's here.

SCENE V.—MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

Mut. Ha! Jacky, have I found you out at last! It is so long since I was in town, I had almost lost myself. But, harkee,—who's that fine gentleman! Hey!

Y. Mut. O! one of the lords I told you I converse with—an intimate acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, sir. My lord, this is my father, my lord—

Mut. At your lordship's service, my lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in town.

Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship.—My lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an honour.

Y. Mut. You will excuse my father, my lord: as he has lived in the country most of his time, he does not make quite so fine a bow as we do.

Mut. My son says true, my lord. I have lived most of my time in the country, the greater my misfortune and my father's crime, my lord. But I thank my stars, my son cannot charge me with stinting his education. Alas! my lord, it must be done betimes. A man can never be sent into the world too soon. What can they learn at schools or universities!—No, no, I sent my boy to town at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best company. And, I thank my stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest gentlemen of his age.

Y. Mut. Ah! dear sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Mil. It is owing, sir, to such wise parents as you that the present age abounds with such fine gentlemen as it does. Our dull forefathers were either rough soldiers, pedantic scholars, or clownish farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine gentleman among us then as it is a true Briton among us now.

Mut. I am very proud, my lord, to find my son in such company as your lordship's. [*Yon.*]

Mil. Dear sir, the honour is on my side, I assure you. *Mut.* 'Shud! Your men of quality are the civilist sort of people upon earth. [*opinion.*]

Mil. And I believe my sister is of the same

Y. Mut. His sister! [*Aside.*]

Mut. I am extremely bound to your good lordship.

Mil. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the honour of my boose to marry into a worthy family with a competent estate, though there be no title.

Mut. My lord?

Mil. And since my sister has condescended to receive the addresses of your son, I shall not oppose the match.

Mut. I am surprised, my lord—

Mil. Nay, sir, you cannot be surprised; for certainly Mr. Mutable has more honour than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

Mut. O, yes, my lord, he has acquainted me—Yes, my lord, I have been acquainted indeed—But the honour was so great that I could scarce believe it.

Y. Mut. [*Aside.*] This is not the first woman I have been in love with without seeing.

Mut. O, so upon you, Jacky! why did you not tell me of this!—I'll go break off the other match this moment. My lord, I cannot express the very grateful sentiments I have of this great honour, my lord—

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my house: in the mean time, Mr. Mutable may have as free access to my sister as he pleases.

Y. Mut. Dear my lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Mut. I and mine, my lord, are eternally obliged to your goodness; and I hope my son is as sufficiently sensible as myself. I will just go do a little business, and then, Jacky, I'll come to this place, and you shall carry me to wait on his lordship. Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you. In the mean time I am your lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble servant, to command.

SCENE VI.—MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mil. Well, have I not managed the old gentleman finely! [*shall we carry it on?*]

Y. Mut. Yes; but, as my lord Twitser says, how

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my sister—I see your father is of

a good easy, credulous disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your father-in-law.

Y. Mut. No, hang him! he never kept a resolution two minutes in his life. He is the very picture of my lord Shatterbrain; and you know my lord Shatterbrain is very famous for breaking his word. I have made forty engagements with him, and he never kept one;—then, the next time we met,—Jack Mutable, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a memory!—but there's sir George Goose has just such another too—but George is a comical dog, that's the truth on't—There was he, and I, and the duke—

Mil. Harkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. Heartfort's house shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your father; you shall find a lady ready to receive you. But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now, and expect your father, and remember to give me the title of lord Truelove.

Y. Mut. Agad, I dined with sir John Truelove about four days ago; and how many bottles do you think we sat?

Mil. Twenty dozen, if you will.

Y. Mut. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own share though; and so drunk was my lord Puzale—ha, ha, ha! and so mad—

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy business; for if you stay one moment longer I'll fling up the affair.

Y. Mut. I go, I go. My lord Truelove, your servant. 'Foregad, sir John is one of the merriest dogs in Christendom.

SCENE VII.—MILLAMOUR *solus.*

Go thy way, Gwillm displayed—then catalogue of the nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the vanity of such fools as this that makes men proud of a title, without any other merit. Now, if I can but match this spark with my Northumberland cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome relation—and, faith, I think the arms of a rich fool are a sort of hospital, proper to every woman who has worn out her reputation in the service.

SCENE VIII.—STEDFART'S house. CHARLOTTE, speaking to Mrs. USEFUL, who goes out and returns with HEARTFELT.

Well, well; tell the wretch I will see him, to give him another final answer, since he will have it. Poor creature! how little he suspects who is his rival!—Oh! Millamour, thou hast given this heart of mine more sighs in one week than it ever felt before—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my passion, or how avoid this match intended for me by my father? Well, sir, how often must I tell you I won't have you, I can't have you!

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better reason for that hate than the violence of my love.

Char. O! the best reason in the world. I hate everything that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real lover. [*highest affection.*]

Heart. Mothinks, gratitude might produce the

Char. Your humble servant, sweet sir. Gratitude! that implies an obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I? I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole town.

Heart. Can my torments make you merry, madam?

Char. O! no, certainly; for you must know I am extravagantly good-natured; nor can you yourself say that I have not begged you to get off the rack: but you would have me take you off in my arms, like an odious ridiculous creature as you are.

Heart. Give me my reason again; untie me from the magic knot you have bound me in; for, whilst you hold me fast within your chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my freedom.

Char. Chains!—Sure being in love is something like being in the galleys; and a lover, like other slaves, is the subject of no other passion but pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are mere insects. One gives being to thousands with a smile, and takes it away again with a frown. A celebrated physician might as well grieve at the death of every patient as a celebrated toast at the death of every lover: and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry eyes.

Heart. Come, come, madam; the world are not at all so deaf to reason as I am. There are those who can see your faults, though I can't—can weigh affection against beauty, and ill-nature against wit.

Char. They are inseparable. No one has beauty without affection, nor wit without ill-nature. But lovers, you know, only see perfections. All things look white to love, as they do yellow to the jaundice.

Heart. This cool insensibility is worse than rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the fire. I would extinguish your passion, sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in public without prejudice to my reputation.

Heart. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a fool!

Char. I can resolve to be dutiful to a parent, and run any risk rather than that of my fortune. In short, Mr. Heartfort, could you have prevailed with my father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my father, but not to disobey him.

Heart. Was that the affection you had for a man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole world to you?

SCENE IX.—CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Cl. Fie! Charlotte, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor Heartfort! I protest I pity you sincerely.

Char. Indeed, Clarinda,—for I shall never call you mother—I am come to an age wherein I shall not follow your advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your opinion than you was to ask mine when you married my father.

Cl. My dear Charlotte, you shall never have more cause to repent my marriage than I believe you would have to repent your own with this gentleman.

Heart. My life, madam, is a poor sacrifice to such goodness.

Char. Dear creature! if the old gentleman your husband was here, you would make him jealous on his wedding-day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a resolution to give me to Mr. Mutable; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that when once he hath resolved on anything it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE X.—STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Heyday! What's here to do! I thought I had forbidden you my house. Am I not master of my own house?

Heart. No, sir, nor ever will while you have two such fine ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two empresses in it, my word should be a law.—And I can tell you, sir, I will have blunderbusses in it, and constables too, if I see you in it any more.

Cl. Nay, pray, my dear, do not try to shock him more; Charlotte hath used him ill enough already.

Sted. Hearkee, madam, my dear, I must give you a piece of advice on our wedding-day—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your opinion in anything till asked. If nature hath made anything in vain, it is the tongue of a woman. Women were designed to be seen and not heard; they were formed only to please our eyes.

Char. You will be singularly happy, my dear, with a husband who marries to please no sense but his eyes. [I desire.]

Cl. I do not doubt being as happy with him as *Sted.* This is another thing I must warn you of—never to whisper in my presence. Whispering no one uses hut with an ill design. I made a resolution against whispering at sixteen, and have never whispered since.

Heart. Yes, sir, and if you had made a resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the example.

Sted. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, sir; or I shall take a resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this gentleman a final discharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, sir, what my father says; therefore I desire you 'would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain death should deter me from obeying your commands; nor would that sentence, pronounced from any other lips, give me as much pain, as this banishment, from yours. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.—STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Cl. Go thy ways, for a pretty fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways, for an hypocrite. We shall have that fellow turn rake at forty. The seeds of raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a disease in the blood, which every man is born with; and the sooner it shows itself, the better.

Char. But I hope, sir, since I have complied with your commands in despatching one lover, you will comply with my desires in delaying my alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very easy: so you are married to-day, I care not what hour.

Char. Why to-day, sir?

Sted. Because I have resolved it, madam.

Char. One day sure would make no difference.

Sted. Madam, I have said it.

Cl. Let me intercede for so short a reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Consider, my whole happiness is at stake.

Sted. If the happiness of the world was at stake, I would not alter my resolution.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Mutable is below.

Sted. Show him up. Go you two in.—Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved the hour of marrying you, but it shall be this afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our wedding-suppers together.

SCENE XII.—STEDFAST, MUTABLE.

Sted. Mr. Mutable, your servant. Odso! where's the bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young fellow: the bride has reason to take it amiss.

Mut. Nay, Mr. Stedfast, if she or you take anything amiss, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in jest with thee; She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the match.

Mut. Truly, I am sorry for it.

Sted. Ha! sorry—for what?

Mut. Since it must be known, what signifies hesitation!—My son is pre-engaged, sir.

Sted. How, sir, pre-engaged?

Mut. Yes, sir, to a young lady of beauty and fortune—and, what is more, a lady of quality. I assure you, sir, I did not know one word of it when our bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your pardon.

Sted. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such offers for your son's sake?

Mut. The match was none of my own choice; but if quality will drop into one's lap—

Sted. Ay, quality may drop into your lap or your pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier. —And pray, who is this great lady of quality?

Mut. I know nothing more of her than that she is a lord's sister.

Sted. Hath she no name, then?

Mut. Yes, sir, I suppose she hath a name, though I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, sir, what's her fortune?

Mut. I don't know that either.

Sted. Your very humble servant, sir—I honour your profundity; if the lady's quality be equal to your wisdom, Gatham and Fleet-street will be in strict alliance. Sir, I admire your son; for though it is probable he may get nothing by the bargain, I find he has sense enough to outwit his father; and he may laugh at you, while all the world laughs at him.

Mut. What do you mean, sir?

Sted. Stay till your daughter be brought home; she will explain my meaning. I warrant you—she will bring you both extremes, my life on't—quality in the kennel, and fortune in the air.

Mut. Hum! if it should prove so—Sir, the match is not completed.

Sted. No, sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the lawyer is come with the writings.

Sted. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

Mut. Stay, sir, I am not determined in this affair.

Sted. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your pretensions one way or other this moment.

Mut. Then I stand by the securest—so desire the lawyer to walk in. I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Stedfast, what's past.

Sted. Ay, sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the match, I might have taken other measures.

SCENE XIII.—MUTABLE, STEDFAST, PRIG.

Mut. Come, sir, I am ready to sign articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. Squeezepurse, your master?

Prig. Sir, my master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the best judge of that—I have resolved never to sign anything without your master.

Prig. It is the very same thing, I assure you.—The writings are folly drawn, and any witness may do as well as my master.

Sted. Your master is a negligent puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent coxcomb to dispute with me.

Mut. I believe, Mr. Stedfast, we may do it.

Sted. Excuse me, sir, I shall not alter my resolves.—Therefore go to your master, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolved.

Mut. In the mean while I'll step just by, and call my son, that was may meet with no further interruption.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the tailor hath sent word that he cannot finish the new liveries till to-morrow morning.

Sted. Then, sir, go and give my humble service to the tailor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolved to have them put on to-day, though they are thrown like blaukets over their shoulders, and my equipage should look like the retinue of a Morocco ambassador.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—The Street.—HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Heart. Though I fear my fortune desperate, yet is my obligation infinite to you, my dear Millamour, for this trouble.

Mut. And to me too.—Agad, I have run the hazard of being disinherited on your account. As for the wife, the loss is not great; but I have a real value for the estate.

Mil. Come, faith, Heartfort, thou must confess thyself obliged to him: he hath done what is in his power—

Heart. I thank him—and, in return, Mutable, let me give you a piece of advice. Leave out that ridiculous quality of pretending an acquaintance with men of fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two reasons: First, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it; because all the prize-fighters, jockeys, gamsters, pimps, and buffoons in England have the same honour.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! this is very merry, very facetious, faith! Agad, Millamour, if I did not know that Heartfort keeps the best company, I should think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his ambition lies quite the opposite way; for I have seen him walking at high Mall with a fellow in a dirty shirt and a wig unpowder'd.

Mut. Augh! what a couple of distinguishing qualifications he chose to appear in the Mall with!

Heart. And the man he means happens to have qualifications very seldom seen in the Mall or any where else.

Mut. Ay, prithee, what are these?

Heart. Virtue and good sense.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! virtue and good sense, no powder and dirty linen—four fine accomplishments for an old philosopher to live upon.

Mil. Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with—bnt, mum!—remember who I am.

SCENE II.—MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. So, sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you—

Mut. I am unwilling to give your lordship any further trouble; for I find, my lord, that matters are too far gone to be broke off now—so I thank your lordship for the honour you intended me. But the boy must be married to his former mistress—

Heart. Ha!

[Aside.

Mil. What's this, sir?

Mut. In short, my lord, I have as great an honour for quality as any man; but there are things to be considered—quality is a fine thing, my lord, but it does not pay debts.

Mut. Faith, you are mistaken there, father, for it does.

Mut. I little thought this consideration would have exposed my sister to an affront—you are the last commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you—perhaps you may repent this refusal.

F. Mut. Dear sir, consider.—Your son's happiness, grandeur, fortune, all are at stake.

Mil. Now the affair is over, sir, I shall tell you that my sister was not only secure of a fortune much larger than Mr. Stedfast's daughter; but, as I have resolved against marriage, my fortune and title too must have descended to your son.

Mut. Hey!—and should I have seen my Jacky a lord?—should I have had a lord ask my blessing?—and a set of young lords and ladies my grandchildren? Should this old crab-tree stock have seen such noble grafted fruit spreading on its branches?—O my good dear lord, I ask pardon on my knees—forgive the foolish caution of a fearful old man.

Mil. My honour, my honour forbids.

Mut. O dear sweet, good, my lord. Let pity melt your honour to forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, sir.

Mut. If your honour must have a sacrifice, let my fault be paid by my punishment. Tread upon my neck, my lord. Do anything to me. But do not let me bar my son's way to happiness.

Mil. The strictest honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the fortune down before marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

Mut. Whenever your lordship pleases. I will give one thorough rebuff to Mr. Stedfast, and return instantly. Jacky, stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his lordship. My lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Mil. This succeeds to your wish. I think I'll e'en play the parson myself, and marry you in jest.

F. Mut. But I shall not play the husband, I thank you.

Mil. Pahaw!—in jest.

F. Mut. Hum! I take matrimony to be no jest.

Mil. And I take it to be the greatest jest in nature. When the old gentleman comes, Heartfort, do you take him to your house, which must pass for my lord Truelove's; thither will I bring the lady with the utmost expedition. But remember to give a particular order to all your servants that your name is Truelove.

Heart. If you would have me stay with you in the mean time, I must have no lords. Nay, I will not allow you a haronet. Not even a plain sir, though he was knighted but last week, and hath not paid his fees yet.

F. Mut. Well, well, you shall be humoured, though I am at work for your service.

SCENE III.—*Stedfast's House.* CLARINDA,
MRS. USEFUL.

Cla. To leave my husband's house on my wedding-day! And visit a gallant! I'll never consent to it.

Use. Then there's a pretty fellow gone to his forefathers.

Cla. No, tell the barbarous man, and none as he is, I would have consented to any other portion with him than dishonour. Tell him, he hath forced me to the fatal resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him was my first cause of marrying; and tell him, in that hour I gave my hand to Mr. Stedfast, I resolved never to see him more.

Use. The devil take me if I do! You may send another messenger. I'll have no hand in his death. I always had a natural antipathy to murder—poor

dear, pretty, handsome young fellow—go—you are a cruel creature!—Oh! had you seen how he sighed, and sobbed, and groaned, and kissed your letter, and called you by all the tenderest, softest names; then shed such a shower of tears upon the paper; then kissed it again, and swore he had lost his soul in you—Oh! it would have melted rocks, could they have seen it.

Cla. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

Use. It is your own fault if it be to no purpose.

Cla. What can I do?

Use. What can you do?—that any woman after eighteen should ask that question! What can you do? Methinks charity should tell you, if your heart was not deaf to everything that is good. When a fine, handsome young fellow is the haggard, what woman can want charity?

Cla. I have no more to give—my all is now my husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow—

Use. Your husband!—you are enough to make me mad. Injure your husband!—you may as well think you injure your chest when you take the money out of it! And would you be locked up all your life in that old rusty chest, the arms of your husband?

Cla. Hal! doth it become thee to rail against my husband, who hath employed all thy vile rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

Use. To receive him as a husband I did, and I now persuade you to make a husband of him.

Cla. O, villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my content, and fly to England with that monster Millamour!—And thou didst thou not, with the same diligence, entreat me to this marriage? And now—

Use. What allegations are here! I own I advised to quit a religion I thought not consistent with the health of your soul, and to fly to the arms of a man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him; and now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again.

Cla. What, with the loss of my honour!

Use. The loss of your honour! No, no; you may keep your honour still; for every woman hath it till she is discovered.

Cla. Name it to me no more.

Use. At least you may see him; there's no dishonour in that.

Cla. I dare not think of it.

Use. E'en do it without thinking of it; let the poor man owe the continuing of his life to my entreaties. *[within me.]*

Cla. Oh! he hath a more powerful advocate

Use. Well, I'll fly with the happy news.

Cla. Stay, I cannot resolve.

Use. That's enough; she that can't resolve against her lover, always resolves for him.

Cla. Well, I will take one dear last draught of ruin from his eyes, and then bid them farewell for ever.

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*—CHARLOTTE disguised.

Here am I fairly escaped from my father's house—And now what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the positiveness and passionateness of his temper too well to leave me any hopes of avoiding the match he is resolved on;—if I do not I dread the consequences. Suppose I find Millamour out, and acquaint him with my passion—I'll die sooner. If Heartfort were here this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer.—Ah!

SCENE V.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

Mil. Pox on my rashness in discharging the good mother this morning—I shall never be able to find Lucina—I must get another.—Ha! What hath fortune sent us? A woman in a mask—I suppose she doth it to hide the small-pox, or some cursed deformity; but, hang it! she may pass for a woman of quality for all that. Agad I'll attack her, and if I mistake not she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away. Madam, your most obedient, humble servant. I presume, by your present posture, that your mask gives you an advantage over me—that I have the honour of being known to you?

Char. You may depend on it, sir, it is to my advantage so cover my face by my doing it. And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a mask too.

Mil. I'll excuse your abusing my face, while you abuse your own; nor do I believe you in earnest either; for I see, by your eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

Char. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill opinion of my modesty suspect the latter.

Mil. Hum! My name too—

Char. I hope you have not the worse opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my dear—nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Harkee, child, I find thou art some old acquaintance of mine, and, as those are a set of people whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy fortune.

Char. Now I fancy you don't think me an old acquaintance: for if I was, you must be assured I know that it is not in your power.

Mil. Why, truly, madam, I am not worth as many Indies as I would bestow on your dear sex if I had 'em. But, in this affair, I am not to be the principal, but only a sort of agent—or, to speak in your

Char. Well, sir. [own language, the hawd.]

Mil. And if you can but act the part of a woman of quality for one half-hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

Char. What! have you a man of quality to dispose of?

Mil. No; but I have what many a man of quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great fortune for you; and that with it which many a woman of quality hath to dispose of.

Char. What's that, pray?

Mil. A fool!

Char. Oh! you won't want customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same wares.

Mil. But mine is a man-fool, madam.

Char. And so is mine, sir—but let us wave that, for I will give him to any one who will have him. The fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand pounds with safety?

Mil. Nay, prithee don't trifle; if you will come with me, and act your part well, you shall be mistress of four times that sum within these two hours. You shall have a husband with those two great matrimonial qualities, rich and a fool.

Char. Ay, and what is his name?

Mil. What signifies his name? Will you have a rich fool for a husband, madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar slut, by her hesitation.

Char. No, sir, I don't want riches, and I hate a fool.

Mil. Then, your servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but time on my hands, I should find many a woman of fashion would be glad to be Mrs. Mutable.

Char. Ha! stay, sir.—This may be a lucky adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one.—If I had known Mr. Mutable was the gentleman—

Mil. Well, Mr. Mutable is the gentleman.

Char. O, heavens! My father. I shall be discovered.

Mil. Come, madam, we have not a moment to lose. Step to my lodgings, and receive instructions.

Char. Well, sir, I have so good an opinion of your honour, that I will trust myself with you.

Mil. My honour is most infinitely obliged to your confidence, dear madam.

SCENE VI.—STEDFAST, MUTABLE.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a man may as well determine which way a weathercock shall stand this day fortnight, by its present situation, as he can what you will think an hour hence by what you think now. A windmill, or a woman's heart, are firm as rocks in comparison of you.

Mut. I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this time, and I will immediately fetch the boy, and matters shall be despatched.

Sted. Hum!

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his son to a woman of quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, sir. If I had resolved to marry my daughter to a cobbler, I would not alter my resolution to see her a-bed with the emperor of Germany.

Mut. All men, Mr. Stedfast, are not so firm in their resolutions as you are.

Sted. More shame for them, sir. I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and never broke one resolution in my life yet.

Mut. Good luck! I am some years older than you are, and never made a resolution in my life yet.

Sted. Well, sir, I see your son coming: I will prepare my daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one resolution. If you change your mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

Mut. [Aside.] This is a bloody positive old fellow. What a brave, absolute prince he'd make! I'll warrant he'd chop off the heads of two or three thousand subjects sooner than break his word. I should not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.—MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT.

Mut. Come, Jacky, you must along with me. Mr. Stedfast and I are agreed at last.

Y. Mut. And disappoint his lordship, sir?

Mut. Don't tell me of his lordship. I have taken a resolution to see you married immediately; and married you shall be.

Heart. Confusion!

Y. Mut. Dear sir—

Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a resolution: so follow me, as you expect my blessing.

Y. Mut. Heartfort, for heaven's sake stop him.

Heart. 'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the attempt.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR'S lodging. BRAZEN alone, with an opera-book in his hand.

Well, I cannot come into the opinion of the town about this last opera. It is too light for my goût. Give me your solemn, sublime music. But pox take their taste! I scarce know five footmen in town who can distinguish. The rascals have no ear, no judgment. I would as soon ask a set of country squires what they liked. I remember the time when we should not have suffered such stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si caro*— [Sings.

MILLAMOUR, and CHARLOTTE to him.

Mil. Heyday! Here, you musical gentleman, pray, get you down stairs.

Braz. Yes, sir. [*Sings the end of the tune, and exits.*]

Char. You have a very polite footman indeed, sir.

Mil. Yes, madam. But come, my dear, as you are now in a place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more occasion for your mask.

Char. No, sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place, know that I am a gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a parson's daughter, descended from very bonest and reputable parents, I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Char. And, what will surprise you, one of a very good family, and very great fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would surprise me, indeed! But come, unmask, or you will force me to a violence I would avoid.

Char. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and I assure you I am a woman of fashion.

Mil. Well, madam, if you are a woman of fashion, I am sure you have too much good nature to be angry with me for breaking a promise which you have too much wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no breach of confidence, there is no breach of promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet gentlewoman, unmask; for I am in haste to serve my friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first. [*curer.*]

Char. Hold, sir. You know you are but a pro-

Mil. But I generally taste what I procure before I put it into a friend's hands. Look ye, madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial black-moor, I desire thee to uncover.

Char. No, sir, first hear my history.

Mil. I will see the frontispiece of it.

Char. Know, I am a woman of strict honour.

Mil. Your history hath a very lamentable beginning.

Char. And in the greatest distress in the world; for I am this day to be married to a man I despise. Now, if Mr. Millamour can find out any means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous knight, I don't know how far my generosity may reward him. I forgive these suspicions of me, which the manner in which you found me sufficiently justifies. But I do assure you this adventure is the only one which can attack my reputation; and I am the only child of a rich old father, and can make the fortune

Mil. Husband! Oh! [*of my husband.*]

Char. Ay, husband. As rich a man as Mr. Millamour would leap at the name; though I hope you don't think it my intention to make one of you—to endeavour wickedly to enclose a common that belongs to the whole sex.

Mil. Oons! what the devil can she be?

Char. You have a rare opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same morning in which you have escaped the jaws of a poor mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket.

Mil. Every circumstance. [*Aside.*] Who knows what fortune may have sent me! What these charms of mine have done!

Char. What are you considering, sir?

Mil. I am considering, my dear, what particular charm in my person can have made this conquest.

Char. Oh! a complication, sir.

Mil. Dear madam!

Char. For you must know, sir, that I have resolved never to marry till I have found a man with-

out one single fault in my eye, or a single virtue in any one's else. For my part, I take beauty in a man to be a sign of effeminacy; sobriety, want of spirit; gravity, want of wit; and constancy, want of constitution.

Mil. So that to have no fault in your eye is to be an impudent, hatchet-face, raking, rattling, roving, inconstant—

Char. All which perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet sir—

Mil. Your most obedient humble servant, madam.

Char. That I have fixed on you as my cavalier for this enterprise, for which there is but one method, I must run into one danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my husband at home but by carrying a husband home with me. Now, sir, if you can have the same implicit faith in my fortune as you had in my beauty, the bargain is struck. Send for a parson, and you know what follows. [*Unmasks.*] You may easily see my confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this declaration only to my horrible apprehension of being obliged to take a man I like less than yourself.

Mil. I am infinitely obliged to you, madam. But—

Char. But! Do you hesitate, sir?

Mil. The offer of so much beauty and fortune would admit of no hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a friend. Consider, madam, if you know none who bath a juster title to them. How happy would this declaration make Heartfort, which you throw away on me!

Char. I flod I have thrown it away, indeed! Ha! Am I refused? I begin to bate him, and despise myself!

Mil. Upon my soul she is a fine woman! but can I think of wronging my friend! The devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome! but be is my friend! But she bath twenty thousand pounds! But I must be a rascal to think of her; and as many millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, BRAZEN

Braz. Sir, here is a lady.

Mil. 'Sdeath, a lady! Fool, not, oaf! How often shall I tell thee that I am never at home to two ladies at a time!

Braz. Sir, you would have hanged me if I should have denied you to Madam Clarinda.

Mil. Clarinda! O, transporting name! My dear, shall I beg, for the safety of your reputation, you would step into that closet while I discharge the visit of a troublesome relation?

Char. Put me anywhere from the danger of a female tongue.—Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another ramble while I live again.

Mil. [*Shuts her in the closet.*] There! Now will I find some way to let Heartfort know of her being here. I am transported at the hope of serving him, even whilst Clarinda is at my door.

SCENE X.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA introduced by Mrs. USEFUL.

Mil. My Clarinda! This is a goodness of that prodigious nature— [*fulsheed.*]

Cl. That it can be equalled by nothing but thy

Mil. Can so unjust an accusation proceed from so much sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me—

Cl. Do not attempt to excuse yourself. You know how false you have been. Nor could anything but your falsehood have driven me to what I have

Mil. By all the— [*done.*]

Cl. Do not damn thyself more—I know thy

falsehood; I have seen it. Therefore thy perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this testimony? [*Gives him a letter.*]

Mil. Lucina's letter! Cursed accident! She too hath received Clarinda's! but I must stand it out.—Hear this! My falsehood! Mine! When there's not a star in heaven that hath not seen me, like an Arcadian of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you. The turtle is inconstant compared to me; the rose will change its season, and blossom in midwinter; the nightingale will be silent, and the raven sing; nay, the phoenix will have a mate, when I have any mate but you. [*sooner changed than I.*]

Cla. Had this been true, nature should have heart too long to think it capable of inconstancy.

Mil. Oh! you know it is: you have known this hour; but think, however dear you have been to me, my honour's dearer.

Mil. Thy honour shall be safe. Not even the day, nor heaven itself shall witness our pleasures.

Cla. Think not the fear of slander guards my honour! No, I would not myself be a witness of my shame.

Mil. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying ray of light, and, losing the language of our eyes, find more delicious ways to interchange our souls. We'll wind our senses to a height of rapture, till they play us such dear enchanting tunes of joy—

Cla. Oh! Millamour. [*sighing.*]
Mil. Give that dear sigh to my warm bosom. Thence let it thrill into my heart, and fan thy image there. Oh! thou art everywhere in me. My eyes, my ears, my thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest! Would heaven form me another paradise—would it give me new worlds of bliss—

To thee alone my soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take another world than thine.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—STEDFAST'S HOUSE.—STEDFAST, with Servants.

Sted. Is everything in order? Are the new liveries on all the rest of my servants?

Foot. Yes, sir, they are all on after a manner—one hath no pockets, and the other no sleeves. John the coachman will not wear his.

Sted. Then desire John the coachman to drive himself out of my doors. I'll make my servants know they are dressed to please my humour, not their own. [*Alone.*]

Cook. Sir, it is impossible to get supper ready by

Sted. Then let me have it raw. If supper be not ready at nine, you shall not be in my house at ten.—Well, what say you, will not my wine be ready?

But. No, indeed, will it not, sir; your honour hath by mistake marked a pipe not half a year old.

Sted. Must I consult your palate or my own? Must I give you reasons for my actions? Sirrah, I tell you new wine is properest for a wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent questions.

SCENE II.—STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my servants.

Squeez. The laws are too mild—too mild for servants, Mr. Stedfast.

Sted. Well, and have you brought the writings?

Squeez. They are ready. The parties' hands are only necessary. The settlement is as strong as words can make it: I have not been sparing of them.

Sted. I expect Mr. Mutable and his son this instant; and hope, by the help of you and the parson, to have finished all within an hour.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for your honour.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, you will excuse me.—[*Reads.*]

"Sir,—I am at length fully determined to marry my son to the other lady, so desire all matters may be cancelled betwixt us. I was ashamed to bring you this refusal, so have sent it by letter. Your humble servant. "THEO. MUTABLE."

Ashamed! Ay, thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.

Squeez. Anything of moment from the other party?

Sted. Death and fury! Go call your lady here—She was witness of his engagements. I'll go to law with him.

Squeez. The law is open to any injured person, and is the properest way of seeking restitution.

Serv. My lady, sir! my lady is gone out.

Sted. How! gone out! My wife gone out! Ouns and pestilence! run away on her wedding-day! where is she gone?

Serv. I don't know, sir.

Squeez. I saw your lady, sir, as I came by, go into a house in the other street.

Sted. Show me that house immediately, good Mr. Squeezepurse. I will fetch her home, I am determined. It is a fine age to marry in, when a wife cannot stay at home on her wedding-day.

SCENE III.—MILLAMOUR'S lodgings.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

Mil. Cruel Clarinda!—Thus to stop short when we are at the brink of happiness—to show my eager soul a prospect of elysium, and then refuse it the possession.

Cla. With how much juster reason may I complain of you! Ah, Millamour! didst thou not when the very day of our marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what reluctance, nor could anything but the fear of your misery have compelled me to it.

Cla. It is a strange love that makes its object miserable for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the heart that loves be, in my opinion, ever miserable while in possession of what it loves.

Mil. Oh! let that plead my cause, and whisper to thy tender heart—

SCENE IV.—To him, BRAZEN.

Braz. Oh, sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the matter?

Braz. Mr. Stedfast, sir, is helow with another gentleman. He swears his wife is in the house, and *Cla.* I shall faint. [*he will have her.*]

Mil. What's to be done?—There's another woman in the closet whom she must not see.

[*Runs to the closet and returns.*]

Braz. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

Clar. Oh, heavens! [*Falls back into a chair.*]

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand and assist me with lying. Her fright has inspired me with the only method to preserve her. Give me my gown and cap instantly. Away to your post.—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible.—So! hush, hush! what noise is this!

SCENE V.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN, STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling woman? Where are you, sorcerers, that are run away from your husband's house on your wedding-day!

Mil. Hold, sir, you must not disturb the lady.

Sted. Must not disturb her, sir?

Mil. No, sir.

Sted. Why, pray, sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. Stedfast, give me leave, if you please.

Whoever you are, sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, sir, that this lady is a *femme couverte*, and the consequence of detaining such without the leave of her husband first had and obtained? Mr. Stedfast, you have as good an action against the gentleman as any man can wish to have. Juries, now-a-days, give great damages in the affair of wives.

Mil. Is this lady your wife, sir?

Sted. Yes, sir, to my exceeding great sorrow.

Mil. Then, sir, you owe her life to me; for had not immediate application been made the whole college could not have saved her.

Sted. To you! who the devil are you?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy practiser of the art of physic.

Sted. How came she here, in the devil's name?

Mil. By a most miraculous accident—she was taken ill just at my door. My servant too was then, by as great good luck, standing at it. Brazen, give the gentleman an account how you brought the lady in when you saw her drop down at my door.

Braze. I was standing, sir, as my master says, picking my teeth at the door, when the sick lady who sits in the chair, as my master says, and ready to drop down, as my master says; and so I took her up in my arms and brought her up stairs, and set her down in the great chair, and called my master, who, I believe, can cure her if any doctor in England can; for though I say it, who am but a poor servant, he is a most able physician in this sort of falling fits.

Squeez. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this fellow's a good evidence, or I am

Cla. Oh, heavens! where am I! [mistaken.]

Sted. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your husband's. [are you?]

Clar. My husband's voice! Mr. Stedfast, where *Mil.* Go near her, sir.—Now you may go as near her as you please.

Sted. What's the matter with you, madam?

Cla. I cannot tell you, sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a swimming in my head, that everything seemed to dance before my eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing distemper over, pray?

Cla. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *specificum basilicum magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *nostrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *nostrum*, by which I suppose you are not a regular-bred physician; for those are a set of people whom I resolved many years ago never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any degree at our univer-

Sted. I like you the better for it. [sits.]

Mil. You are a man of understanding, sir. The university is the very worst place to educate a physician in. A man, sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the rules of a set of stupid strikers. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A quack, sir, is the only man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular physician, like the court of chancery, tires a man's patience, and consumes his substance before he decides the cause between him and the disease.

Sted. Come, madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a chair at least.

Mil. Sir, the air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

Sted. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your trouble. I am much obliged to your care—Madam, how do you now?

Cla. Oh! infinitely better.

Mil. A word with you, sir; I heard you say this is your wedding-day—In your ear. [whispers.] Not as you tender your wife's future health, nay, her life.

Sted. Never fear. Come, child: come, Mr. Squeezepurse. Doctor, your servant.

Mil. Give me leave, sir, to hand the lady to her chair. [hind—]

Sted. Pahaw! I hate ceremony—pray stay be- [Pushes away MIL., and exit with his wife and SQUEEZ.]

Mil. So! we are well off this time.

Braze. Ay, sir, some thanks to me; for I think I lied pretty handsomely.

Mil. Well, sirrah, and are you so vain of the merit? Did not I show you the way?

Char. [Knocks at the door.] Doctor! doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out Heartfort, and bring him hither instantly. My fair prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

Char. Oh! sir, no excuses: patients must be tended. But, pray, doctor, have you not some little skill in casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my father for so excellent a physician as you do?

Mil. Oh! madam, it needs no great casuist to advise a young lady how to act, which should be always by the rules of good-nature. Besides, madam, you shall not see your father deceived, for I will merit the same reputation with you if you will take my prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all distempers.

Cha. Ay; pray, what is this infallible *nostrum*? I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the palate.

Mil. No, far otherwise: it is taken by a great many ladies merely for its agreeable relish.

Char. Well, what is it? [my acquaintance.]

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty fellow of *Char.* Indeed! And pray is this very pretty fellow of your acquaintance like a certain physician of my acquaintance? [the *nostrum* long ago.]

Mil. No, faith; if he was, you would have taken

Char. Hum! I question that. I fancy, doctor, you are as great a quack in love as you are in physic, and apt in both to boast more power than you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such pranks with your wild worship.

SCENE VI.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Heart. Oh! Millamour, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

Mil. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me or seeking me, I am glad you have found me: for I have a favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the face; I dare swear we shall carry our point.

Char. What point, sir?

Mil. In short, sir, this young lady hath begged me to ask your pardon in her name, and hopes your forgiveness of all her ill usage, all her little airs, which the folly of youth and the vanity of beauty together made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that if you are so generous to forgive the past she shall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable insolence!

Mil. Yes; her intolerable insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite goodness and sweetness of your temper, will be passed over; and that you will be pleased to consider that a gay, giddy, wild, young girl, could not have understanding enough to set a just value on the sincere passion of a man of sense and honour.

Char. This is insupportable!

Mil. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the hardness of your heart, that can be proof against such penitence in an offending mistress. Though she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a dream; for thou, my friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your heart?

Char. Hum! I thank my stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be mistress of such goodness to value my little services so infinitely beyond their merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

Mil. Pox take your generosity! suffer on to eternity, with all my soul.

Heart. I deserve your pity now a thousand times more than ever. This profusion of goodness overwhelms my heart. [you all.]

Mil. Not one bit beyond a just debt; she owes

Heart. Millamour, as thou art my friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to owe myself Mr. Heartfort's debtor.

Mil. Ay!

Char. And though you have somewhat exceeded your commission, and said more for me than perhaps the stubbornness of my temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my behaviour to Mr. Heartfort hath no way answered his merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, madam; you never spoke half so much truth in your life.

SCENE VII.—MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE.

Mut. My lord, I have been waiting for your lordship above this hour: if it had not been for Jacky here, I should never have found you.

Mil. A particular affair, sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

Mut. Jacky, is not that your former mistress, Miss Stedfast? Odsso! it is she. What can she do here?

Y. Mut. I wish she be not come to spoil my match with my lord's sister.

Mut. You have hit it, boy. Jacky, you have it; but I'll try that. My lord, my good lord—

[They talk apart.]

Heart. This is such an excess of goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight gaieties. Women with not half your merit or beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think they were put on for a trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what right had I to that trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my father!

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. Heartfort, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these apologies made, but that, after all your merit, I must obey my father in marrying this young gentleman?

Heart. Confusion!

Mut. Indeed, madam, but there are more fathers to be obeyed than one. My son, madam, is another woman's property; and I believe I have as good a right to my son as Mr. Stedfast has to his daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

Y. Mut. Ay, faith is it, madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Char. Indeed!

Mut. Why truly, madam, I am very sorry it should be any disappointment to you; but my son, madam, happened to be, without my knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my lord Truelove's sister. Was not he, my lord? Sure, madam, you would not rob another woman of her right.

Char. Sir, if it please you, honoured sir, my good father-in-law that was to have been, a word with you. [father-in-law.]

Mut. As many as you please, madam, but no

Char. Though, in obedience to my father, I had complied to accept of your son for a husband, yet I am obliged to your kind refusal, because that young gentlemen, your son, sir, happens to be a person for whom, ever since I had the honour of his acquaintance, I have entertained the most surprising, invincible, and infinite contempt in the world.

Y. Mut. Contempt for me?

Mut. Contempt for Jacky!

Char. It would be therefore ungrateful to let such a benefactor as you be deceived in a point which so nearly concerns him. This gentleman, sir, is no lord, and hath no estate.

Mut. How, Jacky, no lord!

Y. Mut. Yes, sir, I'll be sworn he is.

Char. And he hath contrived, sir, to marry your ingenious son to some common slut of the town. So I leave you to make up the match, and am, gentlemen, your most humble servant.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE.

Heart. Millamour, I thank thee for the trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the affair is no longer worth my pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome title, and this gentleman from his mistake. So, sir, your son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young lady just now gone whenever you please.

Mil. Faith, sir, I am sorry I have no sister for your son, with all my heart.

Mut. And are you no lord!

Mil. No, sir, to my sorrow.

Mut. Why, have I been imposed upon then? [To YOUNG MUT.] But how came you to join in the conspiracy? Would you cheat your father?

Y. Mut. Indeed, sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a lord; for I don't know a lord from another person but by his dress. You cannot blame me, sir.

Mut. Nay, Jacky, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good boy, and a fine gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more visit to Mr. Stedfast, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with lords? We country gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE IX.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. Come, Heartfort, be not grave on the matter: I will venture to affirm thy mistress is thy own.

Heart. Damn her! do not mention her: I should despise myself equal with the fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her: no, believe me, Millamour, was she to commence the

lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou so incensed with a few coquette airs of youth and gaiety, which girls are taught by their mothers and their mistresses to practise on us to try our love, or rather our patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the attempt? [dog!]

Heart. 'Sdeath, sir, hath she not used me like a *Mil.* Certainly. [beyond all sufferance?]

Heart. Hath she not trifled with my passion *Mil.* Very true. [in making me ridiculous?]

Heart. Hath she not taken a particular delight

Mil. Too true! and, since I see you can bear it, I will tell you she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, Millamour, do not accuse her unjustly neither: I cannot say she hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her! think no more of her: it would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can: it would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

Mil. Well, do; and so think no more of her.

Heart. I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill usage only to the coquettish airs of youth: for could I once be brought to believe that—

Mil. And yet a thousand women—

Heart. True, true, dear Millamour: a thousand women have played worse pranks with their lovers, and afterwards made excellent wives; it is the fault of their education rather than of their natures: and a man must be a churl who would not bear a little of that behaviour in a mistress, especially in one so very young as Charlotte is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several faults to the number of flatterers, which beauty never is without: besides, you must confess, there is a certain good-humour that attends her faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed to me she appears to have no faults but what arise from her beauty, her youth, or her good-humour; for which reason, I think, sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

Heart. Asked it of me! Oh! Millamour, could I deny anything she asked of me?

Mil. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know looks are the language of love.

Heart. But pray how came she to your lodgings this afternoon?

Mil. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

Heart. No, faith: your sending for me prevents that, though I was never so much inclined.

Mil. Let us go and take one bottle together, and I will tell you, though perhaps I must be obliged to trust a lady's secret with you (and I could trust any but your own mistress's). Courage, Heartfort: what are thy evils compared with mine, who have a husband to contend with; a damned legal tyrant, who can ravish a woman with the law on his side? All my hope and comfort lie in his age: and yet it vexes me that my blooming fruit must be mumbled by an old rascal, who hath no teeth to come at the kernel.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—LUCINA'S apartment.

Luc. (with a letter.) Shall I write once more to this perjured man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?

A letter from another woman! Clarinda Stedfast! O villain! doth he think I yet want testimonies of his falsehood!

SCENE II.—LUCINA, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, such new discoveries! The letter you brought me back was not my own, but a rival's—a rival as unhappy as myself.

Plot. And now I bring you news of a rival more happy than yourself, if the possession of a rake be happiness. In short, Mr. Millamour is to be married to the daughter of Mr. Stedfast.

Luc. Ha! that was the name I heard when at his lodgings. He hath debauched his wife, and would marry his daughter. This is an opportunity of revenge I hardly could have wished. But how, dear Plotwell, art thou apprised of this?

Plot. When you sent me back to Millamour, while I was disputing with his servant, who denied me admission, a fine young lady whipped by me into a chair: then I bribed a servant with a guinea, who discovered to me that her name was Stedfast; that she was a great fortune, and to be married to his master; and that she lived in Grosvenor-street.

Luc. Shall I beg you would add one obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver her this letter? It may prevent the ruin of a young creature.

Plot. One of Millamour's letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an opportunity of triumphing over a rival.

Luc. No matter: to caution the inexperienced traveller from rocks we split on is our duty: if that be ineffectual, his rashness be his punishment.

Plot. Pray take my advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a lover I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the cloister you shall choose, and never more have converse with that traitorous sex.

Plot. On condition you think no more of Millamour, I will undertake it, though it is an ungrateful office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I enclose it under seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the contents. Come, my faithful Plotwell, believe me I both hate and despise mankind; and from this hour I will entertain no passion but our friendship in my soul.

Friendship and love by heaven were both design'd,
That to ennoble, this to debase the mind.
Friendship's pure joys in life's last hour remain;
By love, that cheating lottery, we gain
A moment's bliss, bought with an age of pain.

SCENE III.—A tavern.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT

Mil. And now, dear George, I hope I have satisfied your jealousy?

Heart. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your behaviour to this young lady—to Clarinda.

Mil. What would'st thou have me do?

Heart. Why faith, to be sincere, not what thou hast done; however, since that's past, all the reparation now in thy power to make is to see her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that advice. [would.]

Heart. Perhaps not, but I am sure her husband

Mil. Her husband! Damn the old rascal! the teasing such a cuckold is half the pleasure of making him one.

Heart. How! what privilege dost thou perceive in

thyself to invade and destroy the happiness of another! Besides, though shame may first reach the husband, it doth not always end there; the wife is always liable, and often is involved in the ruin of the gallant. The person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to shame is the only person who escapes without it.

Mil. Heyday! thou art not turning hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a life equal to this doctrine?

Heart. My practice, perhaps, is not equal to my theory; but I pretend to sin with as little mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young woman to her own ruin, nor a married one to the misery of her husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natured a fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the consequence of thy actions; and if any woman can lay her ruin on thee thou canst lay it on custom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way—

Heart. And why should we not? Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none; nor are any of its laws more absurd and unjust than those relating to the commerce between the sexes: for what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit; nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a whore a scandalous, a whore-master a reputable, appellation! Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous character than a public debaucher of women. [pierece to the quick.

Mil. No more, dear George: now you begin to *Heart.* I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a sure sign of mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a woman who hath no fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hath raised a devil in me that will sufficiently revenge her quarrel. Oh! Heartfort, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many wrongs, without seeing them till this moment, till it is too late, till I can make her to reparation?

Heart. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your power. [more.

Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do

SCENE IV.—MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MRS. USEFUL.

Use. Oh! Mr. Millamour, oh!

Mil. What news?

Use. Oh! I am dead. [this!

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of

Use. Give me a glass of wine, for I am quite out

Mil. Help! Heartfort, help! [of breath.

Use. I am come—Give me another glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of your breath, for I think you drink two glasses in the same.

Use. Well, then, now I am a little come to myself, I can tell you I have charming news for you. Clarinda continues still in the same dangerous way, and her husband—but mum—what have I said!—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! madam, I will withdraw.

[Retires to another part of the stage.

Use. Well, then, her husband hath sent me to fetch you to her. [see her no more.

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolved to

Use. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriously as I say.

Use. You will never see her more!

Mil. Never.

Use. You will see her no more! [Passionately.
Mil. No: I have considered it as the only reparation I can possibly make her.

Use. Indeed! If that be the only reparation you can make her you are a very pretty fellow. But it is false; you are not such a sort of a man. If I had known you to be such a sort of a man, the devil should have had you before I should have troubled my head about your affairs.

Mil. My heart reproaches me with no action of my life equal with my behaviour to Clarinda, and I would do anything to make her amends.

Use. Could not your heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessory to the cheat you intended to put upon her?

Mil. What cheat?

Use. The worst cheat that can be put upon her. What, sir! do you think she hath no expectations from you?

Mil. If she hath, her husband will answer them.

Use. Her husband! her husband won't, nor can't

Mil. I am not inclined to jest. [answer them.

Use. Nor am I; but I think you are. What would you say of a man who would sail to the Indies, and when he was just come in sight of his port tack about and return without touching! Have not you been sailing several years into the arms of your mistress? and now she holds them open you refuse. What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? To refuse her when she is expecting, wishing, longing—

Mil. And do you really think her as you say?

Use. What could move her else to lay such a plot as she has done? To pretend herself sick that you might be sent for as her physician? But you would play the physician with her and make her distemper

Mil. If I thought that— [real.

Use. What can you think else? Can anything hurt a woman equal with being refused?

Mil. Refused! what, giving up her matchless beauty to my longing arms? 'Sdeath, he is not of flesh and blood who could refuse. Thou dearest woman! and dost thou think she will consent!—Dost thou think my happiness so near?

Use. I know it must be; but—

Mil. But what?

Use. You had better make her a reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that love transporting, eager, wanton, raving love can give. Heartfort, you must excuse me: business, sir, business of very great importance calls me away.

Heart. I can guess your business by your company.

Mil. Come, my dear Useful, convey me, quick as my desires, where only they can meet full satisfaction. Let me enjoy Clarinda;—and then—

Use. And then—perhaps you may keep your word, and never see her any more.

[Exeunt Use. and Mil.

Heart. There goes an instance of the great power our reason hath over our passions. But hold,—why should I seek instances abroad, who have so sufficient an example in my own breast? Where, had reason the dominion, I should have long since expelled the little tyrant who hath made such ravage there. Of what use is reason then? Why, of the use that a window is to a man in prison—to let him see the horrors he is confined in, but lends him no assistance to his escape.

SCENE V.—STEDEFAST'S HOUSE.—CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Clia. O, Charlotte! let no passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a person you despise.

Marriage knows no release but death. Had I the world, I would give it to real mine.

Char. You see, Clarinda, it is easier to give advice than to take it.

Cla. You are not in my situation. Think, my Charlotte, think but of the danger I was in against the daily solicitations of a man who had so great a friend within my breast. My little fortune spent. A friendless, helpless orphan. The very man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared poverty, refusing to make me the honourable partner of his bed! What could Charlotte then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable lover?

Char. Hum! agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid it should be my case! I should not have taken the old fellow, I am positive.

Cla. O, my dear Charlotte! never let anything tempt you to forfeit the paths of honour.

Char. And yet, my dear Clarinda, you can feign yourself sick to see your lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a woman's honour do when she is sick to see her gallant?

Cla. Indeed you wrong me. The terror I have of your father's bed put me on the feigning this sickness, which will soon be real. For as to Millamour, I have determined never to see him more.

Char. Nay, I will swear I saw Useful take a chair and go for him, as your physician, by my father's order.

Cla. You surprise me! O that wicked woman, who hath been the occasion of all my misfortunes, and is determined to persecute me to the last minute!

Char. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have oft wondered why you would indulge her in the freedom she takes.

Cla. O Charlotte! in distressed circumstances, how easily can impudence get the ascendancy over us! Besides, this woman, of whom I now have your opinion, can outwardly act a saint, as well as inwardly a devil. What defence hath the ignorance of twenty against the experienced arts of such a woman? Believe me, I thank heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

Char. Well, honoured madam, if your daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the honour you have already attained; for if you should be overthrown but in one battle, there's an end of all your former conquests. But hush, hush! to your chair. My father is coming up.

SCENE VI.—STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Well, madam, how do you now?

Char. My mother is extremely ill, sir.

Sted. I did not ask you—How do you do, child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. O! This is the most comfortable wedding-day sore, that ever man had! Well, the doctor will be here presently.

Char. Sir, the last words mamma spake were, she desired she might not see the doctor.

Sted. Yes, madam; but the last words I speak are that she shall see him.

Cla. No doctor—No doctor.

Enter Mrs. USEFUL and MILLAMOUR.

Use. [introducing MILLAMOUR.] Sir, here's the doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, sir; my wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

Mil. Give me your hand, if you please, madam.

Sted. How do you do, child?

Cla. Oh!

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

Use. [Aside.] A true physician, faith! He feels for her pulse in her palm.

Sted. How do you find her, doctor?

Mil. Truly, sir, I wish there may not be more danger in the case than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the world shall not say she died for want of assistance. I will go send for another.

Mil. O, sir! there's no need of that—I can trust

Sted. I'm resolved. [to my own skill.]

Use. Come, madam; we'll leave the doctor to his patient.

SCENE VII.—CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. O speak to me, Clarinda. Whisper something tender to my soul, or I shall die before thee.

Cla. Thou hast undone me, Millamour.

Mil. Then I have undone myself. Myself! What's that to having ruined thee? I would be ages expiring to preserve thee. My dear! my only love! Too late I see the follies of my life. I see the fatal consequence of my ungoverned lawless passion.

Cla. Oh! had thy eyes but yesterday been opened! But now it is too late.

Mil. Too late! I will put back the hand of time. O think it not too late. O, could'st thou but recover; thy marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

Cla. Alas, my disease is but a poor pretence to see you once again to take this last farewell.

Mil. Thou angel of softness! Thou fountain of eternal sweets! To take a last farewell! Then I will bid farewell to life, Clarinda. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness heaven, that could I but recall blessed yesterday again, I would not slight the offers of thy virtuous love for the whole world of beauty or of wealth! O, fool! to trifle with so vast a blessing, till it was snatched from thee! Yet, since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

Cla. No, Millamour, never with the forfeit of my honour. I will lose my life; nay, what I value much more—rather than quit that idol of my soul, I will lose you.

SCENE VIII.—MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, MRS. USEFUL, STEDFAST, CRISIS.

Use. Hush, hush! to your posts, to your posts.

Sted. [introducing CRISIS.] Doctor, that is your patient, and heaven direct your judgment.

Cris. Sir, sir, hark! who's that? I observed him

Sted. That is a brother physician, sir, [feel her pulse.]

Cris. Ay, what is his name? [name.]

Sted. Doctor, doctor Crisis desires to know your

Mil. My name! name! My name is Gruel.

Cris. Gruel! I don't know him, nor do I remember his name in the college. Some quack, I suppose. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Sted. Stay, stay, dear doctor.

Cris. Sir, I will consult with no quacks; sir, I have not studied physick so long to consult with a quack; wherefore have we a college of physicians, if we are to call quacks to our assistance?

Sted. For heaven's sake, doctor! my wife will die.

Cris. Sir, I can't help it, if half the world were to die; unless that man were out of the room I will have nothing to do; and that I am resolved.

Sted. If you come to that, sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the room. I would not send him out of the room to save my wife's life: no, nor scarce to save my own life. So see whose resolution will be broke first, yours or mine. Resolved, quotha!

Cris. Here, John, my coach! to the door! Consult with a quack!

Sted. Doctor, pray return my foe!

Cris. ~~So~~, your humble servant. [Exit.

Mil. I hope, sir, we shall not want his advice. I apprehend the distemper to be now some moments past the crisis; and in half an hour I may possibly send you the happy news of your wife's being out of danger. But it is entirely necessary she should go to bed, and then I will go and see her.

Enter Servant, who whispers STEDFAST.

Sted. Doctor, you will excuse me a few minutes—a lady wants me below stairs. [Exit.

Mil. Come, nurse, you must put your patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

Cla. Never, never, Millamour. Never from this hour will I behold that face again; that fatal cause of all my misery.

Mil. Barbarous Clarinda! Can I be knowingly the cause of one misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the world with one sigh of thine!

Cla. Thy conversation is dangerous to my honour; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of contagions. Farewell, and think you have lost a woman who durst not, from her tenderness, ever see thee more. [Exit.

Mil. O, agony! O, Clarinda!

Use. Ha, ha, ha! That ever a man who knows so much of the sex as Mr. Millamour, should despair at the very brink of victory! [me more!

Mil. 'Sdeath! Did she not say she'd never see *Use*. Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times, and seen you as often! Did she not say she durst not see you more! Women are all cowards, and dare not do anything unless they are forced to it. I tell you she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour and love have a conflict within her breast, and if you stand by the little gentleman I'll hold a thousand pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this foolery. Thou hast undone us both; and, by heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all mankind, as thy infamy deserves, till every wretched maid shall curse thee, every honest woman despise thee, and every boy that meets thee shall hoot thee through the world. [world.

Use. Is this my reward!

Mil. Reward! There is none in law or justice equal to thy deserts. Thou art a more mischievous animal than a serpent; and the man or woman who admits one of thy detestable character into his house or acquaintance acts more foolishly than he who admits a serpent into his bosom. A public mark of infamy should be set on every such wretch, that we might shun them as a contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost I shall forego the dignity of my sex to punish thee. O Clarinda! I will pursue thee still; for next to having thee mine is leaving my life at thy feet.

Use. Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such encouragement will tempt me to grow honest and quit my employment.

SCENE IX.—STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Sted. A very pretty reasonable gentleman, truly. Would not one woman content him! Must he have my wife and daughter too! would he have my whole family! Madam, I know not how to return this obligation, which the great concern you have showed for my honour hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this face something which might give you a reason for that concern! Look steadfastly on me, and tell me if you remember no mark in these features which were once known to you!

Sted. There's something in that voice that—

Plot. That once was music in your ears, if ever you spoke truth to Cicomela.

Sted. Cicomela!

Plot. Are there then any horrors in that name! Age certainly hath left no furrows there, however it hath altered this unhappy face. Still, if remembrance of past joys be sweet, the name of Cicomela should be so. [to recollect you.

Sted. I am so surprised! I scarce have reason left *Plot.* Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you, to thunder any injuries in your ears, nor breach of promise.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your religion, you know my resolutions were to have married you. And you know my resolutions were never to marry you unless you did. You kept your religion, and I my resolution.

Plot. How easily men find excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this letter hath told you before.

Plot. I assure you, sir, the contents of that letter I am a stranger to.

Sted. Are you! then pray read it—for I intend to make them no secret. [Plot, takes the letter, reads, and shows much surprise.]

SCENE X.—MILLAMOUR, STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mil. O! sir, the most unfortunate news.

Sted. What's the matter!

Mil. Your lady is relapsed into the most violent fit of madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

Sted. She hath no need. She hath hands to write her mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other means. She would invent as strange methods to betray the lewdness of her mind as Lavinia did to discover her injury. [madness.

Mil. Heyday! Your wife hath infected you with *Sted.* Yes, my wife hath infected me, indeed. It breaks out here [pointing to his head].

Mil. What can be the meaning of this! I am sorry to see this, sir—very sorry to hear this. This is no common distemper. [distemper in the kingdom.]

SCENE XI.—MUTABLE, STEDFAST, MILLAMOUR, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mut. Odo! Mr. Stedfast, I am sorry to hear your lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same occasion.

Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible. Agad! 'tis he—'tis my dear lord Truelove. I'm your most obedient humble servant.

Sted. My lord Truelove!

Mut. Ay, sir, this is the worthy lord, sir, to whose sister I was to have married my son, till, by good luck, sir, I found my lord Truelove to be no lord, but a certain wild young vagabond, who goes by the

Sted. What's this I hear! [name of Millamour.]

Mil. Ay, 'tis so,—the house is infected, and every man is mad that comes into it.

Mut. Mad! You young dog, you have made a fool of me, I thank you. [a chest.]

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if doctor Graal be *Plot.* Mr. Millamour!

Mil. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwell. [MILLAMOUR and PLOTWELL talk apart, and then go out together.]

Mut. Mr. Stedfast, if you please we'll make no longer delay of the wedding.

Sted. Sir, I hate the name of wedding.

Mut. Heyday! I hope you are not capable of breaking your resolution!

Sted. Sir, I shall break my heart. A man that is married is capable of everything but being happy.

Mud. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's passed, and am willing, to show my repentance, to put it out of my power to offend any more. What signify delays! Let us have the wedding to-night.

Sted. Whenever you please, sir.

Mud. If your daughter be ready my son is.

Sted. I have no daughter, sir.

Mud. Ha! ha! ha! You're a merry man.

Sted. Look ye, gentlemen; if one of you will take my wife, the other shall have my daughter.

To them MILLAMOUR.

Mil. O, sir! the luckiest news! Your lady is recovered; her distemper left her in a moment, as by a miracle, at the sight of Mrs. Plotwell.

Sted. My distemper is not removed.

Mil. Take courage, sir; I'll warrant I cure you. What are you sick of? [wife.]

Sted. What you are sick of too by this time—my

Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This insult, sir, is worse than your first injury: but the law shall give me a reparation for both.

Mil. Here comes a better friend to you than the law. If your wife be all your illness she will do what the law can seldom do—unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my mistress, but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own daughter.

SCENE XII.—To them CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Plot. Start not at that word, but thank the watchful care of Heaven, which hath sent me here this day to prevent your fall, even at the brink of ruin—and, with a joy becoming so blessed an occasion, receive your daughter to your arms. [that name.]

Cl. My father!—I am resolved to call you by

Sted. Call me anything but husband.

Plot. She is indeed your daughter—the pledge of our loves—the witness of your treachery and my shame, whom that wicked woman seduced from the nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in safety.

Cl. Sir, I kneel for your blessing, nor will I rise till you have given it me.

Sted. Take it, my child, and be assured no father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy discovery—I have found my daughter, and I have lost my wife.

Plot. My child, let me again embrace thee. This is happiness indeed! [Mr. Stedfast!]

Mud. What, have you more daughters than one,

Sted. Even as you see, sir.

Mud. Why, then, sir, I hope you will not take it amiss that I desire all further treaty may cease between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a daughter of mine into your family was your estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my resolution. I should expect by such a match to become grandfather to a weather-cock.

Mud. Very well, sir, very well; there is no harm done; my son is *in statu quo*, and as fine a gentleman as ever he was.

Heart. Your honour, sir, is now disengaged. You will give me leave once more to mention my ambition, especially if another child is to share my

Charlotte's fortune: I may appear at least worthier of her in your eye.

Sted. Here! Take her—take her—

Char. I told you, sir, I would obey my father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my husband.

Heart. When I expect more obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by rebellion.

Char. Well, I own I have not deserved so much constancy; but I assure you, if I can get gratitude enough I will pay you, for I hate to be in debt.

Mil. You was pleased, sir, this day to promise me that, on the recovery of your lady's senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

Sted. Ay, sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is; she hath given you her inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heaven be praised I am rid of them both! Stay; here is another woman still. Will nobody have her, and clear my house of them! for it is impossible for a man to keep his resolutions while he hath one woman in it.

Mil. My Clarinda, O! transporting ecstasy!

Cl. My Millamour! my ever loved!

Mil. Heartfort, your hand; I am now the happiest of mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a jewel of inestimable value. O Clarinda! my former follies may, through an excess of good fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future happiness. While I, from the reflection on the danger of losing you, to which the wildness of my desires betrayed me, shall enjoy the bliss with doubled sweetness: and you from thence may derive a tender and a constant husband.

From my example let all rakes be taught
To shun loose pleasures a sweet but poisonous draught.
Vice, like a ready harlot, still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives secures.

EPILOGUE. WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. WOFFINGTON.

The trial ended, and the sentence 'er,
The criminal stands mute, and pleads an error—
Sunk in despair, no distant hope he views,
Unless some friendly tongue for mercy sues.
So too our bard (whatever be his fate)
Hath sent me here compassion to create;
If damn'd, to blunt the edge of critic's laws;
If saved, to beg continuance of applause.
All this the frighted author bid me say—
But now for my own comments on his play.

This MILLAMOUR, far aught I could discover,
Was no such dangerous, forward, pushing lover:
Upon the bull I, like EUROPA, ventur'd,
Enter'd his closet—where he never enter'd,
But left me, after all my kindness shown,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone;
Whilst I, with patience to our sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another woman!
But though quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not aid she took one pill.
Through her disease was high, though fierce th' attack
You saw he was an unperforming quack!
But soon as marriage alter'd his condition,
He cured her as a regular physician.

My father STEDFAST took it in his head
To keep all resolutions which he made:
As the great point of life this seem'd to strike him,
His daughter CHARLOTTE's very much unlike him.
The only joys (and let me freely speak 'em)
I know in resolutions is to break 'em.

I think without much flattery I may say
There's strict poetic justice through this play.
You heard the fool deserv'd, the bard's just sentence,
HEARTFORT's reward, and MILLAMOUR's repentance:
And such repentance must forgiveness carry;
Sure there's contrition with it when we marry

THE FATHERS; OR, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

A COMEDY. AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE comedy now published was written by the late HENRY MATTHEWS some years before his death. The author had shown it to his friend Mr. Garrick; and, entertaining a high esteem for the taste and critical discernment of Mr. Charles Williams, he afterwards delivered the manuscript to Mr. Charles for his opinion. At that time appointed Mr. Williams extraordinary to the court of Russia, Mr. Charles had not leisure to examine the play before he left England. Whether it has had the honour to travel with the envoy into Russia, or was left behind, that it might not interfere with the intrigues of the embassy, we cannot determine. Mr. Charles died in Russia, and the manuscript was lost.

As Mr. Fielding has often mentioned this affair, many inquiries were made, after his decease, of several branches of Mr. Charles's family, but did not produce any tidings of the comedy.

About two years ago Thomas Jones, esq., member for Cardigan, resolved from a young friend, as a present, a *fattered manuscript play*, bearing, indeed, some tokens of originality, else the present had been of little worth, since the young gentleman assured Mr. Jones that it was "a damned thing!"—Notwithstanding this unpromising character, Mr. Jones took the dramatic foundation to his protection with much kindness; read it; determined to obtain Mr. Garrick's opinion of it; and for that purpose sent it to Mr. Wallis of Norfolk-street, who waited upon Mr. Garrick with the manuscript, and asked him if he knew whether the late Mr. Charles Williams had ever written a play? Mr. Garrick cast his eye upon it—"The lost sheep is found! This is Henry Fielding's comedy!" cried Mr. Garrick, in a manner that evinced the most friendly regard for the memory of the author.

This recognition of the play was no sooner communicated to Mr. Jones than he, with the most amiable politeness, restored his founding to the family of Mr. Fielding.

Two gentlemen, of the most distinguished dramatic talents of the age have shown the kindest attention to the fragment thus recovered. To the very liberal and friendly assistance of Mr. Sheridan, and to the Prologue and Epilogue, written by Mr. Garrick, is to be attributed much of that applause with which the public have received the

FATHERS; OR, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF NORTHUMBRIA, AND
MASTER OF THE HORSE TO THE KING.

MY LORD.—The author of this play was an upright, useful, and distinguished magistrate for the county of Northumbria; and by his judiciousness laid the foundation of many wholesome laws for the support of good order and subordination in this metropolis, the effects of which have been, and now are, forcibly felt by the public. His social qualities made his company highly entertaining. His genius, so universally admired, has afforded delight and instruction to thousands. The memory of such a man calls for respect; and to have that respect shown him by the great and praiseworthy, must do him the highest honour.

Under these circumstances this little orphan posthumous work, replete with humour and sound sense, looks up to your grace for protection, as a gentleman who makes rank and affluence answer the great purpose of displaying true dignity and beneficence. Thus adorned by accomplishments, and enriched by many sentiments, it is the interest of society to join with me in the warmest wishes for the continuance of your grace's health, and of all those powers so liberally and so constantly exerted by your grace for the good of mankind. I have the honour to be, my lord, your grace's respectful and obedient servant,

JOHN FIELDING.

Brompton place.

PROLOGUE. WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK, SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

When from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works enshrine his precious name;
Yet not content, the public call for art:
To raise from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land:
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And when it could not feel respect, respected.
This might no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim's superior—no his spirit rises:

From time's dark storehouse bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.

But who the author? need I name the wit,
Whom nature prompted, as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before us:
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the author pleading at your bar.

First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm
Pray, great ones listen, shield this play from harm;
My best friend wrote it: should it not succeed,
Though with my Sappho blest, my heart will bleed.
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear;
Courage, my master, Partidge cries, don't fear;
Should Envy a serpent hiss, or malice frown,
Though I'm a coward, sounds! I'll knock 'em down.
Next sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In every look her sentiments you read,
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.

Now Hilda bows—with smiles his false heart gliding:—
He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this FIELDING;
Right, Thwackum roars—no mercy. Sirs, I pray—
Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan play.

What words! (cries parson Adams; he, he, damn 'em!)
Good Lord!—the words are all his own.

If such are christian teachers, who'll reverse 'em—
And thus they preach, the devil alone shall hear 'em.
Now Shipload enters. The 'his scriv'ning vagrant
Sailed my virtue, which was ever flagrant.

Yet, like black Thello, I'd bear scorn and whips,
Slip into poverty to the very hips.

T'exit this play. May it decrease in favour;
And be its fame immortalized for ever!

'Squire Western, reeling, with October mellow,
Tall, you!—Boys!—Yeax!—Critics, hunt the fellow!
Damn 'em, these wits are worst not worth breeding:
What good a'er came of writing and of reading?

Next comes, brim-full of spite and policies,
His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks:
Wits are arm'd powers, like France attack the foe;
Negotiate till thy sleep—then strike the blow!
All worthy laid pleads to your nobler passions:
Ye great ones leaders of the taste and fashions;
Departed genius left his orphan play:
To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
O then respect the FATHER's fund bequest:
And make his widow smile, his spirit rest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Sir George Boncour, MR. KING; Mr. Boncour, MR. BRISLEY; Young Boncour (his son), MR. WATKINS; Old Palester, MR. FARRINGTON; Young Volence (his son), MR. WHEATFIELD; Old Kneel, MR. BARNLEY; Young Kneel (his son), MR. DODD; Mrs. Boncour, MRS. HOPKINS; Miss Boncour, MISS YOUNG; Miss Palester, MRS. BARNLEY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—A parlour in Boncour's house.—Enter BONCOUR and MRS. BONCOUR.

Bonc. Pray be pacified, [to it.
Mrs. B. It is intolerable, and I will never submit.
Bonc. But, my dear!

Mrs. B. Good Mr. Boncour, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it; such fulsome stuff is nauseous to the ears of a woman of strict virtue.

Bonc. I don't doubt your virtue.
Mrs. B. You don't! I am very much obliged to you, indeed; nor any one else, I apprehend: I thank Heaven my carriage is such that I dare confront the world.

Bonc. You mistake me, madam.
Mrs. B. That is as much as to say I have not common understanding; to be sure, I can't comprehend anything.

Bonc. I should be sorry to think I had given you any reason to be out of humour.

Mrs. B. Then I am in the wrong; a wife is always in the wrong, certainly; it is impossible for a wife to be in the right in anything.

Bonc. My dear, I never said so.

Mrs. B. That is as much as to say I don't tell truth: I desire you will treat me with good manners at least; that I think I may expect. A woman of virtue, who brought you a fortune, may expect that.

Bonc. Madam, I esteem you for your virtue, and am grateful to you for your fortune; I should blush if you could upbraid me with lavishing it on my own pleasures, or ever denying you the enjoyment of it.

Mrs. B. How! have I a coach at my command? you keep one, indeed, but I am sure I have no coach.

Bonc. Indeed you wrong me. [mand of it.

Mrs. B. Why, have you not lent it this very morning without my knowledge? [served.

Bonc. My dear, I thought the chariot would have

Mrs. B. How can that serve when I am to take three other ladies with me?

Bonc. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Bid John take the chariot to my cousin, and let the coach attend my wife.—I ask your pardon, child; I own I should have told you of it, but business really put it out of my head.

Mrs. B. Well, and suppose I should find but one of the ladies at home? must I drag about a heavy coach all over the town, like an alderman's or a country justice of peace's lady?

Bonc. Nay, since you are so unresolved—the promise was not absolute; you shall not be uneasy on my account. Tell the fellow he need not go to my cousin at all. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, my dear, you may have your choice, and I hope you will be easy.

Mrs. B. Easy! yes; I have a great deal of reason to be easy, truly; now your relations, if they have not the coach, will lay the whole blame upon me. Sure never was so unfortunate a creature as I am! No, let them have both, and then they will be satisfied; I dare say I shall find a coach amongst my acquaintance, though you deny me yours. [*Exit.*

Bonc. So! this comes of meddling with matters out of my sphere; but I deserve it, who know her temper so well.

Enter Sir GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Brother, good morrow, I hope no accident hath happened, for I met my sister in a violent hurry at the door.

Bonc. No, nothing extraordinary; wives will have their humours, you know.

Sir Geo. Ay, wives who have such husbands.

Bonc. I hope I give her no occasion to be uneasy.

Sir Geo. Indeed you do.—You are a very wicked

Bonc. How! [man, brother.

Sir Geo. For you have spoilt a very good sort of a woman; you have many an uneasy hour, many a heart ache, many a sigh, and many a tear to answer for, which you have been the occasion of to my poor sister.

Bonc. I don't remember I ever denied her any-

Sir Geo. That is the very reason; for what can a poor woman be obliged to consult so unsteady as her own inclinations? If you would contradict her a little, it would prevent her contradicting herself. A man pretends to be a good husband, and yet imposes continually that hard task upon his wife, to know what she has a mind to.

Bonc. Brother, I admit silliness, but I should condemn myself if I refused anything to a woman who brought me so immense a fortune, to which my circumstances were so very unequal. I do not think with the world that I make a woman amends for

robbing her of her fortune by taking her person into the bargain.

Sir Geo. I would not have you rob her; I would only have you keep her from robbing herself. Ah! I should have made an excellent husband, if I could ever have been persuaded to marry.

Bonc. Doubtless your wife would have agreed rarely with this doctrine.

Sir Geo. She must have been a most unreasonable woman else; for I should have desired no more of her than only to do whatever I would have her. I am not that person you would make me appear; for, except a few diversions which I have an antipathy to, such as music, balls, cards, plays, operas, assemblies, visits, and entertainments, I should scarce ever deny her anything.

Bonc. Your exceptions put me in mind of some general pardons, where everything is forgiven except crimes.

Sir Geo. I suppose you would have me suffer her to keep an assembly and rendezvous of all such idle people as can't stay at home; that is, have nothing to do anywhere else? [you.

Bonc. Perhaps I love an assembly no more than

Sir Geo. Why do you keep one then?

Bonc. For the same reason that I do many other things not very agreeable to me, to gratify my wife.

Sir Geo. But, brother, pray, for what purpose do you think the law gives you a power to restrain her?

Bonc. Brother, the law gives us many powers which an honest man would scorn to make use of.

Sir Geo. So the advantage you receive from your wife's fortune is to be her steward, while she lays it out in her own pleasures.

Bonc. And that no inconsiderable one.

Sir Geo. No!

Bonc. No; for the greatest pleasure I can enjoy is that of contributing to hers.

Sir Geo. You are a great deal too good for this world, indeed you are; and really, considering how good you are, you are tolerably lucky; for were I half so good I should expect, whenever I returned home, to catch my wife in an intrigue, my servants robbing my house, my son married to a chambermaid, and my daughter run away with a footman.

Bonc. These would be ill returns to your goodness.

Sir Geo. That's true; but they are very common ones for all that; and I wish somewhat worse does not happen to your son; for I must tell you, and I am sorry to tell it you, the town talk of him.

Bonc. I hope they can say nothing ill of him.

Sir Geo. Nothing ill of him! they say everything ill of him. O brother, I think myself obliged to discover it to you; this son, this eldest son of yours, the hopes of your family, whom I intended my heir—this profligate rascal—I tell it with tears in my eyes—keeps—keeps—a wench!

Bonc. I know it.

Sir Geo. (in a passion.) Know it!—wh—at—that he keeps a wench?

Bonc. I am sorry for it.

Sir Geo. If he was a son of mine I'd skin him—I'd flea him—I'd starve him. He shall never have a groat—a farthing of mine: I'll marry to-morrow, and if I haven't an heir I'll endow an hospital, or give my money to the sinking fund.

Bonc. Come, brother, I am in hopes to reclaim him yet.

Sir Geo. His vices are all owing to you.

Bonc. I never gave him instructions in that way.

Sir Geo. You have given him money, that is, giving him instructions: whoever gives his son money is answerable for all the ill uses he puts it to

Bone. Rather, whoever denies his son a reasonable allowance is answerable for all the ill methods he is forced into to get money.

Sir Geo. Reasonable! brother; why there is our dispute; I am not so rigid as some fathers; I am not for totally curbing a young man; I would not have him without a shilling or two in his pocket to appear scandalous at a coffee-house—no.

Bone. Sir George, instead of disputing longer on this subject, will you go with me and visit my son? Suppose we should find him at his studies!

Sir Geo. I as soon expect to find him at his prayers. Well, I will go, as I have no other business; though I know the world better than to expect either to convince myself or you. [the door.]

Bone. I am ready to wait on you; my coach is at *Sir Geo.* If I should break the rascal's head you'll forgive me. Keep! I'd keep him if he was a son of mine. [Exit.

SCENE at YOUNG BONCOUR'S.—YOUNG BONCOUR, MISS BONCOUR, MISS VALENCE, come forward.

Young B. Dear sister, how could you let this inundation of nonsense in upon us!

Miss B. Nay, don't blame me.

Miss Val. O! I was a witness to what passed; however, now they are gone, I must remind you of your promise to let me hear that song. I think both the words and air admirable.

Miss B. You will make George proud if you praise his poetry.

Young B. Love or poverty makes most poets; and I hope I shall never want at least one of those motives. As Mr. Warbler is gone I will attempt it myself.

SONG, BY G. BONCOUR.

While the sweet blushing spring, glowing fresh in her prime,

All attire with smiles doth adorn.

Snatch at each golden joy, check the ravage of time,

And pluck every bud from the thorn.

In the May-morn of life, while gladness and gay,

Each moment, each pleasure improve,

For life we shall find is at best but a day,

And the sunshine that glides it is love.

The rose now so blooming, of nature the grace,

In a moment is shrunk and decay'd.

And the glow which now tinges a beautiful face

Must soon, alas! wither and fade.

In the May morn of life then, while gladness and gay,

Each moment, each pleasure improve,

For life we shall find is at best but a day,

And the sunshine that glides it is love.

Enter BONCOUR and SIR GEORGE.

Young B. My father! and uncle too—so, so.

Bone. Dear George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment; your uncle and myself called only to see how you did as we went by. If I had known you had had company we should not have come up. Pray go on with your music.

Young B. Sir, you are always the kindest and most condescending; but from you, sir, this is an unexpected honour.

Sir Geo. Dear sir, most obliging, and most gracious sir, you do me an infinite deal of honour, indeed.—You see he is at his studies, brother.

Bone. Pray, George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word my nephew shows an exceeding good taste in his morning diversions.

Young B. Yes, sir, these ladies have been so good as to hear a silly trifle of my own writing.

Sir Geo. I am sorry we came too late, for I think nonsense is never so agreeable as when set to music.

Miss B. The music my brother designed for me and this lady; and I doubt not, if he had had any expectation of your company, my dear uncle, he

would have provided some more serious entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word, sir, you have a very pretty house here, completely finished and furnished; when I was a young fellow we had not half so good a taste.

Young B. No, sir, the age is improved since that time—when a knight of the shire used to jog to town with a brace of geldings and a single livery-man, and very prudently take a first floor in the Strand; when, if you asked in the shop for sit Thomas, a dirty fellow behind the counter called out, Maid, is sir Thomas above? I dare swear, uncle, in your time, many a tradesman bath had half a dozen men of fashion in his house.

Sir Geo. If he had nine men of fashion in his house, he had fewer in his books, I believe.

Miss B. And once in seven years came up madam in the stage-coach, to see one comedy, one tragedy, go once to the opera, and rig out herself and family till the next general election. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Geo. Well, miss Malaport, and what do you think you have said now? why, nothing more than that your grandmothers had ten times as much prudence as yourselves.

Enter Serrant, hastily.

Serr. Sir, I ask pardon. I thought your honour *Bone.* Speak out, sir. [had been gone.

Serr. Sir, there be below mons. de Pannier, with a new suit; and mons. de la Mouston Maigre, with some embroidery for your honour.

Sir Geo. There is another virtue of the age! if you will be extravagant, can't you let your own tradesmen reap the benefit of it? is it not enough to send your money out of your own family, but you must send it out of your own country too!

Young B. I consider nothing farther than who serves me the best.

Bone. I must join your uncle here, George.—I am afraid it is fashion rather that guides you to the choice; but were it otherwise, every man ought to have some partiality for his own country; it is a laudable prejudice, without which no people ever were or can be great.

Sir Geo. It ever was the characteristic of this nation; but now a passion for French dress and fopperies is as prevailing as the use of their frippery tongue. Ah! there was a time when we found the way to be understood in France without the help of their language—(looks on his watch); but I have trifled away more time than I could well afford: shall I carry you anywhere, brother, or will you stay here?

Bone. Have you any engagement, George?

Young B. None at present.

Bone. Then, brother, I wish you a good morning. I have some business with my son.

Sir Geo. Good morrow to you, brother.—Pray, sir, will you order some of your domestics to show me out of these noble apartments, for there are so many doors to them, I may possibly miss my way.

Young B. I will do myself that honour, sir.

Sir Geo. Upon my soul, sir, you are so full of complaisance, you confound me; nay, sir, pray walk first, I insist upon it.

Young B. Sir, it is my duty to obey.

Sir Geo. Extravagant rascal! if I had such a son, I would make a little free with his coxcombical pate.

Bone. I wish, child, you would take that young lady away, for I have something to say to your brother.

Miss B. La, papa, you are always so full of secrets!

Bone. You know, dear Harriet, how fond I am of your company.

Miss B. Yes; eternally sending me away is a proof of it.

Bone. This is a disobedience which I ought to love, you for, instead of chiding you; and I will break an appointment to enjoy this evening with you and your brother.

Miss B. Nay, I can't promise to be at home this evening, for I shall be engaged to go to the play, and if I should not happen to go to the play I shall be engaged to a party at cards.

Miss Val. Miss Bonecour, you must remember your promise to set me down at home; my time is out, and I dare not stay one minute beyond it.

Miss B. Dare not! ha! ha! ha!

Miss Val. No; my father will never forgive me if I should.

Enter Young Bonecour.

Young B. I have got my uncle into his chariot at last; but he was so full of ceremony I thought I never should; he has made fifty bows to my servants; I never saw him in such a humour.

Bone. You know his temper, George, and may easily guess at the reason of it.

Miss B. Well, if you are so positive.

Miss Val. Don't call me positive—I act against my inclination.

Young B. Are you going already, madam? you will do me the honour. [*Exit, leading her out.*]

Bone. *(alone.)* How wretched is that animal whose whole happiness centres in himself; who cannot feel any satisfaction but in the indulgence of his own appetite. I feel my children still a part of me; they are, as it were, additional senses, which let in daily a thousand pleasures to me; my enjoyments are not confined to those which nature hath adapted to my own years, but I can in my son's fruition taste those of another age—nor am I charitable but luxurious when I bestow on them the instruments of their pleasures.

Enter Young Bonecour.

So, George, you have soon quitted the young lady.

Young B. I was going to make that excuse for leaving you so long.

Bone. You have been a good husband this quarter.

Young B. Sir; you are always so good as to prevent my necessities, and almost my wishes; for indeed I should have been obliged—

Bone. I thought a hundred would not be burdensome. [*Giving him a note.*]

Young B. *(bowing respectfully with a smile.)* A hundred! Gad, it is but a hundred.

Bone. What are you considering, George?

Young B. I was thinking, sir, how happy such a sum as this would have made me when I was at school; but really, in my circumstances, it will go a very little way; it will but just pay for a picture which I bought yesterday. [*picture.*]

Bone. A hundred pounds is a large price for a *Young B.* A mere trifle, sir; one can get nothing to hang up in a room for less.

Bone. I only give that hint because I should be sorry that your demands should ever be such as I should be unable to answer.

Young B. I am not such a stranger to your fortune, sir, as to incur expense beyond its reach.

Bone. No more of this: call on me by-and-by, and your wants shall be supplied; but, I believe, you guess by the formality of my preparation, and my sending away your sister, that I have something of moment to impart to you. Without more preface—what think you of marriage?

Young B. Marriage, sir!

Bone. Ay; I don't expect your good sense will

treat my proposition with the common stale railery of those noble free-spirited libertines, whose great souls disdain to be confined within the limits of matrimony; who laugh at constancy to the chaste arms of a woman of virtue, while at the expense of health and fortune they are strictly faithful to the deceitful embraces of some vile designing harlot.

Young B. Pardon me, sir; my thoughts of marriage are different; but I hope, sir, you will indulge me in choosing a wife for myself!

Bone. You need not apprehend too much compulsion or restraint; but the lady I shall recommend to you is so unexceptionable—

Young B. To be sincere, sir, my affections are already engaged; and, though I have no hasty thoughts of marrying, yet when I do I am determined on the person, and one whom I think unexceptionable on your side.

Bone. Her name?

Young B. Miss Valence.

Bone. Her fortune, I apprehend, is much inferior to that of the lady I should have proposed; but neither her fortune or family are such as shall make me endeavour to oppose your inclinations.

Young B. Sir, you are ever good; though indeed in this you indulge me only in the common right which nature has bestowed upon me; for to restrain the inclination in that point is not a lawful but an usurped power in a parent. How can nature give another the power to direct those affections which she has not enabled even ourselves to govern?

Bone. However, you will give me leave to treat with Mr. Valence on this subject; for, though I know he must rejoice at the offer, yet he is a man of that kind who must be dealt with with due circumspection; and the minds of lovers are too much wrapped up in sublime pleasures to attend to the low settlement of worldly affairs.

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir, Monsieur Valence desires to know if your honour be at home.

Young B. I shall be glad to see him.

Bone. I'll leave you, and go and find out the old gentleman.

Young B. I believe, sir, you may treat with him farther than for me; my sister's inclinations, I am confident, look toward the same family.

Bone. Are you certain of that?

Young B. By incontestable proofs.

Bone. Well, Mr. Valence and I have been old acquaintance and neighbours; he is of a good family, and has a good fortune; and the world gives him and his children a fair character. I am glad you have disposed of your affections in no worse manner. Good-morrow to you, George—I shall see you in the afternoon. [*Exit.*]

Young B. I shall not forget to pay my duty to you.

Bone. No ceremony with me. [*Exit.*]

Young B. Sir *(sings)*; I believe I have the most complaisant father in Christendom. Though all fathers are too niggardly—this sneaking hundred! Ha! ha! ha! my dear Valence, good-morrow.

Enter Young Valence.

Why look you so sprightly and gay? some unexpected happiness has befallen you.

Young V. O Bonecour! my father—can you believe it? he sent for me this morning, of his own accord, without the least petition, the least motion of mine, sent for me, and with the utmost generosity made me a present of ten pieces.

Young B. Ha! ha! ha!

Young V. Why do you laugh?

Young B. To see you so much overrate a trifle. My father paid me a visit this morning, and with the

utmost generosity made me a present of a hundred : upon which, with the utmost gratitude, I asked him for more! Why, tell me, Charles, dost thou think it is not his duty, who hath begot us with all those appetites and passions, to supply them to the utmost of his power? But, Charles, I hope you will make your friends partakers of your father's generosity: you will dine with us to-day.

Young V. Your company is generally too expensive for me.

Young B. Why, 'faith, the world is grown to such a pass, that without expense a man cannot keep good company.

Young V. By good company I suppose you mean embroidered company; for men of sense are to be come at cheaper.

Young B. By good company I mean polite company; for true politeness, though it does not make a man of sense, it mends him.

Young V. But does politeness never dine without a French cook, nor eat out of anything but plate?

Young B. To show you I think otherwise, I will dine with you wherever you please.

Young V. Why my business with you was, to let you know my father has been so good to give my sister leave to spend this day at your house; now, if you will, without ceremony, let me invite myself to the same place—

Young B. You make me perfectly happy, and I hope to know something this afternoon which will make you so; at least, if you wish to call me brother as eagerly as I do to call you by that name.

Young V. Need I declare that to you?

Young B. Then I assure you your father's consent is only wanting.

Young V. Ha! you make me happy, indeed; for were the alliance less advantageous, he is so good, so indulgent—I will fly to him, and throw myself at his feet to obtain it.

Young B. I believe my chariot is at the door; I will carry you. O, my dear Charles, my spirits are now so high that it must be an uncommon accident which will ruffle them; and believe me, the vast delight which the near prospect of enjoyment of my love affords me is not a little heightened by the expectations of seeing you also happy in your wishes; and I can look down with contempt on the merchant, who sees the anchor cast to his ship; the general who has just obtained a victory; or the despairing minister who has just carried his point, and subverted the designs of his enemies. [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A room in VALENCE'S house.
—Enter VALENCE and SERVANT.

Val. Tell Mr. Boncour I shall be glad to see him. What can this formal visit mean? I hope he has not discovered the intimacy between our children: if I could once compass that double marriage I should complete my wishes. Why not? For I know the violent passion of the young people, and the extreme indulgence of the father; but, though he is a weak man, it is impossible he should give his consent; the disparity of fortune is too great. Well! but, as he has brought up his children to hate and despise him, perhaps they may not ask it; no, it would make me too happy.

Enter BONCOUR.

Bonc. My good old friend and neighbour, how do you do?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I am heartily glad to see you; this is extremely kind, and hath prevented me this very morning paying you that visit which I have been obliged to owe you some time against my inclination.

Bonc. Ceremony between old friends, my good neighbour, is ridiculous; it is the privilege of friendship and love to throw aside those forms, which only serve men to keep up an appearance of affection where there is none; there has been a long acquaintance and intimacy between our families.

Val. There has been so, indeed, and lightly to my satisfaction.

Bonc. I am deceived, my very good old friend, if there are not some who wish a much closer alliance; you know, Mr. Valence, my way hath been always to discover my sentiments, without great formality of introduction; in short, I have discovered a very particular intimacy between our younger branches; I am mistaken if they are not desirous to knit the alliance still closer.

Val. So! just what I feared.

[Aside.

Bonc. But you know, my old friend, the views of young people and of their parents in matrimony are extremely different; theirs is only the satisfaction of an immediate passion, ours look forward to their future happiness.

Val. Sir, I am surprised at what you tell me.

[Confusedly.

Bonc. Why surprised? it is but a natural affection.

Val. It is an affection, sir, which I never encouraged in them.

Bonc. It is in our power, Mr. Valence—

Val. I shall be very ready to contribute mine, I assure you; I scorn to connive at my children's stealing a match into any family, particularly my friend's; I do assure you, I should scorn it.

Bonc. I believe, indeed, you would—but—

Val. If I had but the least suspicion—if such a thing had ever entered into my thoughts, you should have known it that moment.

Bonc. I am convinced, but give me leave—perhaps the advantage may be somewhat of your side.

Val. Dear sir, the whole world knows how infinitely it is so; but I am not like the world in all respects; I am not so devoted to my interest to do a mean thing; I would not do mean thing for the world.

Bonc. Nor am I so like the world to place my own or my children's interest in riches only, or rather to sacrifice their happiness to my own vanity: I am willing, when they have taken out a licence, that they shall have no more to do with Doctors' Commons; for which reason I will neither marry my daughter to a spindle-shanked beau, nor my son to a rampant woman of quality. Mr. Valence, our children love each other, and their passions, if encouraged, may make them happy: my business with you, my neighbour, is not to frustrate, but to complete their attachments; in a word, what think you of a double marriage between our families?

Val. [Surprised] Sir!—

Bonc. Are you willing it should be so?

Val. Are you in earnest?

Bonc. I thought you had known me too well to suspect me of jesting on such an occasion; I assure you I have no other business here at present: I know my son's happiness is wrapped up in your daughter, and, for aught I know, my daughter may have the same affection for your son; I do not only therefore propose the match to you, but I do it with earnestness.

Val. Do you? Why then, for that very reason, I shall put on some backwardness; eagerness is always to be taken advantage of. [Aside.

Bonc. Be not surprised; perhaps there may be some advantage in point of fortune on one side or other; if it should be on mine, I can never give it up better than to an old friend.

Fal. Hum!—that estate of mine in Northumberland is a very good estate, and very improveable; let me tell you it is an estate that—

Bonec. It will be the business of hereafter to consider each particular; we have been neighbours to each other so long, that our affairs in general can be no secret to either. At present I should be glad of your direct answer.

Fal. A double marriage between our children! It is a matter, Mr. Bonecour, which will require great consideration.

Bonec. Ay!— [affection for my daughter]

Fal. Are you certain your son has so violent an

Bonec. I am certain. [towards my son]

Fal. And that your daughter has the same liking

Bonec. Women are not so open on these occasions, but I have reason to believe it.

Fal. And they meet, I suppose, with a suitable return of affection from my children.

Bonec. I believe they do.

Fal. And you are entirely willing to have this double match go forward?

Bonec. I am desirous of it, earnestly desirous.

Fal. So that my consent alone is wanting?

Bonec. Even so.

Fal. It will require great consideration.

Bonec. How?

Fal. Mr. Bonecour, I have always had the greatest respect for you and your family; there is nothing in my power which I would not do to serve you. Consider, sir, I have but two children, a boy and a girl; they are my all, and the disposal of them is a matter of great weight; you cannot expect me to be so hasty in taking any measures leading to it.

Bonec. Why, what objections can you apprehend?

Fal. I don't know; I have not yet considered enough of the matter. You will excuse me, Mr. Bonecour, but treaties of this nature oblige us to inquire a little into one another's affairs; why, that estate now of your's in Hampshire, is a very ill-timber'd estate.

Bonec. Sir, I am in no doubt but that my estate will be able to answer your demands.

Fal. They will not be unreasonable, Mr. Bonecour; I shall act in a most generous manner; I have always despised those who have used any art in their actions: I shall be glad if it happens to fall within my power to oblige you; but, truly, this affair requires great consideration.

Bonec. Well, sir, I will leave you to it; in the afternoon I shall expect your answer.

Fal. Mr. Bonecour, you shall have my answer this very evening; be assured, if possible, I will comply with your desires.

Bonec. I shall expect you this afternoon.

Fal. I will wait on you, and hope there will be no difficulty.

Bonec. There shall be none on my side. [Exit.]

Fal. This is beyond my utmost expectation; but I must not appear forward, that I may make the better bargain;—nothing is so foolish as leaping eagerly at an advantageous proposal.

Enter YOUNG VALENCIE.

So, son, where have you been? I have wanted you; is it impossible for you to stay at home with money in your pocket?

Young V. Sir, if I had known you would have wanted me—

Fal. But you are not to know always; I don't know myself—you must keep in the way; young fellows now-a-days mind nothing but their pleasures.

Young V. Sir, you will have no reason to complain of that, for to please you is my greatest pleasure.

Fal. And so it ought to be, for I think my gene-

rosity to you this morning shows you that I have a pleasure in pleasing you.

Young V. O, sir, if my happiness can give you pleasure, it is in your power to make me so happy!

Fal. So, something else is wanted, I see; but, whatever it be, I may thank myself for it: bestowing one favour, is giving right to ask a second; the first is a gift, the rest are payments.

Young V. If a son hath any right to ask, it is the favour I shall ask of you; and if any son could hope to obtain, I must; since the only reason which prompts a father to deny is in my favour, and the lady on whom I have placed my affection, is my superior in fortune.

Fal. Ay! perhaps he means my friend's daughter, and then my prudent backwardness will be finely rewarded (aside). Who is the lady?

Young V. One whose person, family, and fortune, are not unknown to you; but why should I fear to name her? Miss Bonecour.

Fal. Who—what? [objections]

Young V. Miss Bonecour; sure you can have no

Fal. What a way is that of talking! You are sure I can have no objections! How can you tell what objections I may make? Are you to dictate to me? This is the consequence of my generosity to you this morning; this all arises from my foolish prodigality.

Young V. Sir, I own my obligations, and am sorry I used an unguarded expression, by which I meant no more than that I hoped her fortune would be

Fal. I don't know that. [agreeable to you.]

Young V. I thought, sir, so long an acquaintance with her father—

Fal. And pray, why have you thought that my long acquaintance with her father must let me into the knowledge of his circumstances? Mr. Bonecour has the reputation of a weak man, but notwithstanding that, I know he has a little low cunning in him, which makes it more difficult to see through his affairs than those of a wiser man; so let me give you a little advice: if you have an affection for this girl, don't let her father see it; I hate deceit, and love to act openly and honestly with mankind; but still with some prudence towards such a cunning knave as Bonecour.

[your orders.]

Young V. Sir, I shall pay an exact observance to
Fal. Well, well, perhaps you might have settled your affections worse; I don't know, I don't promise anything; but if matters appear exactly to my mind— [of fathers.]

Young V. Sir, you are the best and most indulgent

Fal. Remember, I promise nothing.

Young V. You are the kindest of men, and I the

Fal. Observe my advice. [happiest.]

Young V. I should be unworthy, indeed, were I

to neglect it. [misuse nothing.]

Fal. Go, send your sister to me; remember I pro-

Young V. Sir, you are the best of fathers. [Exit.]

Fal. This is the effect of severity; severity is, indeed, the whole duty of a parent. Now for my daughter—a little caution will suffice with her; for women of their own accord are apt enough to practise deceit, and now, I think, I have my old neighbour's fortune at my disposal.

Enter MISS VALENCIE.

Miss V. My brother told me, sir, you had sent for me.

Fal. Yes, Sophy, I did; come hither; I have not very lately given you any pocket-money.

Miss V. Sir, it is not my business to keep an account where I have no demand, but from the generosity of the giver. [lately, given you much.]

Fal. But I think I have not lately, that is, very

Miss V. No, really, sir, I don't remember to have had any of you since you gave me a ticket for the opera, and that is almost a year ago.

Fal. Well, well, there are a couple of pieces for you; he a good housewife, and you shan't want money.

Miss V. I give you a thousand thanks, sir.

Fal. Now, Suphy, look me full in the face, and tell me what you think of young Boncour.

Miss V. Why should you ask me what I think of him, sir?

Fal. What an impertinent question is that? You give me fine encouragement to be generous to you! Why should I ask you? I have a reason, no doubt of it; but your cheeks answer me better than your lips; that blush sufficiently assures me what you think of him.

Miss V. If I blushed, sir, it was at your suspicion; for I am sure Mr. Boncour is no more to me than another man.

Fal. But suppose I have a desire he should be

Miss V. I shall be dutiful to you in all things.

Fal. I believe it will be an easy piece of duty; you are all very dutiful when you are ordered to follow your inclinations; but, young lady, what I insist on at present is, that if this gentleman has your affections you will be so good as to conceal them.

Miss V. Pray, sir, why should you think he has my affections?

Fal. Again at your why's! Madam, I tell you I expect you to behave with discretion; that is, in other words, to deal as dishonestly with your lover as you do with your father. I am sure you can never repine at such easy commands. So this afternoon I desire you will put on all your reserve, all your airs and indifference; but perhaps you have given him encouragement already; perhaps you have dutifully intended to marry him without consent or approbation of mine?

Miss V. Indeed, sir, you have no reason—

Fal. How, have I no reason! a pretty compliment to your father! go to your chamber, madam, and stay there till you have learnt a more respectful behaviour.

Miss V. Sir, I obey.

[Exit.

Fal. Ah, there's nothing like severity! children are so vile, that one dares not indulge one's good inclination towards them; I have brought all this on me by my own generosity. But now for the business with Boncour. I will go to my lawyer, and we will draw up proposals together. An imprudent man in my situation would have testified immediate raptures; but the best general rule I know is, never to discover your thoughts, either in your words or your countenance.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—BONCOUR'S HOUSE.—Enter BONCOUR and Miss BONCOUR.

Miss B. Dear papa, don't tease me about the fellow; I care not if he was hanged, and all other fellows; I affections for the creature! I wonder who can have put it into your head!

Bonc. Nay, if it be not so, tell me frankly, and you shall be left out of the treaty which I am carrying on with the old gentleman relative to a match between your brother and his daughter.

Miss B. A match between my brother and Miss Valence!

Bonc. We met this morning, and shall meet again this afternoon about it.

Miss B. And pray tell me, dear sir, what makes you suspect anything between me and Mr. — I forget the creature's name!

Bonc. Are my suspicions well grounded?

Miss B. La, sir, I can't conceive what should make you imagine any such thing.

Bonc. You will not answer me directly.

Miss B. I don't know what to answer.

Bonc. Nay, I desire no more! well, my dear, we will not be long in finishing the settlements.

Miss B. Settlements, sir! you frighten me. I hope I have not said anything—can't one converse and dance with a man? But, I assure you, sir, it is no such thing.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Bonc. So, George, you find me engaged in an impossible task.

[is it?

Young B. I am sorry for that, sir; pray what

Bonc. Nothing more than trying to get truth from a woman. It seems we have been under a mistake all this while, and one half of our treaty is abortive; your sister disavows all regard for Mr. Valence.

Young B. I am glad of it! for I should be sorry if she threw away her affections on one so worthless—one who, while he is addressing her, is engaged to another woman.

Bonc. How!

Young B. Sir, I have had ocular demonstration; nay, I question if he be not married already; at least, I am certain everything is concluded.

Bonc. Say you so? this very well accounts for that backwardness which surprised me in the father.

Miss B. Ha, ha, ha,—an affection, indeed!—ha, ha, ha!—no, I assure you, sir, I have no affection—an affection truly!—no, I have all the abhorrence and contempt in the world for him.

Young B. Dear sister, don't be in a passion.

Miss B. I am in no passion, brother; it is impossible for a man I hate and despise to put me in a passion. No, brother, when I know a man to be a villain, I assure you, brother, he shall never have it in his power to give me uneasiness.

Young B. But, my dear—

Miss B. No, brother, I would not have you think I am in a passion on his account; all that vexes me is, that my father should think I had a value for him.

Young B. Well, dear sir, I believe I need not fear to ask you the success of the business you was so kind to undertake.

Bonc. Upon my word, George, it was such a surprise me till you accounted for it by this engagement of young Valence's. I think, on comparing his circumstances, I might have expected a more hearty concurrence; but I do assure you, the best answer I could obtain was, that he would consider of it.

Young B. O, sir, that was only to lessen the opinion which he feared you might have had of the advantageousness of the proposal. I think I know him so well, that he would make an outward difficulty of assenting to a point which inwardly he heartily wished to compass; especially when he had no fear of losing it by so doing; as perhaps your goodnatured forwardness made him secure on that side.

Bonc. Ay, faith, it is surprising there should be such foolish wise men in the world.

Miss B. Brother, one word with you; who told you this villain was to be married?

Young B. Excuse me—I cannot tell you.

Miss B. I would not deny you, brother.

Young B. I should not have curiosity enough to ask what no ways concerned me.

Miss B. But suppose it did concern me?

Young B. Is that possible?—what, he that never made any addresses to you?

Miss B. Addresses, pugh!—Fahaw, this is using me in a manner I did not expect; I would not con-

deal a secret from you, especially a secret of this nature.

Young B. Oh! a secret of this nature. Now, be honest, and tell me why you called Valence a villain, and I will discover the whole.

Miss B. A villain! If you knew as much as I, you would think it a term too gentle. Don't imagine I have the least concern at losing him; but if what you say is true, he is the most perfidious wicked villain that ever broke his solemn vows to a woman.

Young B. Then, to be as honest and sincere with you, there is not one single syllable of truth in all I have said. I am convinced he loves you sincerely, and since I find you return his passion with equal ardour—

Miss B. What do you mean, brother?

Bonc. Nay, child, 'tis in vain to dissemble; you are fairly caught.

Miss B. Well, I protest now, this is the most barbarous treatment. And so the story you raised of poor Valence is absolutely false!

Young B. As mere fiction as ever came from a traveller or a newspaper.

Bonc. Well, child, I think you need say no more to encourage me to include you in the treaty, at least I shall take your silence for consent.

Miss B. Then if I must speak—

Young B. Let it be truth for once.

Miss B. The devil take the story! for I never was more frightened by one in all my life.

Bonc. George, I think there will be no farther obstruction; Mr. Valence will be here this afternoon; and as soon as matters can be settled by the lawyers you may depend on your happiness.

Young B. Here is my mother coming this way; I believe it would be my sister's wish, as well as mine, that this affair should be yet a secret from her.

Bonc. I think you are in the wrong there; nor am I willing she should be unacquainted with a thing of this nature. [of seeing you again.]

Young B. At least, sir, till I have the honour

Miss B. Ay, do, dear sir.

Bonc. Well, so far I will indulge you.

[*Exit YOUNG BONC. and MISS BONC.*]

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. B. Do Mr. Valence's family dine here to-day?

Bonc. Yes, my dear.

Mrs. B. Very well, then I will dine abroad.

Bonc. As you please, child, since your daughter is at home.

Mrs. B. I know, sir, it is a matter of indifference to you; but I think you need not affect it—it would be civil to express some regard for me, though it was never so counterfeited. [abroad!]

Bonc. Would you have me say you shall not dine

Mrs. B. Shall not! I should laugh at that indeed!

Bonc. Why, my dear, should I ever discover an inclination contrary to yours, by which you must be driven to the unkindness of knowing you thwart one or the other? you know, child, concealments of this kind are the greatest delicacies of friendship.

Mrs. B. To be sure I can conceal nothing, nor I have no delicacy of friendship about me; I wonder you would choose so to indicate a woman.

Bonc. Come, it is happy for you I did choose you; at least you might have fallen to the lot of one who would have been less observant of your temper. Suppose you had been married to my brother sir George!

Mrs. B. Sir George! why sir George! I know no man who would make a better husband.

Bonc. So he says himself, and this I must confess, he would never have had a dispute of this kind with

his wife; for he would have told her peremptorily, Madam, I have invited the company, and you shall stay and dine with them.

Mrs. B. Well, and that would have been kinder than indifference; for my part, I aver, I could bear contradiction from a man that was fond of me.

Bonc. What, rather than compliance!

Mrs. B. I am not that fool you may imagine me; I know a little of human nature, and am convinced there is no man truly fond of his wife who is not uneasy at the loss of her company. [house!]

Bonc. Will it please you if I order you to stay at *Mrs. B.* Order me! no, truly, if my company be so indifferent that you consult only my pleasure in desiring it, I shall never think myself obliged to you on that account. I thank heaven, I am not everywhere so despicable, but that there are some weak enough to desire my conversation, and perhaps might prefer it to the agreeable *Miss Valence* herself.

Bonc. She is a guest of my daughter's, not of mine: surely you don't conceive I have any particular pleasure in *Miss Valence's* company?

Mrs. B. O, I am not jealous, I assure you; you wrong me mightily if you think I am jealous; she must be a poor creature, indeed, who could be jealous of every little flirt. No, I should have too much contempt for the man who delighted in the conversation of such flirts; but this I think I might reasonably expect, that he would enjoy them by himself, and not insist on my being of the company.

Bonc. You cannot charge me with any such behaviour, nay, scarce with a single desire that would contradict your inclinations; therefore, when you told me you would dine abroad, I answered, just as you please; though I knew not the company to be disagreeable to you.

Mrs. B. But I will not dine abroad, Mr. Boncour, I will dine at home; pray give me leave to know my own inclinations better than you. I am neither a fool nor a child, whatever you may think of me; nor will I be treated as such by any husband in the universe! What! I suppose I must shortly come with my hands before me, and ask you leave before I do anything. Pray, Mr. Boncour, will you give me leave to make a few visits this morning! [you!]

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! My dear, did I ever deny

Mrs. B. You insist on my asking then, it seems! but I assure you I shall not: I did not part with my fortune to part with my liberty too; so your servant. [Exit.]

Bonc. Well, sir George is in the right. I have spoiled this woman certainly; for her temper from a good one is now intolerable; but she brought me a fortune; true, she did, and an immense one, and with it what I took for better and for worse; and so it is idle to complain. [Exit.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.—*Mrs. Boncour's House.*—*Enter Boncour and Servant.*

Serv. Mr. Valence's man left this letter.

Bonc. So! here I shall have, I suppose, my neighbour's sentiments at large on this important business. (*Reads the letter.*)

"Sir, I have maturely weighed your proposal; and, to convince you of the desire I have to an alliance with your family, notwithstanding some offers lately made me, which, to a worldly-minded man, might perhaps appear more advantageous, I have consented to the union between our children; for which purpose I have drawn up a few articles, not doubting but you will think them very reasonable.

"First, you shall vest your whole estate immediately in the possession of your son, out of which, besides your wife's fortune, you shall be allotted two hundred pounds per annum during life.

"Secondly, you shall pay down fifteen thousand pounds as your daughter's portion, for which she shall have a proportionable settlement, as our lawyers shall agree.

"Thirdly, that, as a very large part of my estate will, at my death, descend to my son, I shall remain in possession of the whole during my life, except——" But why should I read any farther? is this man mad, or doth he conclude me to be so?

Enter Sir GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. I called on you, brother, to let you know I shall dine with you, for my friend has sent me word the house will sit late.

Bonc. Oh, sir George, I am particularly glad to see you; I will give you an instance that your opinion of mankind is juster than my own. Since I saw you I have, to comply with my son's inclination, proposed a match in Mr. Valence's family: could you imagine he would send me such a letter as this in answer? Oh, you need only look at the articles.

Sir Geo. (Reading.) Well, what of this?

Bonc. What! can you think the man is in his senses?

Sir Geo. Certainly; for 'tis impossible he should suppose you to be in yours, when you made him the offer to which this letter is an answer.

Bonc. But, brother, is my making him an advantageous offer a reason for so impudent an imposition?

Sir Geo. Ay, surely; no one can give another a stronger hint to impose upon him than by first imposing upon himself. You have infinite obligations to him I think, for he sees you have an inclination to beggary, and therefore would make you a beggar. Besides, can anything be more reasonable than what he proposes? I am sure I should not expect such gentle terms in the same case. What doth he desire of you more than to throw yourself on the bounty of your son? Well, and who the devil would make any scruple of trusting a son, especially such a son as yours—a fine gentleman—one who keeps a wench! Never fear, man! I warrant he'll allow you pocket-money enough.

Bonc. Railery, sir George, may exceed the bounds of good-nature, as well as good-breeding; I did not expect that you would have treated the serious concerns of my family in so ludicrous a manner, nor have laughed at me when I asked your advice.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what shall I say? I thought to have pleased you by calling his demands reasonable; shall I take the other side of the question? for, like a lawyer, I can speak on either; he hath taken the most prudent way of calling you a fool, and his proposals seem to proceed rather from a design of insulting you than from any hopes of success.

Bonc. It really has that appearance.

Sir Geo. Well, then, and do you want my advice what to do?

Bonc. I shall, undoubtedly, reject them with scorn, and, if myself alone were concerned, I could with ease;—but my son, I fear, has set his heart on the young lady.

Sir Geo. Then break his heart: why what a devil of a fellow is this son of yours? he sets his fortune on one wench, and his heart on another.

Bonc. Come, brother, you are a little too hasty; when we reflect on the follies of our youth, we should be more candid to the faults of our children.

Sir Geo. You are welcome to throw the sins of my youth in my face: I own I have been as wicked as any, and therefore I would not suffer a son to be so. Of what use is a parent's experience, but to correct his children? and, give me leave to tell you, you are a very unnatural father, in not suffering your son to reap any benefit from your former sins; but you, brother, to obtain the character of a good-natured man, are content to be the bubble of all the world.

Bonc. Well, I had rather be the bubble of other men's will than of my own; far, let me tell you, brother, whatever inopportunities knavery puts upon others, it puts greater on itself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, dinner is upon the table.

Bonc. Well, we will defer this affair till the afternoon, when I believe my behaviour will please you.

Sir Geo. It will surprise me too, if it does. *(Exit.*

SCENE, VALENCE'S HOUSE.—*Enter VALENCE and Servant.*

Val. Sir Gregory come to town, say you?

Serv. He is at the coffee-house, and will be here immediately.

Val. Well, show him up. *(Exit Servant.)* What great affair can have brought him up, who has not, I believe, been in town these twenty years? Something of vast importance must have drawn him from his fox-hounds! he hath been so long absent, the town will be a sight to him; at least he will be a sight to the town. *(Sir Gregory halloo without.)* He is not far off I bear.

Enter Sir GREGORY KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Hey a vox, master Valence!—bow goes it, my old friend? you look surprised to see me in town.

Val. I must confess, sir Gregory, you were one of the last persons I expected to see here.

Sir Greg. It is like a fox running against the wind: well, how does madam, and how does your fine son do?

Val. Alas! my wife, poor woman, I have lost her some time; I thought you must have heard of that.

Sir Greg. Like enough I may; I can't remember every trifle.

Val. I hope your family is well, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why I have lost my lady too since I saw you: she is six feet deep, by George; but the boys are all well enough; Frank, he is at home; and Will is at Oxford; and the squire, he is just come from his travels.

Val. And how does master Francis? I think he is my godson.

Sir Greg. Why, Frank, Frank is well enough; I would a brought un to town, but the dogs would not spare un; he is mightily improved, I can tell you, since you saw un; he takes a five-bar gate like a greyhound; but the squire is the top of the pack; I have been at some pains in his education; he has made—what do you call it?—the tower of Europe.

Val. What, has master Gregory been abroad?

Sir Greg. I think so—he hath been out almost two years, in France, and Italy, and Venice, and Naples, and I don't know where.

Val. Indeed! why I thought he had been too young to travel.

Sir Greg. No, no; he's old enough, he will be of age in half a year more.

Val. He is much impressed by his travels, no doubt on't.

Sir Greg. Improved, ay, that he is—Egad he overtops them all—he was the finest gentleman at sessions. I have nothing to do for'n, but merry un to a woman of quality, and get un made a settlement-man, and then his fortune is made, the he will be a complete gentleman; now I have secured one of un; I have agreed for a borough, and I fancy, neighbour Valence, you can recommend me to t'other; you converse with quality; do you know now ever a woman of quality that's very handsome, with a great fortune, that wants a husband?

Val. Quality, beauty, and fortune; you are somewhat high in your demands, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why, if she be not handsome, the boy won't like her; and if she have no fortune, I shan't.

Val. But why qualify? what use is there in that?

Sir Greg. Nay, I can't tell much use in it; but there is something in it to be sure, for I have seen men proud on it in the country who have nothing else to be proud of.—Odsure—I fancy they have forgot to direct the boy hither: I left him at the coffee-house having his shoes cleaned; the dog's grown so nice since his travels, that he did but just step into a kennel, though he wau't over the instep; the shoes o'un must be cleaned immediately; I will step and see for 'un, and be back with you in an instant.

[*Exit.*]

Val. If this cub hath no more wit than his father, it will not be difficult to match him to my own daughter. He will be a much greater match than young Boncour. This is an effect of my prudence; but I am afraid, as unreasonable as my demands are to Boncour, folly will make him accept them; if he should, I can raise them so high, that even so great a fool as he is will reject them; however, I will be first sure on this side.

Enter SIR GREGORY AND YOUNG KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Here he is; here is the boy; child, this is my friend Mr. Valence.

[*YOUNG KENNEL runs to VALENCE and kisses his hand.*]

Val. I am glad to see you returned.

Young K. Pardie! sir, your most humble servant.

Sir Greg. Is not he a fine gentleman? Well, Gregory, let us hear a little more of your travels; come, don't be ashamed before folks, don't.—Come, tell us what you—

Young K. Dear old gentleman, don't give yourself any pain on my account: I should have made the tour of Europe to very little purpose if I had any modesty left.

Sir Greg. Neighbour Valence, do ask him about pleasures.

Val. Pray, sir, now do you like Venice?

Young K. Not at all; egad, it stands in the middle of the sea!

Sir Greg. Hw! no lies, Greg.—Don't put the traveller upon us!

Val. Indeed he speaks truth. How do you like the humour, the temper of the Italians?

Young K. I don't know anything of them, for I never could converse with any but those of my own country.

Sir Greg. That's right; I would have thee always be a true Englishman.

Val. I suppose you saw Rome, sir.

Young K. Faith, sir, I can't say I saw it, for I went extremely late in, and staid there but a week: I intended to have taken a walk or two about town, but, happening to meet with two or three English dogs at our inn—mortblue! I never stirred abroad till the day I came away.

Sir Greg. What! didst not see the pope of Rome?

Young K. No, not I: I should have seen him, I believe, but I never heard a word that he was at Rome till after I came into France, and then I did not think it was worth going back for: I did not see any one thing in Italy worth taking notice of but their pictures; they are magnifique, indeed!

Val. How do you like the buildings, sir, in Italy?

Young K. They showed me some old buildings, but they are so damnably out of repair one can't tell what to make of them.

Sir Greg. Well, Gregory, give us a little account

of France: you saw the king of France, did not you Greg.?

Young K. Yes, and the queen, and the dolphin; why, Paris is well enough, and the merriest place I saw in all my travels: one never wants company there; for there is such a rendezvous of English, I was never alone for three months together, and scarce ever spoke to a Frenchman all the while.

Sir Greg. There, Mr. Valence, you see how unjustly they speak against our sending our sons to travel: you see they are in no danger of learning foreign vices, when they don't keep company with foreigners. Well, Mr. Valence, how do you like 'un?

Val. Oh, infinitely well, indeed! he is really a finished gentleman.

Sir Greg. Aye, is he not a fine fellow? But, Greg., you don't tell Mr. Valence half what you told me about a strange man at Orleans.

Young K. You will excuse my father's pronunciation, as he has never been abroad: he means Orleans, where I saw one of the largest men I ever saw in my life; I believe he was about eight feet high.

Sir Greg. What a misfortune it is not to travel in one's youth: I can scarce forgive my father's memory for keeping me at home. Well, but about the king of France?

Young K. Sounds! father, don't ask me so many questions. You see, sir, what a put he is.

[*Aside to VAL.*]

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, what did I send you abroad for, but to tell me stories when you came home.

Young K. You sent me abroad, sir, to learn to be a fine gentleman, and to teach me to despise clownish fellows.

Val. Come, sir Gregory, perhaps the young gentleman will be more open over a bottle; what say you?

Sir Greg. You know I never flinch from a bottle; and we will have some stories after a glass. Well, Greg., you know what I came to town about, and this gentleman will assist us; he will recommend a wife to you.

Young K. I am this gentleman's very humble servant; but I want none of his assistance. There is a lady whom I know before I went abroad, and saw again last night with another young lady at the play, and mortblue, if I marry any other woman.

Sir Greg. How! sirrah.

Young K. Pray, dear old gentleman, don't put on that grum look: rat me, do you think I have made the tour of Europe to be snubbed by an English father, when I came home again?

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll beat the tour of Europe out of you again: have I made you a fine gentleman, in order to despise your father's authority?

Val. Pray, sir Gregory—

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll disinherit you; I'll send your brother Will a travelling, and make Frank a parliament-man in your room.

Young K. A fig for your disinheriting! it is not in your power; if I can but get this girl, I'll marry her, and carry her back to France. There is as good English company at Brulogne as I ever desire to crack a bottle with.—What do you take me for! a boy! and that you are to make me do what you please, as you did before I went abroad!—Dishie! do you think to use me as you do brother Frank, who is but your whipper-in! mortblue! I have been bunting with the king of France.

Sir Greg. If you have been bunting with the devil I'll make you know I am your father; and, though you are a fine gentleman, the same pains will make your brother Will as fine a gentleman to the full.

Val. Pray, sir, consider; don't disoblige your

father. Come, sir Gregory, I have ordered a bottle of wine within; let us go and talk over that matter; I dare say I shall bring the young gentleman to reason.—Come, pray walk in.

Sir Greg. He shall obey me, or—

Young K. I have travelled to a fine purpose, truly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*BONCOUR's house.*—*Enter BONCOUR and YOUNG BONCOUR.*

Young B. Though the articles are a little unreasonable, if you had any compassion or love for your children, who you know have placed their hearts on the match, you would comply.

Bone. My children are ungrateful if they upbraid me with want of affection: but this is a mere trick, a poor scheme of Mr. Valence's, to take advantage of your passions and my indulgence.

Young B. So, we are sacrificed to contention 'twixt our fathers for the superiority of understanding.

Bone. You injure me, son; the low dirty reputation of cunning I scorn and detest.

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. B. So, sir, I bear there are marriages going on in the family, which I was not to be acquainted with.

Bone. Pardon me, my dear; I intended to have acquainted you, and should before but for a particular reason.

Mrs. B. What reason, pray?

Bone. You need not concern yourself.

Mrs. B. Indeed! not concern myself? who am I? have not I an equal concern; aye, and a superior one!

Bone. But hear me, madam.

Mrs. B. No, I won't hear anything said for the match; it is below them in family and fortune both.

Bone. I do not intend—

Mrs. B. I don't care what you intend; you may keep your reasons to yourself if you please; but as for the double marriage, I will have no such thing; all your plots shan't compass it.

Bone. I tell you it is broke off—there is to be no match.

Mrs. B. How, no match! and pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me?

Bone. Ma'am!

Mrs. B. So, I am nobody in the house; matches are made and unmade, and I know nothing of the matter. And why did you break it off?

Bone. Because his demands were monstrous—exorbitant beyond credibility.

Mrs. B. And pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me? nay, I will know—I am resolved I will know. Won't you tell me!—you are a barbarous man, and have not the least affection for me in the world. (*crying.*)

Enter MISS BONCOUR.

Miss B. Bless me, madam, what is the matter?

Mrs. B. Nothing extraordinary; your father has behaved to me like a monster.

Miss B. La, sir! how can you vex my mamma in this manner?

Bone. So, she for whom I suffered all this is the first to accuse me!

Mrs. B. It seems you are to be married without my knowledge.

Miss B. Married, madam! to whom, pray?

Mrs. B. Nay, I don't know whether it is to be so known; for the same wise head that made the match has, it seems, broke it off again.

Bone. Yes, child; Mr. Valence hath been pleased,

from my easy behaviour to him to use me in such a manner, and insist upon such terms, that I can't either consistently with common sense or honour comply with; now, my dear, you see I do not keep all secrets from you, examine them yourself.

Miss B. (*aside*) So, so, so! after my affections are engaged they are to be hulked it seems: but there shall go two words to that bargain.

Mrs. B. I can't see anything so unreasonable in his demands; if the match was otherwise good, I should not have broken it off on this account.

Bone. What! would you subvert the order of nature, and change places with your children? I would you depend on their duty and gratitude for your bread, and give way to the exorbitant demands of a man who has made them for no other reason but because I offered him more than he expected or could have hoped for?

Mrs. B. I say his demands are far the advantage of our children, and truly, if I can submit to them, you, Mr. Boncour, may be satisfied.

Young B. Nay, then, I think it is a good time for me to appear.—O, madam, eternal blessings on your goodness, which it shall be the business of my life to deserve. O cease not till you have prevailed on his obdurate heart to relent.

Miss B. I must second my brother.—Have pity on him, dear mamma; see how he trembles—his lips are pale, his voice falters! O consider what he suffers with the apprehension of losing the woman he loves; though my father's cruel heart is deaf to all his sufferings, you are all goodness, all tenderness; you I know will not bear to see him miserable.

Mrs. B. Why do you address yourself to me? There stands the good man, who wisely contrived this match, and then with so much resolution broke it off.

Young B. My passion, till you encouraged it, was governable. 'Twas you, sir, who hid me hope, who cherished my young love; and, though the modesty of her sex may make her backward to own it, my sister's heart is as deeply concerned as mine.

Miss B. Thank you, brother, but never mind me: I had my father's command to give my promise, and I must not obey him if he commands me to break it.

Young B. (*Takes hold of his sleeve.*) Sir, I beseech you—

Miss B. (*Takes hold of the other.*) Dear papa—

Mrs. B. And for what reason was this secret kept from me?

Miss B. When he hath put it into his children's heads—

Young B. When their whole happiness is at stake.—Then it is into a family of so good a character—

Mrs. B. I must take my children's parts: and you shall consent, or never—

Miss B. I'll never let go your hand.

Young B. I'll never rise again.

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Bone. O, brother! you never arrived so fortunately to my assistance as now.

Sir Geo. Why, what's the matter?

Bone. O, I am worried to death by my wife and my children.

Mrs. B. Nay, brother, you shall judge if he hath reason to complain; he hath without my knowledge contracted a match between Mr. Valence's children and his own; and when the young people had united their affections, truly he hath, of his own wise head, broke it off again.

Bone. You have appealed to a very wrong person now; my brother knows the whole affair.

Sir Geo. I know, brother! what do I know! If

you have broken off the children's match, you have done a very ill thing, let your reasons be what they will.

Bone. How, brother! are you my enemy too!

Sir Geo. Can you imagine I will be your friend, brother, when you run rashly of your own head into schemes of consequence without consulting your wife—without taking the advice of her, your best friend, your best counsellor!

Mrs. B. True, dear brother.

Sir Geo. And then, when you have done so, and suffered a fine gentleman here to engage his precious affections, to fix his constant heart, which always dotes with the same ardour on the same beautiful object—

Young B. True, by heavens!

Sir Geo. And this little bud here to throw off the veil of her virgin modesty, and, all overpread with blushes and confusion, to tell an odious man she will have him, which nothing but her duty to you could ever extort from her—

Miss B. True, dear uncle!

Sir Geo. Then, after all this, out of base worldly motives, such as should never enter into the thoughts of a good man—

Young B. Too true.

Sir Geo. To disappoint all their hopes, to ruin all their fair prospects of happiness—to throw your wife into all ill-humour.

Mrs. B. Monster!

Sir Geo. To make your son here distracted.

Young B. Unnatural father!

Sir Geo. To break your daughter's heart!

Miss B. Cruel! barbarous!

Bone. Now, madam, wife, children, marry, do as you will—I oppose you no longer—a leaf may as well swim against a cataract—

Mrs. B. But why keep it a secret from me? why must not I be trusted with a secret?

Young B. And may I depend on my father's permission to be happy?

Bone. Even as you please, sir—O—ay—madam, and you too, I will prevent you the trouble of speaking.

Young B. Come, dear girl, let us haste to make our friends happy with the news.

[*Exeunt Mrs. B., Young B., Miss B.*]

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Bone. You use me kindly, brother.

Sir Geo. How would you have me use you, brother? you must excuse me if I don't follow your example; you see an instance now, that by humouring these good people I have gained their affections—I mean their thanks; affections, indeed, they have none, but for themselves: but had I taken your part, and spoke my real sentiments, I had pulled an old house on my head; your wife would have abused me, your daughter have hated me, and your son have wished to send me out of the world.

Bone. But is this consistent with your behaviour this afternoon, when I received your letter?

Sir Geo. Remember, brother, we were alone then; and at the worst I should only have opposed my judgment to yours; here I must have encountered a majority—a measure seldom attended with success. Well, but for your comfort, I have contrived a scheme to disappoint them all effectually.

Bone. Brother, I thank you; but will it be a good-natured thing to disappoint them, poor things!

Sir Geo. Good-nature! damn the word; I hate it—they say it is a word so peculiar to our language, that it can't be translated into any other.—Good nature!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—VALENCE'S house.—*Enter VALENCE AND YOUNG KENNEL.*

Val. Consider, young gentleman, the consequence of disobedience to a father; especially to so passionate a father as sir Gregory!

Young K. Don't talk to me of fathers! Parbleu! it is fine topsy-turvy work to travel first and go to school afterwards.

Val. Upon my word it would do some of our young travellers no harm.

Young K. That I, who am to inherit a fortune of five thousand pounds a-year, may not marry whom I please, but must have crammed down my throat some bread-pudding of a citizen's daughter, or served end of a woman of quality!

Val. You don't know whom sir Gregory may provide for you.

Young K. But I know whom he will not;—besides, I shall provide for myself.

Val. Consider first the sin of disobedience;—you know it is in his power to disinherit you.

Young K. No, indeed, don't I, nor he neither, that's better:—plague! if he could do that, I believe I should be a little civilier to him. No, no, that's out of his power, I assure you; my tutor let me into that secret a great while ago.

Enter Miss VALENCE.

Val. Oh, here comes my daughter according to my orders; now, if he had not unluckily seen this wench at the play—

[*Aside.*]

Miss V. Did you send for me, sir?

Val. I send for you! no; but come hither.

Young K. Ha! parbleu! 'tis she—'tis the very same.

Miss V. What coxcomb is this?

[*Aside.*]

Young K. This is the most lucky adventure that hath happened in all my travels.

Val. You stare at my daughter as if you had seen her before.

Young K. As certain as I have seen the king of France;—but, sir, is this lady your daughter?

Val. She is, sir; I have only one other child.

Young K. Then I believe, sir, you are father to an angel; you know, sir, I told you I saw a lady at the play, and for whom I would be disobedient to all the fathers in the universe.

Val. I protest sir, you surprise me.

Miss V. Sir, may I go?

Val. Ay, ay, child;—go—go. [Exit Miss VAL.]

Young K. Sir—madam, can you be so barbarous!

Val. Sir Gregory will be back in a minute. I would not have him know anything of this for the world; he would run me through the body, though I am innocent.

Young K. Never fear him, I will defend you. Let me see her once more.

Val. You shall see her again; but have patience; if you will get your father away, and return back by yourself, you shall see her once to take your leave of her, for you must not disobey your father. But are you certain he can't disinherit you? that is, that he is only tenant for life?

Young K. I don't know whether he is tenant for life or for death; but I know that my tutor, and several lawyers too, have told me he could not keep me out of one acre.

Val. But you are sure you had it from good law?

Young K. Ay, as any in the kingdom.

Val. Well, I am glad of it; 'tis a terrible thing for a man to disinherit his children;—don't be undisturbed, unless you can't help it; and if you can't help it, why it is not your fault; but hush, here's sir Gregory.

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Well, have you brought him to it? Will he be a good boy, and marry a woman of quality, or no?

Val. I have said all that I can say, sir Gregory, and upon my word he is rather too hard for me; I would have you consider a little, sir: it is only whether he shall choose a wife for himself or not:—consider, sir Gregory, he is to live with her, not you.

Young K. Ay, I am to live with her, not you.

Sir Greg. That's not true, Mr. Valence; I intend both he and she shall live with me; they shall down to Dirty Park next week, and there they shall remain.

Young K. I'll be cursed though, if we do.

Val. That very argument makes against you; for if he should have fixed on a private gentlewoman, and that you don't know but he hath, she may go down to Dirty Park; but a woman of quality—why, Sir Gregory, she'd fetch Dirty Park up hither, and convert a thousand of your acres into half-a-rood in Grosvenor-square.

Young K. Ay, into half a rood in Grosvenor-square.

Sir Greg. Would she? let me see her there once, I'll answer for her; why, Mr. Valence, I'll tell you what I did myself. I married this boy's mother in this town; she was a woman of fashion, a well-bred woman; though I had but a small fortune with her, but twenty thousand pounds.—I married her for love; well, the next morning, down trundled her and I to Dirty Park, and when I had her there, good, I kept her there; and whenever she asked to go to London, my answer was, that, as I hated the town myself, she had better stay till she had a daughter old enough to be her companion.

Val. But she was not a woman of quality, sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. No, not quite your tip-top of all, not one of your duchesses, nor your countesses, but her father was a squire, and that's quality enough.

Val. Now you talk like a reasonable man.

Young K. Ay, faith, that's something like a christian.

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, do you make a heaven of me? why, did I ever talk otherwise?

Val. Nay, do not be captious, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Captious! ha, ha, ha! Why, do you think I am angry with the boy for his wit? No, no, let him be as sharp as he will, I always encourage his wit; that is the chief thing he learnt in his travels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir George Boncour, sir.

Sir Greg. But come, Mr. Valence, let's go and crack one bottle together.

Val. Show him up. [*Exit Servant.*] Excuse me, Sir Gregory, I have business.

Sir Greg. Well, come Greg., you shan't flinch. Ah, Mr. Valence, I assure you the rogue is as true an Englishman at his glass as ever. [*Exit.*]

Young K. I shall give him the slip, and be back again as soon as I can.

Sir Greg. (within) Why, Greg.! Greg.!

Young K. Coming! Pardie! he halloo at me as if I was a whipper-in. [*Exit.*]

Val. This was beyond my hope, beyond my expectation; I despair not of sir Gregory's consent—but if not, as long as he can't cut off the entail—

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Your servant, Mr. Valence.

Val. Most noble sir George, I have not had the

honour of seeing you a great while. I suppose he is come to make up the match; but 'tis too late. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. I am sorry, sir, for the occasion of waiting on you now, and so will you too; I know you will; though, perhaps, it will give you an opportunity of exerting your friendship; that may be some alleviation. In short, my brother is undone.

Val. How?

Sir Geo. Unless one can raise ten thousand pounds within an hour, an execution will be in his house.

Val. An execution in his house for ten thousand pounds! what! a man of his estate?

Sir Geo. Estate! what estate could stand out against the prodigality of his children! besides, between you and me, with all his prudence, he has been dabbling in the funds, that bottomless pit that swallows up any fortune. Estate!—ah, all mortgaged, all cut out; it matters not to tell it, for within these two days the whole town must know he is not worth a groat.

Val. I am very sorry for it, upon my word; I am shocked to the last degree; poor gentleman! my neighbour, my acquaintance, my friend!

Sir Geo. Do not let it grieve you too much.

Val. Why do you ask impossibilities? do you think me more than man, or that my heart is stone? is flint? Oh, my good sir George, you know not how tenderly I feel the misfortunes of others—of my friends especially, and of him my best of friends; I am too tender-hearted for a man.

Sir Geo. I know your goodness, your excessive goodness, and therefore, contrary to the express charge, that of all men you should know nothing of the matter—

Val. I am obliged to him—I know the reason of that, but I find you don't. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. I say, contrary to his express injunction, I acquaint you with his misfortunes; since I know you are both able and willing to save him from disgrace; a mere trifle will do it, though nothing but money will do.

Val. Money! why does not he sell? why does he not mortgage? there is an estate of his contiguous to mine; I have a value for it, as it is his; and rather than it shall go to a stranger, I will borrow the money to purchase it. Men in distress always sell pennyworths. [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Damned rascal! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll tell him what you say.

Val. Pray do. Your humble servant, and pray, if that estate be sold, let me have the refusal of it. [*Exit SIR GEO.*] Mercy on me! where can one find an honest man! that ever he should lay such a plot of intermarriage between our families, when he knew himself undone! how wary ought a man to be in each moment of his life, when every fool is a politician, and capable of laying schemes to attack him.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

Young V. O, sir, I have news which I am sure will please you! Mr. Boncour hath consented to your terms, so there is now no impediment to the union of our families.

Val. Indeed, there is an impediment which will never be got over; in short, I have news for you, which I am afraid will not please you. Mr. Boncour is undone.

Young V. Undone, sir!

Val. Not worth a groat.

Young V. How! is it possible?

Val. Indeed, sir, I don't know by what means ruin themselves; we see men's fortunes ruined, and others made ever day, no one knows how; it is

sufficient I am certain that it is so; and I expect you will have no more thought of his daughter.

Young V. Truly, sir, I am not very ambitious of marrying a beggar.

Val. You have none of my blood in you if you are; and, take my word for it, there are in marriage many comfortable hours when a man wants not the assistance of heggary to make him hang himself.

Young V. Sir, it was in obedience to your commands that I thought of the match at all.

Val. And it is, sir, in obedience to my commands, that I expect you to break it off. [civility.]

Young V. I hope you'll give me leave to do it with *Val.* O! with as much civility as you please, sir; when you are obliged by prudence to do what the world call an ill thing, always do it with civility.

Young V. Sir, I shall obey you in all things.

Val. Send your sister to me in my closet. I must give her a lesson of the same kind.

Young V. She will, I am confident, receive it with the same regard. [Exit *YOUNG VALENCE.*]

Val. I have no reason to doubt it; thanks to my severity: for by continually thwarting my children's desires I made their inclinations so useless to them, that at length they seemed to have none at all, but to be entirely guided by my will. Severity is, in short, the whole duty of a parent. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Boncour's house.*—Enter *YOUNG BONCOUR* and *MISS BONCOUR.*

Miss B. La, brother, you are always teasing me with your odious questions: what condition is my heart in? what condition is your own in? we seem to be very much in the same circumstances.

Young B. I confess and glory in it. I wonder why the devil women should have more reserve than men.

Miss B. O, don't be angry with us on that account; we have not a bit more than is useful to us; and really it seems well enough contrived to keep your whimsical affections alive, which seldom pursue us longer than you have difficulties thrown in your way.

Young B. As you have had no experience, sister, you must have heard this from others; and believe me, child, they told thee those frightful stories, and made hugbears of men, merely to deter thee from marrying, that's all: they only frighten thee, as they do children, with apparitions.

Miss B. It is preposterous though to frighten us in order to make us desire to lie alone.

Young B. Well, you don't know but I am an exception to your first rule, if it be general. [Miss *BONCOUR* sighs.] Why that sigh?

Miss B. I wish there may be another.

Young B. I am convinced you will find another in my friend *Valence*.

Miss B. It is my interest to hope so, since you have contrived among you to marry me to him.

Young B. All compliance! you have no affection for him, then?

Miss B. Shall I tell you the truth, brother?

Young B. I would not put you to too violent pain, sister; but if, without great danger of your life, it might come out—

Miss B. Why then, I do love him, and shall love him to all eternity.

Enter *Servant*.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Valence* to wait on you.

Miss B. Show him into the parlour, I'll come to him. [Exit *Servant*.] Brother, you will keep my secret; at least don't tell him till a day or two after I am married, and perhaps I may be beforehand with you. [Exit *MISS BONCOUR*.]

Young B. Get you gone for a good-natured girl: he is a rascal who would not make you happy, and be so himself with you.

Re-enter *Servant* with a letter.

Serv. Mr. *Valence's* man, sir, delivered me this. [Exit.]

Young B. Ha! I know the dear hand.—[Reads.] "Sir, I am sorry to inform you that I have this moment orders from my father to"—Ha! confusion!—"to see you no more: you will best know on this occasion how to act for the sake of your unhappy *Sophia Valence*!" My blood runs cold; I'll fly to her and know the reason of this change of my fortune. Poor girl! she wants a comforter as much as myself. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Another apartment in BONCOUR'S house.*—Enter *YOUNG VALENCE* and *MISS BONCOUR.*

Young V. How sudden are the changes in this world, how vain our pursuits! an hour ago I was the happiest of mankind, and am now the most miserable.

Miss B. This is nothing but some scruple started between the old gentlemen, which will be settled again: this be assured of, while your happiness is in my power, you shall never be miserable.

Young V. Yet consider, madam, consider my condition; I, who, if I was possessed of all my father's fortune, should be an unworthy offering to your beauty—with what assurance can I throw a disinherited son at your feet?

Miss B. Fathers often threaten what they never perform: but let yours be ever so obstinate, I know my father's good nature to be such that he will settle a fortune on us that will enable us to live at our ease, if not in splendour.

Young V. O! my dearest love, I fear there are no hopes from that quarter; for the reason of my father's breaking off the match was an account he just received from undoubted authority, that your father is irretrievably ruined and is not worth a shilling in the world.

Miss B. Good heavens! what do I hear?

Young V. 'Tis but too true; and 'tis with the utmost reluctance I come the fatal messenger of such unwelcome tidings! oh, that I were but master of the fortune I am entitled to, that I might prove the sincerity of my passion—that I might show my sole object was the possession of your lovely self, without any sordid views of fortune.

Miss B. Then all the flattering prospect of happiness I had before me is vanished in an instant.

Young V. Why so, my angel? if the change of fortune makes no change in our love, we may still be happy. [passion.]

Miss B. Happy! what, by indulging a hopeless

Young V. Why hopeless! It is in our power instantly to realize its joys: curse on all those who conspired to fetter love with any chains to make it subservient to the gain of lawyers and priests! cannot we trust to the ties of nature and our own affections? Is not this dear hand security enough for your heart without a more formal union? O, melting softness. Ha! by my hopes she dissolves. I'll carry her now. [Aside.]—O my paradise, this hour, this minute, this instant—

Miss B. What do you mean?

Young V. Need I tell you my meaning! or can words do it? O no, my soul, my angel!

Miss B. Sure I am in a dream! pray, who are you, sir?

Young V. You are in a dream, indeed; do not you know your *Valence*? [sne thus.]

Miss B. My *Valence*! no, he never would use

Young V. Does the excess of my passion offend you, which inflamed by disappointment, will admit of no delay? I here plight my solemn vow, and call Heaven to witness that you are my wife, and at my father's death—

Miss B. Begone, villain, and never see me more. *[Exit.]*

Young B. This I might expect on the first proposal; but her distress and my perseverance must in time prevail. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another apartment in BONCOUR'S House.—Enter BONCOUR and SIR GEORGE.*

Sir Geo. Your ruin will go round the town before night: by six all the good women will order their horses, to blame your conduct and pity your family in every assembly and private company they meet with.

Bonc. So you think I shall have no more difficulty to prevent the match?

Sir Geo. I do, indeed; and hope you will reap more advantage than that from it.

Bonc. What, pray?

Sir Geo. Be cured of your distemper—your good nature. Have you not obliged almost every one of your acquaintance? Have you not lent money without security? Have you not always been inclined to speak well of mankind, and blamed nothing but the most notorious villany? Have not your doors been open as those of an hospital to the sustenance of the poor? nay, have you not taken them from a prison and brought them to your table? Are there not many rich men who owe the original of their wealth to your bounty; and yet, if after all that you have done, should you not be able to borrow five pounds in the town, would it not cure you?

Bonc. Why should I be sorry that I have been good, because others are evil? if I have acted right I have done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind would not justify my conduct.

Sir Geo. I tell you, sir, you have not acted right: you have acted very wrong in doing kindness to a parcel of rogues and rascals, who with the tenth part of your understanding have called you fool for serving them; have privately laughed at you in your prosperity, and will publicly despise you in your adversity—a good-natured man! O! 'tis a precious character.

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! brother, you yourself are a good-natured man, and don't know it.

Sir Geo. Why, truly, I have been guilty of some infirmities of that kind, for which I am heartily sorry. I have told a man he deserved to be hanged, when he ought to have been broke on the wheel; and sometimes I pay my tradesmen's bills in half a year without deduction, when the rascals would gain three per cent. if I paid them in a twelvemonth; I have refused going to law with a man for a debt, only because I knew he could not pay the charges; I have shaken a rogue by the hand, only because it was the fashion; and have expressed abundance of sorrow for the misfortunes of my acquaintance when they have not given me the least uneasiness. Yes I think, in the main, I am too good-natured, truly.

Bonc. Well, sir George, let the effects this scheme of yours produces upon my children be the test of our principles.

Sir Geo. Content.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young B. My father! oh, sir, I have heard such news! heaven forbid there should be the least shadow or colour of truth in it.

Sir Geo. Why, sure, sir, it can't surprise you to hear your father is ruined, when you have been en-

deavouring by a long course of extravagance to bring it about!

Young B. Sir, I can ill bear jesting on this subject: if the indulgence of my father has allowed the inadvertency of my youth to bring this misfortune on him, the agonies of all my future days will not sufficiently punish me for it.

Bonc. Do you hear that, brother?

Sir Geo. I would not have you take it so much to heart neither, since your own ruin will not be absolutely included in your father's; you have a certain reversion of the estate, by the marriage settlement, upon which you may still raise money for your own subsistence; and I do not suppose you mad enough to give up your right to that, in order to enable your father to preserve himself, by cutting off the entail.

Young B. How! is it in my power to preserve him?

Sir Geo. Yes, in that way you may, but in no other.

Young B. Send for a lawyer this moment; let him point out the method: if there were no other way my blood should sign the deed. O, my father, believe me I am blessed to give you this trifling instance of my duty, of my affection!

Bonc. My child! O, brother, I can scarce support it.

Young B. I'll this instant to my lawyer; I am impatient till it be done: justice, gratitude, duty to the best of fathers, will not let me rest till it is accomplished. *[Exit.]*

Bonc. Well, sir George, what think you now?

Sir Geo. Think! why I think he has smelt out the trick, and has artfully contrived this cheap method of appearing meritorious in your eyes.

Bonc. Oh, brother, that is too severe a censure: the feeling that he showed, the warmth, the earnestness with which he expressed himself, could never be assumed by one not accustomed to dissemble.

Sir Geo. Well, if that be the case, all I can say is, that you have damned good luck in having a son whose natural disposition was so good that all the pains you have taken have not been able to spoil him entirely; but who have we here?

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. *[Entering.]* Pah! at home indeed! plague on thee, dost think I want to ask whether a man's at home when I see him at the window? neighbour Boncour, how fares it?—what, sir George!

Bonc. Is it possible! Sir Gregory Kennel in town.

Sir Greg. That question hath been asked by every one I have seen since I have been here: why should it not be as possible for us country gentlemen to come to town as for you town gentlemen to come into the country? I don't know whether you are glad to see us here, but we should be glad to see some of you there a little oftener.

Bonc. I hope you left all well there, sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Yes; I left the tenants very well; and they give their humble service to you; would he very glad of your company to spend a little of your money amongst them.

Bonc. But how does your family, sir Gregory how does my godson do?

Sir Greg. Why, the squire is very well; I was bringing him to see you; but I taught us to travel, I think, and so ecod, at the corner of one of the streets, he travelled off, and left me in the lurch: you have no need to be ashamed of your godson, I can tell you; he is a fine gentleman: I suppose you have heard he has made the tour of Europe, as he

Bonc. Not I, truly. *[Exit.]*

Sir Greg. But, pray, sir George, what do you think is my business in town?

Sir Geo. Faith, I can't tell—To sell oxen I suppose.

Sir Greg. No; not that entirely; though I have some cattle with me too.—Pray guess again.

Sir Geo. To see my lord mayor's show, perhaps.

Sir Greg. No, no; I don't love shows. Well then, since you can't tell, I'll tell you; to get a good wife for my son; for though the boy hath seen all Europe, till a man hath married his son, he can't discharge his duty—then he hath done all in his power.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, his wife will do the rest.

Enter Miss Boncour.

Miss B. Sir, when you are at leisure I shall be happy to speak with you.

Bone. Presently, my dear.—*Sir Gregory* Kennel—a very old friend of mine.—My daughter, *sir Gregory*.

Sir Greg. A brave lass, faith! by your leave, madam; why that's well; you are in the right not to be shy to me, for I have had you in my arms before now.

Bone. And her brother too, *sir Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Ay, so I have, and truly, for the matter we were talking of, since I see what I see, I don't care for going any farther. What say you, neighbour *Boncour*! you know my estate, and I know yours: you have seen my son, and I see your daughter: what say you to a match between them?

Bone. My daughter, *sir Gregory*, will be the properest person to ask.

Sir Greg. Not at all; what signifies asking a person a question, when you know beforehand what will be the answer; especially when you know that answer to be a false one. No, no, the boy shall ask her, and then they will lie to one another; for if she swears she does not love him, he'll swear he'll love her for ever, and that is as good a one.

Bone. *Sir Gregory*, I am sensible of the honour you propose me, but shall neither force nor oppose her inclination.

Miss B. I find he hath not heard our story. [*Aside.*

Sir Greg. Well, my little girlflower, since I am to ask thee, what would it say to a bearty, healthy, good-humoured young dog, that would love thee till thy heart ached.

Miss B. Sir; I don't understand you.

Sir Greg. O lud! there is a—

Miss B. Hold, sir! no rudeness; when I am properly asked I shall know how to answer. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. That is, when she is asked by the young fellow; that, I suppose, is properly asked.

Sir Geo. 'Tis an alliance on no account to be lost. Well, *sir Gregory*, I hope my niece gave you a satisfactory answer.

Sir Greg. The same answer that a lawyer or physician could give who were attacked without a fee.

Sir Geo. What's that?

Sir Greg. That they were not properly asked; but here will be the proper person himself presently—he who knows where to find me.

Bone. In the mean time, *sir Gregory*, what say you to a bottle of Burgundy?

Sir Greg. I shall like a bottle of anything very well, for I have not drunk a single drop this while.

Bone. I am ready to wait on you. [*Hour.*

Sir Greg. Wait on me! prithee get out and show me the way; a plague of ceremony. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.—A room in VALENCE'S house.
—*Enter YOUNG BONCOUR and MISS VALENCE.*

Miss V. And so you have promised to resign your right of inheritance in the estate to your father?

Young B. I have, madam.

Miss V. Then you have done like a fool, and deserve to be pointed at as such.

Young B. How, madam? would you have me insensibly and quietly sit down and see my father ruined? [*Prospect of a fortune.*

Miss V. Ay, fifty fathers rather than part with my *Young B.* Does this agree with those professions of filial duty I have heard from Miss Valence?

Miss V. Professed! ha, ha, ha! to my father! when I never dared to do otherwise. I may rather say this foolish generosity is little of a piece with your frequent professions of disobedience.

Young B. Well, no more of this, dear *Sophia*. Tell me when you will make me happy!

Miss V. I don't know what you mean.

Young B. How!

Miss V. Sure you can't imagine, when you parted with the right of your estate, but that you parted with your right to your mistress. Do you think I would do so imprudent a thing as marry a beggar?

Young B. Did you not tell me to-day, nay scarce an hour ago, that neither the misfortunes of my father, nor the commands of your own, should prevent our happiness?

Miss V. Nor do they. 'Tis your own folly you are to thank; a folly which, bad you loved me, you could not have been guilty of.—Besides, I did not know then that I had a lover at my command. [*Aside.*

Young B. Sure my eyes or my ears deceive me! these words cannot come from the generous *Miss Valence*.

Miss V. Indeed, I am as generous as a prudent woman ought to be, or ever will be; I hope you do not expect me to have the romantic ideas of a girl of fifteen, to dream of woods and deserts; you would not have me live in a cottage on love!

Young B. I find I have been in an error; the grossest, wildest, and most monstrous of errors: I have thought a woman faithful, just, and generous.

Miss V. Why truly, that is a mistake, something extraordinary in so great a man; but if you have anything of importance, I beg you would communicate it, for my mantua-maker waits for me in the next room, and I expect a lady every moment to carry me into the city, where I am to give her my judgment on a fan-mount. So, *Mr. Boncour*, you will excuse me at present, and do me the favour to give my compliments to your sister. [*Exit.*

Young B. [*Stands some time silent.*] I have been deceived with a vengeance! Thou art indeed another creature than the object of my affection was. Where is she then? why, nowhere. This is the real creature, and the object of my love was the phantom. Vanish then, my love, with that; for how can a building stand when the foundation is gone! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter YOUNG VALENCE and MISS VALENCE (laughing)*

Miss V. I assure you, brother, I take it ill of you to overhear my privacies.

Young V. Nay, never be ashamed of your merit. I shall esteem you always for your resolution; I own I scarce believed any woman could so easily have resigned her lover.

Miss V. O, 'tis a terrible thing for a woman to resign her lover, when she is under fifteen or above fifty; that is, for a girl to part with what she calls her first love, or an old woman with what she fears will be her last. But at one-and-twenty, when one has seen a little of the world, the changing of one's lover for another is as easy as changing one's clothes.

Young V. Well, since you are so frank with me, I'll be as communicative with you. My passion for Miss Boncour is a little more ungovernable than yours for her brother; and, since it is inconvenient to have her for a wife, I have determined to have her for a mistress.

Miss F. And do you think you shall be able to accomplish your point?

Young V. Yes, and you will think so too, I believe, when you know all. In short, I attacked her this very morning, deprecated marriage with violence, and pressed her with all the eagerness of a man whose appetites were too impatient to endure the tedious ceremony of saying grace before he satisfies them.

Miss F. And how did she receive you?

Young V. Much better than I expected. However, at last she rallied her spirits, and with some passion commanded me to leave her. I was scarce at home before I received this letter.

Miss F. Any letter after such a proposal was an acceptance of it. [Reads.]

"As you cannot wonder at my being a little surprised at what passed this morning between us, you will easily be able to account for my behaviour on that occasion. If you desire me to say I am sorry for so presumptuously putting an end to your visit, you may think I have said so. However, I desire to see you this evening punctually at eight, and that you would, if possible, avoid being seen by any of the family, but yours."

Young V. What are you considering about?

Miss F. Only whether it is her hand.

Young V. That I am sure it is.

Miss F. Then I am sure you have nothing to do but to keep your appointment.

Enter VALENCE and YOUNG KENNEL.

Val. Since you are so very desirous, sir, to see my daughter, I don't see how I can refuse the son of my good friend sir Gregory; refusing indeed is not my talent—I own I cannot guess what earnest business you can have with her.

Young K. Upon my honour, sir, it is not of any disservice to the young lady; nay, I believe I may trust you with it.

Val. No, no, no; I will be trusted with nothing.—I see nothing, I hear nothing, I know nothing. But pray, young gentleman, are you sure now (I only ask for an impertinent curiosity)—are you sure that sir Gregory can't cut off the entail of his estate?

Young K. Why, if you won't believe me, you may ask the lawyers that my tutor consulted about it.

Val. Nay, nay, it is nothing to me, it is no business of mine. O, here is my daughter. Child, Mr. Kennel, eldest son of sir Gregory Kennel, desires me to introduce him to your acquaintance.—(They salute.)—Well, Mr. Kennel, you must pardon me, I must leave you on business of consequence. Son, you must come along with me: I ask pardon for only leaving my daughter to keep you company.

Young F. Sir, I wait on you.

[Exit VALENCE and YOUNG VALENCE.]

Young K. Pray, madam, was you ever at Paris?

Miss F. No, sir, I have never been out of my own country.

Young K. That is a great misfortune to you, madam; for I would not give a fig for anything that had not made the tour of Europe.

Miss F. I thought, sir, travelling had been a necessary qualification only to you gentlemen. I need not ask, sir, if you have been at Paris.

Young K. No, I hope not, madam; I hope no one will imagine these clothes to be the handiwork of any English tailor; Paris, indeed! why, madam, I have made the tour of Europe.

Miss F. Upon my word, this is extraordinary in

one so young; I suppose, sir, you went abroad very soon after you left school.

Young K. School! ha, ha, ha! why, madam, I was never at school at all; I lived with the old witch my grandmother till I was seventeen, and then my father stole me away from her, and sent me abroad, where I wish I had staid for ever; for, ah! madam!—

Miss F. Now he begins (he is just what I would choose for a husband). [Aside.]

Young K. Can you not read in my eyes that I have lost my heart? [Monsieur!]

Miss F. Avez-vous donc laissé votre cœur à Paris, *Young K.* What the devil is that, madam?

Miss V. Don't you understand French, sir?

Young K. Not a syllable, upon my soul, except an oath or two. [Heart at Paris.]

Miss F. I suppose, I say, sir, you have left your *Young K.* No, madam, you cannot suppose that; you saw, you must have seen at the play, in what corner of the world my heart was.

Miss F. I have no time to play the coquette.—[Aside.] Heigh-bo! [Sighs.]

Young K. Ha! Sure that sigh betokens pity.

Miss F. How do you know you want it? Have you declared your passion?

Young K. Not unless my eyes have done it.

Miss F. Perhaps she who hath your heart may have returned you her own.

Young K. That would make me happier than the king of France, the doge of Venice, or any prince I have ever seen: but if she hath, sure you must know it, and it is in your power—

Miss F. I, sir!—O, bless me!—My power!—What have you said?

Young K. O, take pity of the most unhappy man that ever was at Versailles.

Miss F. I am so frightened, so confounded.—Could I have imagined that I had made this impression on your heart—

Young K. No, madam! no, no, no, not you, the other lady that was with you.

Miss F. How, sir!

Young K. I am only soliciting you to let me know where I may find that dear, adorable, divine creature, who was with you at the play the night before last; I lost you both in the crowd by a cursed accident, and by the most fortunate one have met with you once again to direct me to my love.

Miss F. Unheard-of impudence!—and am I to be a go-between?

Young K. Can you refuse me?

Miss F. Refuse you! Go, on! Go, find your slut, your trollop, your beggar—for so she is.

Young K. Were she the meanest beggar upon earth, could I find her, I should be happy.

Miss F. I could tear my fin—my hair—my flesh. I'll to my closet, and vent myself in private. [Exit.]

Young K. Heyday! what can have put the woman in such a passion! But though she won't tell me, now I have found her out, I shall surely find out her acquaintance; I will watch her closely, for I will discover my angel, though I make the tour of the whole world after her. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—BONCOUR'S apartment.—Enter BONCOUR and MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. B. But why kept a secret from me? why am I not worthy to know secrets?

Bonc. I have given you what should be a satisfactory reason.—I had promised not to tell it you.

Mrs. B. No, to be sure! A wife is not a proper person to be trusted with anything.

Bonc. You have no reason to arraign my want of confidence in you.

Mrs. B. Well then, do tell me the reason why you keep this a secret from me!

Bonc. That would he to have no confidence in myself. Come, my dear, leave this vain solicitation; you know I seldom resolve to contradict you in anything; but when I do I have never been wheedled, or cried, or bullied out of my resolution.

Mrs. B. What can I think of this?

Bonc. Why, you are to think that you owe my condescension to my tenderness, and not my folly. Pray, my dear, lay aside this caprice of temper, which may work your own misery, but shall not mine; my gratitude to you will prevent my contributing to your uneasiness, but shall never make the quiet of my own life dependant on any other.

Mrs. B. It is a pretty compliment truly, to assure me that your happiness does not depend on me.

Bonc. I scorn to compliment you, nor did I ever speak to you but from my heart. I challenge you in any one instance of my whole course of behaviour to blame my conduct, unless you join the world and condemn me for too much easiness of disposition; but I must leave you a little while.

Mrs. B. But I desire you will not leave me.

Bonc. I am obliged, I am guilty of rudeness every moment I stay. I assure you it is regard to decency only, and not to pleasure, calls me from you.

Mrs. B. Why will you go then?

Bonc. Because I will always do what I think right, without regard to my own pleasure, or that of others.

Mrs. B. You shall stay.

Bonc. I will not.

Mrs. B. I will not come and disturb your company.

Bonc. You would make me miserable if you did, by forcing me to the last of evils.

Mrs. B. What is that, pray?

Bonc. That of using violence to you. [Exit.

Mrs. B. What does the man mean? he never uttered anything like this before! I must turn over a new leaf, and exert more spirit than I have lately done. I will go this instant and break up his company. But suppose he should use violence; he seemed very resolute. Ha! I will not provoke him so far; but the secret I will hear, or—he shall never sleep again, that I am resolved. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another room in Boncoun's house.*
—SIR GEORGE, SIR GREGORY, and MR. BONCOUR discovered drinking.

Sir Geo. Sir Gregory, it is your glass.

Sir Greg. Well, and it shall be my glass then.—Here's success to the war; and I hope we shall shortly have French pointers in England as plenty as curs.

Sir Geo. Well said, sir Gregory, spoke like a true Englishman.

Sir Greg. Ay, like an Englishman that will drink as long as he can stand, for the good of his country.—Odsso, here comes my son.

Enter YOUNG KENNEL.

Bonc. Sir George, this is young Mr. Kennel. [They salute.

Sir Geo. Is this your son, sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Ay, I think so.

Sir Geo. A hopeful youth, truly. [Aside.

Sir Greg. So, rascal, how have you the assurance to look me in the face! how have you the impudence to come into my presence, sirrah, after running away from me. [from me.

Young K. Nay, if you come to that, you ran away.

Sir Greg. That's a lie, and would be a pretty story if it was true, to be outwitted by your father.

Young K. Hold there, not so fast, sir; I don't allow you can outwalk me neither.

Sir Greg. Don't you! why then I will see whether I can outdrink you—I believe I can do that yet. Mr. Boncoun, let us have a quart glass, for the rascal shall start fair, we won't give him a bottle scope.

Young K. A quart glass! Why, sir, you don't intend to make me drunk!

Sir Greg. Yes I do, sir; but I hope a quart won't do it: you are not such a milkop as that. Harkee, sirrah, it is all over; I have done your business for you. This gentleman and I have agreed that he shall be your father-in-law—so nothing remains but for you to see the wench, marry, and to bed, and then down to Dirty Park. [am engaged.

Young K. Two words to that bargain, sir, for I—*Bonc.* Nay, sir Gregory, theu—

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR, and takes his father aside.

Young B. Sir, I have something to say to you in private from my sister.

Sir Greg. You are engaged!

Young K. Even so, sir.

Sir Greg. Why then, sir, my estate is engaged too; I will disinherit you, sirrah: I won't leave you money enough to pay the tailor for such another fool's cover as you have on now.

Young K. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. Do you laugh at me, you dog!

Young K. Only at your disinheriting me. My tutor has let me into that secret!

Sir Greg. O, ho, he has! I will thank him for that the first time I see him: and in the mean time, sirrah, do as I would have you, or—[Lifts up his stick.

Sir Geo. Why, sir Gregory, do you think this is the way to prevail with your son? It may be a knock-down argument, I grant you; but I am much mistaken if it will ever prove a convincing one.

Young K. If he could disinherit me, as I know he can't, I will never marry unless it be the woman I love. Nay, don't shake your stick about. I know a little of quarterstaff as well as you.

Sir Greg. Sirrah! I'll—I'll—

Sir Geo. It is almost a pity to bludge these two loggerheads from falling foul of one another.

Bonc. Gentlemen, I must beg to be excused this moment—I will return to you instantly. Sir George, I wish you would bring the company after us; I have a particular reason for it.

[Exit BONCOUR and YOUNG BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. (To SIR GREGORY.) Come, sir Gregory, he pacified; you had best try by gentler methods to bring the young gentleman to reason.

Sir Greg. I'll bring him by a good cudgel—that's my reason. Odsbodikins! I have sent him a travelling to a fine purpose, truly, to learn to despise his father! [gentleman.

Young K. You have hit it at last, my good old
Sir Geo. Come, sir Gregory, we will, if you please, adjourn for a few minutes; you have not seen the house—here are some pictures worth your seeing.

Sir Greg. Why, I like to see pictures well enough, if they are handsome ones.

Young K. They may do well enough for you; but I am convinced they must be sad trash to a man that has seen Italy. [Ereunt.

SCENE V.—*Another apartment.*—YOUNG VALENCE and MISS BONCOUR.

Young V. I will outwit my father; I will plunder him of everything he has, to keep you in affluence equal to your desire.

Miss B. And do you intend literally to make me your mistress?

Young V. I intend to make you happy, and myself with you. Be assured, if love, if wealth, can make you happy, thou shalt be so.

Miss B. No; there is something in that word mistress which I don't like.

Young V. A groundless prejudice. Cannot we join ourselves without the leave or assistance of a priest? Are we more capable of transferring raptures to each other's bosoms by a few cant words which he pronounces? Where is the difference, then, of our being one another's, with marriage or without it?

Miss B. Yes, as to me, it differs a little.

Young V. How, my dearest creature?

Miss B. I shall be infamous this way, that's all.

Young V. A false opinion of the world, unworthy your regard. Our happiness is precarious indeed, if it is to be blown up and down by the inconstant changeable breath of mankind.

Miss B. It seems strange to me, however, that a man would make the creature he loves infamous. Could I ever have thought I should have brought infamy on myself by that tender passion for you, which I now frankly own? Can you endeavour to make use of the sincerest, honestest, and tenderest affection, to the ruin of her who bears it to you? I need not tell you how willingly I would have sacrificed my all—how eagerly I would have done or suffered anything for you; and would you sacrifice my eternal guilt, my spotless fame, my unguarded innocence, to the satisfaction of an appetite which every common prostitute may serve?

Young V. Every moment I see you, every word you utter, adds new fuel to my flame.

Miss B. Think of the injury you do me, and the least drop of humanity will cool the hottest passion.

Young V. Think of the bliss I am to enjoy.

Miss B. And would you enjoy it to my ruin? Oh, consider those tedious miserable hours which I must suffer for the momentary bliss you will possess! Behold me abandoned by my father, deserted by my relations, denied by my acquaintance, shunned, slighted, scorned by all the world! See me in the horrors of this state, and think 'twas you who brought me to it; 'twas you who plunged me into this scene of misery—that creature who would not, to have gained the treasures of the world, have done an act to destroy your quiet. Consider this, and answer me, could you enjoy any happiness at the price of my eternal ruin?

Young V. Oh, can you ask it? Let us not think beyond the present moment.

Miss B. Hold! thou lowest, meanest, and most abject villain! Think not this trial was made to recover your love. Oh, no! this morning I saw—I despised the baseness of your heart, and bore your hated presence those few moments but to expose you. Open the door.

Young V. Ha! damnation!

Enter BONCOUR, VALENCE, and the rest.

Val. Oh, monsters! Nothing but my own ears could have made me give credit to it. You will outwit your father, sir! Your father will outwit you of every farthing, I can tell you. I'll disinherit you this afternoon, and turn you out like a vagabond as you are.

Young V. Death and despair! I'm ruined for ever. *[Exit.]*

Val. Not one penny, not one single farthing shall he ever have of mine.

Bonc. My daughter, my dear child! as much now the object of my admiration as this morning of my love.

Miss B. Thou best of men, it shall be the business of my future days to be your comfort only.

Enter SIR GEORGE, SIR GREGORY, and YOUNG KENNEL.

Sir Greg. You are a civil man, indeed, neighbour, to have one in your own house! What, do you grudge your wine?

Bonc. You'll pardon me, sir Gregory, I had a little business; besides, I am not able to drink, and my brother there is your match.

Sir Greg. As to the business, that's a lie, I believe; and if you can't drink what a plague are you good for! But come, is this my god-daughter! Here, sirrah, where are you? this is the lady you are to have. Come, let one see you fall to making love: let us see a little of the fruits of your travels.

Young K. Sir, I am so surprised! nor know I whether to thank you or fortune.

Sir Greg. I know you had rather thank anybody than your father, you rascal; but this is the lady whom I found out for you, yun dog.

Young K. And this is the lady for whom alone I refused to be obedient, not knowing who your choice was.

Val. Ha! what's that, what's that?

Miss B. With your leave I would be excused at present, sir.

Bonc. No, no, my dear, pray stay, do not disoblige sir Gregory; you may trust me that I shall not force your inclinations.

Sir Greg. Come, begin, sirrah, begin.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young B. Sir, Mr. Recorder, your lawyer, is in the next room, and waits to execute the deed.

Bonc. My heart, my eyes overflow with tenderness for so much goodness; sure 'tis a sensation almost worthy to be fought with ruin! hut, oh! what happiness must be mine, who, while I hear these instances of my children's goodness, can assure them my fortune wants not so dear a reparation. The story was your uncle's invention; the reason for it I will tell you anon: no, my son, though perhaps I may not much increase, I shall be at least a faithful steward of my wife's fortune to her children.

Val. How, Mr. Boncour! is this possible?

Bonc. It is true, indeed, neighbour.

Val. Indeed, neighbour, I am very glad of it; and what, was this only a jest of sir George's?

Bonc. Even so.

Val. I am extremely happy in hearing it, and will if you please make this a memorable era in the happiness of our children. I speak not of my son, I will abandon him, and give all I am worth to my daughter, and give that daughter to your son.

Young B. You will pardon me, Mr. Valence; but, had I been reduced to the lowest degree of distress, I would not have accepted of your daughter with any fortune she could have brought.

Val. How, sir!

Young B. She will, if she relate to you faithfully her behaviour to me this day, lessen your surprise at what I say.

Val. I will go home, turn my daughter out of doors, disinherit my son, give my estate to build an hospital, and then hang myself up at the next charitable tree I can find.

Sir Geo. Mr. Valence, Mr. Valence! I have spoke to my brother about that estate that lies so contiguous to yours, and when it is to be sold you shall certainly have the refusal of it.

Val. What, am I mocked, scoffed? Ah! sounds! I shall run mad. *[Exit.]*

Young K. Madam, I have seen a great deal of

the world; but all the women I have seen are no more comparable to you than the smallest chapel in London is to the church of Notre Dame.

Miss B. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. (To BONCOUR.) Why should there go so many words to a bargain; let us have the wedding directly.

Sir Geo. Wedding! directly! what, do you think you are coupling some of your animals in the country? Do you think that a union of bodies is all that is requisite in a state wherein there can be no happiness without a union of minds too? Go, and redeem past time: your son is not yet too old to learn; employ some able man to cultivate the share of understanding that nature gave him; to weed out all the follies and fopperies that he has picked up in the tour of Europe, as he calls it: then, when he appears to be a rational creature, and not till then, let him pay his addresses to my niece.

Young K. So then, I find, I am not a rational creature! and faith I begin to think so myself. And whose fault was that, father, but yours, that did not give me a rational education!

Sir Greg. Why, you dog, I gave you the same education I had myself: would you have had a better education than your father, sirrah? But did not I send you, besides, to travel, to finish your education! and when an education is finished, is not that enough! what signifies what the beginning was? But never fear them, Greg; with such an education as I had, I got twenty thousand pounds with my wife; and you who have travelled may, I think, expect more. Never fear 'em, hoy, the acres, the acres will do the business.

Sir Geo. There you may find yourself mistaken; for I have some dirty acres to add to my niece's fortune that may chance to weigh against your scale. Her behaviour this day has pleased me; and I never will consent to see her wedded to any one who has not understanding enough to know her value.

Young K. O! heavens! I'll do anything to mend my understanding rather than lose the only woman I can love; and though I have hated books as I do the devil, if that be the only way to improve it, I'll pore my eyes out rather than lose her.

Bone. Why, this must be a work of time; and whenever you render yourself worthy of her you may have a chance to succeed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady hath sent me to acquaint your honour that supper is on table.

Bone. We will attend her.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sir Geo. Well, brother, I think you begin to find already the good effects of my advice to you: your wife you see civilly sends in, instead of rushing herself into company with her scream of, "Why must not I be let into the secret?"

Bone. Sir George, I thank you; and am now convinced that a little exertion of a proper authority on my part will soon make my wife act like a rational woman.

Sir Geo. Well, George, your behaviour this day has, I confess, wiped away some part of the very bad opinion I had of you; and if you will cut off your follies and turn away your wench I have a wife in view for you, the same that your father intended to propose, who will make you amends for

the one you have lost: and in that case, to make you more worthy of her, I don't care if I settle the best part of my estate on you.

Young B. Sir, I know that professions on such occasions often pass only for words of course; but you will see, by a total reformation of my past conduct, that the whole study of my life hereafter shall be to please so generous an uncle and so good a father.

Sir Geo. What a variety of strange events has this day produced! I can't help thinking that they might furnish out a good subject for a comedy.

Bone. Only a catastrophe would be wanting; because you know it is a constant rule that comedies should end in a marriage.

Sir Geo. That's true; but if the performer who is to represent your character should only step forward at the end and make a smooth speech or so, an English audience is generally so good natured, that they would pass over that, and all the other faults that might be in the piece, for the sake of the GOOD-NATURED MAN.

EPICLOGUE. WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK; SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNG.

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to speak the phrase
Which suits the warlike spirit of these days—
Are common charg'd, or should be charg'd, with wit,
Which, pointed well, each rising folly hit;
By a late general who command'd here,
And fought our bloodies with a many a year,
'Mongst other favours were confer'd on me,
He made me captain of artillery!
At various follies many guns I fir'd,
I hit 'em point blank, and thought the foe retir'd;
But vainly thought—for, to my great surprise,
They now are rank and file before my eyes:
Nay, to retreat may even me oblige;—
The works of Folly 'tend the longest siege!
With what brisk firing, and what thunder-claps,
Did I attack those high-built castles—caps!
But, tow'ring still, they swell in lofty state,
Nor strike one rissal to capitulate!
Whilst beaux behind, thus peeping and thus bent,
Are the besieg'd, behind the battlement:
But you are conquerors, ladies—have no dread;
Henceforth in power enjoy the cloud-captiv'd head!
We scorn to ape the French, their tricks give o'er.
Nor at your rigging fire one cannon more!
And now, ye bucks and bucklings of the age,
The coys are clear, your hats shall feel my rage:
The high-cock'd, half-cock'd, quaker, and the slouch,
Have at ye all!—I'll hit you, though ye crouch.
We read in history—one William Tell,
An honest Swiss, with arrows shot so well,
On his son's head—he aim'd with so much care—
He hit an apple, and not touch one hair;
So I, with such-like skill, but much less pain,
Will strike your hats off, and not touch your brain.
To curse our head-dress! an't you pretty fellows?
Pray who can see thro' your broad-brim'd umbrellas?
That pent house worn by slim Sir Dainty handle
Seems to extinguish a poor farthing candle!
We look his tods thro'—But what fair she
Thro' the broad cloud that's round his head can see?
Time was when Britons to the boxes came
Quite spruce, and, *chapeau*—hat, address'd each dame.
Now in clapp'd hats and dirty beards they come,
Look knowing thus—in every female dumb;
But now out—hey, Jack! so. Will! you there, Tum! }
Both sides have errors, that there's no over-coming;
We'd lower our heads, had but men's hearts some feeling;
Valence, my spark, play'd off his modish airs,
But nature gave us wit to cope with theirs.
Our sex have some small faults won't bear defaming,
And, tho' near perfect, want a little mending.
Let Love step forth, and claim from both allegiance,
And bring back caps and hats to due obedience.

THE END.

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